# EVERYDAY LIFE IN CHINA

E. J. DUKES

THE TOWN OF AMOY FROM KULANGSEU.

# EVERYDAY LIFE IN CHINA

OR

## SCENES ALONG RIVER AND ROAD

IN

## FUH-KIEN.

BY

EDWIN JOSHUA DUKES.

WITH A MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS

*FROM SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR.*

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# PREFACE.

THAT China is a mysterious problem to all who interest themselves in its affairs is the only excuse for writing another book about it. To the Christian its religious state is a subject to be spoken of with bated breath. To the politician the condition of its government and people is one of the chronic disturbing elements in his speculations.

In the following pages the writer ventures to think he has pictured the people of that great and wonderful land in a light in which they have not often been seen by any but a traveller. The endeavour has been to represent China, not from the special point of view of the politician, merchant, or missionary, but simply to describe the scenes of daily life as they appear to one moving to and fro among them. This book has no intention of being profound, nor of explaining everything. It is consistent with its title, and presents the reader only familiar sketches. The chapters are, with one or two exceptions, compiled from notes made

when travelling upon mission journeys, and from letters written to friends in England. It has been the writer's hope that the effort to portray the Chinese as they are seen in their daily life, may create in the minds of persons interested in the religious welfare of China a more intelligent sympathy with missionary work.

This strange nation, who win their way to the front rank in commerce, and easily outdo the Hindoo, Malay, and Saxon on their own soil, who have proved themselves the equals of European statesmen in diplomacy, who persevere steadily and earn a living in the face of every obstacle, taking 'time for their fulcrum and patience for their lever' (as Sir John Davis said of them), and who defy climatic differences, living with almost equal ease in the Torrid or Arctic Zone, must be destined to decide much of the future history of the globe. A few years more, and the 'Chinese question' will be regarded as one to be discussed not merely by Irish obstructionists of cheap labour in California, or by gold-diggers and sheep-farmers in Australia. It will become a great international problem, summoning to its solution the wisdom and resources of the cabinets of Western countries, and calling forth the united efforts of Christendom. Change and movement will be rapid in China, now that they are fairly begun. Outside nations will soon feel the pressure of the unwieldy mass of this Chinese race. The nation so long self-barred from international relations is being

driven to seek alliances abroad. A people who lately scorned to know where England is, or France, or Russia, is opening its eyes to see prospects of gain beyond its own borders. Already the Chinese are pouring down a human torrent upon the countries and islands of the East. Cambodia, Burmah, Siam, and the entire Malay peninsula show signs of being overrun by the Chinaman, while tens of thousands are wending their way across the sea to Borneo, Sumatra, Java, Papua, the Philippines, the Celebes, and the Sandwich Islands. More slowly they stream northward, settling down upon the bleak steppes of Asiatic Russia, and the green plains of Tibet, Mongolia, and Manchuria. The unoccupied spaces of the lands of the rising sun lie before them. Peacefully, but resolutely, they are taking possession of sparsely-populated regions. It needs but a little of the spirit of the prophet to foretell that this generation shall not pass till it has seen great events in China. Nor is there any doubt in the minds of any one acquainted with the story of its Protestant missions that, happen what may politically, the Christian Church is now so firmly rooted there that every change will result in the wider opening of the doors for the heralds of the Cross.

Many of these familiar descriptions of life in China were written at Amoy, in the Fuh-kien province—a place concerning which very little has been said by writers on China. It was the people of that province whom the

writer almost always had in his mind. Customs and manners differ in certain parts of the land as much as the languages of the southern half, but not enough, it is presumed, to prevent the Fuh-kienese from being typical, for the most part, of the Chinaman of Chili or Quantung, of Kansuh or Chikiang.

By the kind permission of Mr. James Clarke, the chapter on 'Feng-shui,' originally written for the *Christian World Magazine*, is reprinted here with only a few modifications and additions.

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# EVERYDAY LIFE IN CHINA.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A WALK IN THE STREETS.

I WELL remember the earnestness with which one of our most honoured theological professors besought a class of students to cultivate the 'historical imagination' when reading the Bible, or when preparing for the pulpit. 'Try to see the event for yourselves,' he said; 'let it happen over again as you describe it.'

In attempting to paint in broad outline the daily scenes of a missionary's life in China, I can only entreat the reader to endeavour to exercise the 'geographical imagination,' and to see for himself by the aid of imagination the strange sights that meet the eye of the ordinary traveller, or the 'messengers of the churches' in this wonderful Eastern land.

Let us begin with a walk through the streets, just such a walk as one would have to take on a Sunday afternoon in marching a mile through the town to conduct the service at a Christian chapel. Put away, if you please, all the prejudices you have acquired from

childhood in connection with that word *street*. Do not think of a paved or gravelled road, with a path on each side, and horses and carts pursuing their way, while foot-passengers are looking into the shops with glazed windows, or hurrying along the broad pavement.

First, remember that throughout almost the whole of the country south of the Yang-tsze river there is scarcely to be found such a thing as a wheeled vehicle. In the north rude carts are made, which do their duty as best they can under the combined difficulties of unskilful construction of the carts themselves, the bad condition of the roads, the imperfect culture of the beasts of burden, and, not least, the eccentricities of their owners. But south of the Yang-tsze, with the exception of wheelbarrows for goods and passengers, the only vehicle is the sedan-chair in some of its various stages of development. Then imagine the streets as mere alleys and courts, and not at all what we mean by the word *street*. Stretch out your arms, and reflect that in so doing, in an ordinary Chinese town, you would generally be able to touch the counters of the shops on both sides of the way. Many towns, of course, have a few streets twice, and even three times, that width; but they are the exception, while, on the other hand, there is in every populous town an immense network of narrow alleys in which it is impossible for two persons to pass one another without mutual concession. The spectacle of a portly gentleman walking sideways for a few paces because he is a few inches less broad from front to back than he is from side to side, is one that appears after a little time to be very natural and not at all humorous.

But before we go further let me say that, in attempting a description of everyday life in a heathen country,

it is quite necessary to pass over many things that would render the narrative more graphic and realistic. Some of these are often the very things in which the character of the people stands most clearly revealed, and which it is needful to know, in order to have a true idea of what they are like. Although China is very far from being destitute of what we call civilization, yet the people are thoroughly Oriental in their habits as well as in their position, and it is impossible to walk for five minutes in the smallest village or the largest town without seeing much which had better not be put on paper. One is compelled to sum the matter up in some such phrases as these: that very few, even of the gentry, burden themselves with that product of Western refinement, the pocket-handkerchief; that soap is almost unknown, and washing is not regarded as one of the necessary duties of life; that in warm weather most Chinamen do not perspire under a needless quantity of clothing; that the vast array of beggars that obstruct the way at intervals regard their ghastly sores as so much stock-in-trade, to be exhibited accordingly; and that the odours in every town without exception, and in most villages, are many and disagreeable.

The stroll we are about to take is through the town of Amoy, and we will turn our steps in the direction of 'Little Custom-house Street,' which is about a mile from the sea-shore. The street we are entering is 'Facing Kwan-tai's Temple Street.' The name is not posted up at an angle of the wall, as with us, but over the wooden gateway which admits to the next ward of the town.

The first object that attracts our attention is the exterior of the temple itself. To one who has associated

the idea of pagan worship with what is grand and beautiful in its outward aspects, it is almost shocking to enter such a house as this consecrated to Kwan-tai. The word *temple*, also, has been so sacred to us from our infancy through its connection in our minds with the worship of the Living God, that to apply it to this dirty, unsightly shed, harbouring not only the dust-covered images of Kwan-tai and his attendants, but choice representatives of the various grades of the tagrag and bobtail of a heathen town, strikes us as a profanation of the term. As a matter of fact, however, in China these places are not often spoken of as temples. The word commonly used both by merchants and missionaries is *Joss-house*. Its derivation is from the Portuguese *Dios*, which again is from the Latin *Deus*, God. *Dios* is corrupted by the Chinese who speak that mongrel abomination, 'pigeon-English,' into *Joss*. They apply the same term to our Christian worship as to their own idolatrous customs. To burn incense-sticks before an idol, or to go to church as the Christians do, is alike to 'go do Joss.'

But could idolatry condemn itself more utterly in any other way than in permitting such a place as this to be used for worship? It seems never to have been painted, washed, or swept since it was built. And what a crowd of half-dressed rascals! While some poor soul is lighting her sticks of incense before the dirty idols, and shaking out of the bamboo jar the fortune-telling slips, a roar and rattle of rapid and incessant chatter is kept up by the loafers who surround little tables made of a tray on the top of a basket, gambling with dice, tossing cash, getting their fortunes told, dictating a letter to a professional scribe, or haggling noisily over

some matter of business. It is a fact universally recognized that the joss-houses are frequented most by the worst characters of the town, and that schemes of wickedness are commonly hatched under the noses of the gods.

The little space in front of the building is occupied with movable stalls, containing all kinds of goods. Most of these stalls are removed at night. Here are trays of cakes and sweetmeats, caps, purses, jade-stone bracelets, combs, pipes, lanterns, writing materials, little pictures in frames, portraits of women supposed to be beautiful, boots, umbrellas, native and foreign, paraffin-oil lamps, and a thousand odds and ends of trinkets the like of which one sees in England only at a bazaar or a fair.

From the front of Kwan-tai's undignified residence we enter a very long street crowded with busy people. The prospect of having to proceed for a long distance through such narrow streets and such a rabble of the unwashed is anything but exhilarating. In China it is always well not to be in a hurry, but particularly so in the main thoroughfares of a busy town. There seems to be no room at all to spare. Many persons are carrying heavy and bulky burdens that nearly block the narrow road, and compel those who do not care to be knocked down to retire precipitately into a shop-door to let the carriers pass. Here they come, one after another, trotting at a moderate pace, because they say it is easier to carry a heavy weight when running than when walking. There being no other means of transport than human hands and human shoulders, every variety of goods, bales of all sorts and sizes, are borne upon a pole across the hardened and distorted shoulders

of the professional burden-bearers. The scanty dress allows us to observe the splendid sinews of these men, but their bent backs too often prove that they have suffered severely in their painful tasks. The coolie is a much-enduring beast of burden, but he pays down something of his life as well as of sweat for the miserable dole of cash which he earns with such labour. As we are noting these facts we hasten to avoid being hurt by an enormous box carried by four men, who have only four square yards of clothing among them, and who are glistening from head to foot with perspiration. The chest contains the stage properties of a band of strolling players, who have probably been hired to make night hideous in some highly-favoured quarter of the town. Before we get home we may possibly see a troupe performing their professional duties.

You will observe that the streets are admirably paved. The slabs of stone are not quite level, it is true. They have been worn into inequality by the footsteps of multitudes of the barefooted and the shod. But still these blocks, seven feet long, that extend from side to side, make a solid pavement. Immediately underneath is the sewer. That is why there is a space of an inch or less between each slab. The sewer, being open, gets thoroughly ventilated, and so retards the forming of poisonous gases; and when there is a heavy shower the water runs off the path instantaneously and cleanses the drains.

But who and what are these melancholy mortals who are meandering along covered with sheep-skins? They are what, when you see them in Fleet Street, you call 'sandwich men.' They are exhibiting the wares purchasable at this clothier's shop on our left. Instead

of carrying advertisement-boards, and wandering up and down the street, a layer of lean mortality between two slices of wood, they wear upon their own backs the very goods which you are respectfully invited to inspect and to buy. Do not imagine that a Chinaman's mind feels any qualms at the thought that these garments have been for weeks upon the back of one of the unwashed. He is troubled by no such unpleasant reflections. But he would no doubt drive a harder bargain, on the plea that they had been already much worn.

These sheep-skins are very highly valued in winter by the country people. If you were relating to an agricultural audience in the south of China, and in the north also to townspeople, the sufferings of the persecuted saints of old, it would never do to tell them that 'they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins.' You would err as much as the Moravian missionaries did who first preached of the fires of hell to the Greenlanders. Those Arctic folk were immensely pleased with the prospect of going there, and the missionaries were naturally very much shocked at the result of their own preaching. And so, to the Chinese mind, the wandering about in sheep-skins and goat-skins does not at all imply that they were 'destitute, afflicted, tormented.' They would very much like to be persecuted to that degree.

Many of the Chinese streets are devoted to shops provided with only one kind of goods. In the larger towns this is, of course, more commonly the case than in a comparatively poor town like Amoy. Canton, for instance, has its Paternoster Row filled with book-stores; its long lines of shops of jewellery, crockery, clothing, and *bric-à-brac*. Here, in Amoy, we also have

a Bootmaker Street, and Basket Street, and streets almost wholly occupied with rice-sellers. But the street along which we are making our way has a little of everything. The shops are generally of the rudest order, as far as construction is concerned. A large proportion of them are no better than sheds, or booths

A CHINESE PEEP-SHOW.

at a fair. None have glass windows. Very little glass is used anywhere in China, and especially in the south, where the heat is very great during the larger part of the year. The shops that make some degree of show are also very oddly mixed up with those of the commonest order. Here is an ironmonger's store, the counter next the roadway being burdened with the

most miscellaneous and rusty of keys, locks, wire, bolts, hammers, and other tools; while pendent chains and iron implements hang so thickly from the roof in front as almost to darken the interior. Next is a handsome silk-shop, beautiful skeins of every shade of colour lie on the counter, and the well-dressed assistants are exhibiting materials which English ladies would delight to brood over for hours. Here we have a carpenter's work-room, stuffed from floor to ceiling with tubs, pails, basins, chairs, and beds, all painted a bright red. Next to this is a cap factory and shop. Half of the employés are selling the goods, and the other half are moulding little black satin caps, lined with red flannel, to fit the back of the human cranium. The same is true of this boot-shop: making and selling are going forward behind the same counter. But, in this case, I can assure you by painful experience that the Chinese artist who covers the human foot takes no account of its shape. He acts as though that part of your extremities which you treat with so much consideration, and call your 'big toe,' were placed in the middle of the foot, with two small toes on either side of it. Why the Chinese boot is made with a narrow-pointed end it is impossible to say. Perhaps the idea has never occurred to the makers that there is a physiological reason why the same boot should not be worn with equal ease on either foot. But so it is, they do not distinguish between right and left in the matter of boots, and a week of suffering must be endured before the boot begins to adapt itself to the foot.

There are plenty of refreshment-rooms on both sides of the way—from the sweet-stuff shop to the more extensive dining-room, where you may get a heavy meal

of rice and sweet potatoes, with snacks of fish and other tasty dishes, for about three halfpence. In Amoy there are none of the splendid tea-drinking saloons that are to be found in Canton and many other large cities. There the people are very busy, and with not much cash to spare. There is very little loitering and gossiping over the tea-table, compared with the richer towns. But at every few steps you may come to an eating-house, where you can sit on a form, and with your chopsticks sweep the steaming rice from the bowl into your mouth. There is abundance also of odds and ends of edibles that are nameless to us, and shall remain so—messes chiefly fried in nut-oil, tasting queer and smelling worse. The cooking-stove is lighted at the street-door, instead of in a kitchen at the back of the premises. There is no chimney to carry off the smoke, but neither the neighbours nor the passers-by complain. Looking down from the hill-side upon the town with its houses closely packed together for miles, there is no such thing as a chimney to be seen. In the private houses the cooking is done in the little court around which the rooms are built; in the business premises, if there is no back yard, it is done in the street. The Chinaman is a wonderful creature for enduring endless nuisances, regarding them as things that are and have been, and therefore still must be.

We could scarcely have a better illustration of that last remark than this stage, which has been thrown right across the main thoroughfare. We must either find our way round by a side street, or creep under the stage as best we can. Fancy what it would be for a band of itinerant actors to erect a theatre in Cheapside, compelling all the traffic to turn aside for a whole day;

and then consider that the street we are in bears about the same relation to the city of Amoy as Cheapside does to the city of London! Yet the people do not complain. It is probable that not one in a hundred who turn aside because the road is blocked thinks that such a nuisance ought not to be allowed. It is much more likely that the inhabitants of the street are objects of envy because the theatre is brought to their very doors. Some shopkeeper in the street has invited the actors at his own expense, and his neighbours are much obliged to him for giving them an opportunity of seeing the play, and of hearing the drums beat, the bells ring, the cymbals clash, and the actors howl and screech, without the trouble of leaving their shop-doors.

Now that we have got away from the din of the play, and the laughing crowd who watched us scrambling under the stage (even the actors stopped to see how we fared), let me introduce you to a native painter. This artist has made some small degree of fame in the town for the rapidity with which he draws, and the excellent manner in which he groups his figures. To our eyes they appear either hideous or ludicrous. Even the most sedate specimens of Chinese art seem to have been intended as high burlesque. By some mental process, which the European is unable to follow, the Chinaman sees what is intended to be taught by the picture which offends most outrageously against all laws of proportion, perspective, or correctness in colour. If you tell our friend here that the picture is not accurate, that the bridge formed of the trunk of a tree joining the sides of that chasm is at least a mile long, and that the mule crossing the bridge is 'doing Blondin' at a height of no less than a thousand feet, he simply does

not understand you; or if you suggest that this fierce warrior, who is brandishing his sword at nothing, ought to be on the ground, and not up in the air, you only become an object of pity to the artist without benefiting him at all. These scrolls, covered with hideous human forms, daubed with flaring colours, are considered works of art; and they are really very curious specimens of ingenuity; but it is the ingenuity of art that has become insane, or that never had its proper senses. This much must, however, be said in its favour: that the Chinese artist manages to express an idea with fewer strokes of his brush than would have been deemed possible, and that there is about many of his productions a weird kind of beauty which suggests that a very little instruction would make a creditable workman of him. Most of these pictures represent some mythical or idolatrous personage. It is a pity that in the case of pictures of idols it should be considered the triumph of skill to represent them as the impersonation of all that is hideous. The scrolls are to be hung up in the reception-room of a Chinese house, and incense will probably be burned before them by the pious at day-break and at dusk.

Stop a moment to see what this man is doing as he sits at the door-step. He is producing a truly admirable work of art. Seated on a low stool, he has placed on his knees a board upon which is spread a piece of fine linen, and, undisturbed by the busy traffic, he is drawing with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in Indian ink patterns to be sold to persons skilled in working with coloured silks. At the present moment he is tracing a rectilinear Greek pattern for the border of the skirt of a lady's gown. He uses neither rule nor compass, yet every

stroke is produced with mathematical accuracy. Some of the finished pieces are covered with flowers and wreaths, and birds, and human figures, portrayed with a delicacy of touch which would do credit to a first-class lithographic artist. It is true he only attempts a regular round of patterns, and that he has drawn each of them hundreds of times; but still the work is done, and with the perfection that you see.

There are many curious scenes to be witnessed occasionally upon this road, and on almost any other. Indeed, the entertaining sights are so numerous that to describe all that strikes the new-comer as fantastic would take a volume. You may see a woman deliberately washing her long black hair in a wooden bowl, combing it out and doing it up in public, without so much as a thought that any one would think she should do it indoors. Or, maybe, it is a man in scanty garb, sitting on the threshold of his shop, washing his long legs in a basin of hot water. Sometimes you may come across a conjurer performing at one of the tiny clear spaces where the road widens for a few yards. Close by this spot I once met a man who seemed to have a knife broken off short in the top of his skull, and the blood apparently was running down upon his clothes. The people stood aside with what I thought was a shocked aspect as he solemnly walked on, looking to neither right nor left, and it proved to be only a famous conjurer going through one of his most remarkable performances. Occasionally you may happen upon one of the eccentric customs of idolatry, and see a new house consecrated by the presence of the black-faced idol. And rarely (for it is obviously not a sight to be seen every day) you may happen upon a dentist drawing a tooth. The patient

sits on a stool or door-step, while a small knot of men stand round to witness the operation, quite innocent of the humour of the whole proceeding, from the observer's point of view.

Among the everyday sights is this one before us now, the shaving of the head of the Celestial. At first it appears very laughable for a man to sit in the open street to have his head operated upon; but one grows hardened to this, as to so many more of the curious customs of this curious land. The barber is generally both a peripatetic and a philosopher. He carries his whole stock-in-trade upon his shoulder-pole, goes round to see his regular customers, and tells the news of the town as the fraternity of the razor commonly do in England. His apparatus consists of two sets of boxes or drawers, one which serves as till for cash, place for razors, and seat for the person to be shaved; the other of a stand that encloses a pan of lighted charcoal, over which is a basin of warm water. With these various articles hanging from the pole he makes his rounds, taking as much interest in the heads of the people as a shoeblack does in their feet. Very commonly he is paid in kind, instead of in cash,—the purveyors in perishables handing him a few handfuls of rice, or potatoes, or oil, for his trouble in making their heads to shine.

You had better stand aside a moment to let this procession pass. It is what we call a 'mandarin procession,' and occupies a good deal of space. The absurdity of these very narrow streets is never better seen than when a chair containing a mandarin or a bride is trying to turn a corner. Sometimes a counter with all its goods has to be shifted to let a bulky sedan go by.

His Excellency, who occupies the chair, stares with a dull and supercilious look at us 'foreign devils,' nor does he imagine for a moment that in our eyes he looks a very comical figure as he sits there, a weighty lump of flesh, unable to proceed because his chair is wider than is kind to the shopkeepers. Nor are his attendants, with Davy-lamps on their heads by way of hats, in the least conscious that they are conspicuous. They are as unwholesome a set of men as we can find, hired probably for the occasion, many of them. And they beat their gongs, and blow their flageolets with an irregular series of squeaks equal to half a score of bagpipes, sublimely ignorant of the fact that they grieve our unaccustomed foreign ears. All processions, whether of marriages, or funerals, or idols, or mandarins, are accompanied by the same inharmonious sounds. It is a sore trial to the missionary to have one of these too-common processions pass the door of his chapel during a service.

We must not omit to notice these bright-coloured boards that hang from the eaves of the roof, by the side of every shop with any pretension to respectability. Like the signs of many English inns, these boards face the passing traveller, so that all may read them as they walk. Very seldom is the name of the firm put upon the sign-board, but some high-sounding epigram or sentiment which gives a designation to the shop, or a brief statement of the calling of the tenant. The characters inscribed upon them are frequently richly gilt, or of some brilliant colour spotted with gold. All are varnished, or were so once. The variety of colours gives the street a gay appearance, which commends itself even to the untutored taste of a foreigner. Some of the inscriptions are amusing for their bombastic style,

or for the quiet sarcasm that suggests the keenness and sagacity of the people. Here are a few samples: 'The advantage of dealing here is mutual;' 'Chattering and gossiping interfere with business;' 'No credit given —we have grown wise by painful experience;' 'No cheating here;' 'Trade revolves like a wheel;' 'The harmony of right principles;' 'Vast-flowing goodness;' 'An immense flowing stream.' While noting these signs we may also observe that over almost every door are four characters, written with black ink on red paper, which read, 'May the Five Blessings descend upon this house!' Sometimes the inscriptions are ludicrously inappropriate, as, for instance, that one over the opium-den, 'May health and happiness rest on all who enter here!'

Stay a moment to look at this marine store dealer's counter. No better specimen of a cheap-jack can you find in the town. All sorts of second-hand goods—spectacles, opium-pipes, books, picture-scrolls, boots, clothing, and an infinite variety of things. One day, as I was passing here, I saw a crowd round the stall, examining very intently a foreign picture. My worthy 'shop-lord' had cut from a German illustrated paper a print representing German soldiers dancing in a tavern with some fashionably-dressed females. This he had pasted on a scroll, and was offering it for sale among his curios. The crowd saw me looking over the shoulders of those in front of me, and at once several voices exclaimed, 'That represents the manners of your ancestral country.' It is not the only case by a good many in which one has wished that pictures from abroad could pass through the hands of a *censor morum* before being distributed among the Chinese. I wrote

on one occasion to a friend in England to send me any spare copies of the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*, to give away to my native friends. It happened to be the time of the Turko-Russian campaign, and a more ghastly set of pictures of the inhuman brutality of war than those which reached me it would be difficult to find. It is needless to say that very few of the prints found their way into the hands of my Chinese brethren.

By the way, while we are just finishing our journey, I will tell you a curious fact about Chinamen and foreign pictures. Those who are unaccustomed to see them do not, as a rule, understand them at all at first. They look at the picture, but see no meaning in it. 'Rob Roy' Macgregor, in his book on 'The Jordan,' tells us the same thing about his boatman. The man discovered an arm and a leg in a picture of a statue at intervals of hours and days. So a Chinaman literally searches a picture for single facts and ideas, which he then puts together piece by piece, until at length he forms a complete conception of what the purport of the picture is. A child does the same, probably; and the Chinaman who sees a foreign picture for the first time looks at it with the eyes of a grown-up child. When I had discovered this fact, I tested the truth of it many times by showing pictures to intelligent friends. A fine sketch of the interior of a Turkish man-of-war, four guns served by about ten men, and the admiral standing in the foreground with his hands resting upon his sword, was put down as 'mountains;' and a large and elaborate picture of the funeral of Mons. Thiers proceeding through the streets of Paris was said to be 'a ship at sea.' This is an interesting fact for psychologists.

But here we are at our destination—the London Mission Chapel in Kwan-a-lai Street. The first time we take such a stroll through a Chinese city it is quite impo sible to realize that these are the common scenes of daily life in every town. It is like a troubled dream rather than stern fact. The vast throngs of people, the din of daily toil, the yelling of street-hawkers, the ceaseless shout of burden-bearers — 'Look out; stand aside!'—the stuffy and choking smells, varied at every few steps, but never for the better; an occasional procession with drums and fifes; the huge and unwholesome pigs and the mangy dogs that are clearing the streets of rubbish; the firing of crackers, the burning of incense, the smoke of cooking-stoves,—these are the things that assail the senses as one threads one's way through the intricacies of a Chinese city. Do the supporters of foreign missions realize that it is through such scenes as these that the missionary has to pass every Sunday (for that day is to the China-man the same as another) on his way to conduct divine service, or to preach the gospel to the heathen?

There are also, as I suggested above, more unpleasant things than can be related. And the people live, and thrive, and are happy. They are not so much troubled by their surroundings as we should imagine, because they were born into them. Many of them seem in-capable of care, though it is equally true that a bitter wail goes up to the throne of God from multitudes of sufferers in body and mind in every place. In no land are comedy and tragedy nearer together. The colours of the kaleidoscope do not change as rapidly as do the aspects of Chinese life from gay to grave and back again. But as we meet them here and there it seems

as though many of them knew no other care than that one which is born in every Chinaman, and ingrained in his very soul, viz. how to get more cash. For this they live. They talk and think only cash. Nine-tenths of all that clatter of voices we heard in the joss-house, in the shops, and in the street, was about cash. If they are given to dreaming it must be largely about cash. The struggle for existence is so severe that cash is the one inexhaustible topic that employs the tongue of all. Yet, if anything could persuade them of the political and social economy of spending cash upon their streets to improve them, or if Chinese towns could be purged 'so as by fire,' as London, Yeddo, and many another city has been, and rebuilt upon a more liberal plan, it would be a boon which would make China a richer and more wholesome land.

## CHAPTER II.

### TRAVELLING BY ROAD AND RIVER.

One of the early Roman governors of Britain was asked, 'What is most needed in order to render the newly-conquered island a profitable colony?' 'Good roads,' was the reply. 'And the second?' 'More roads.' 'And the third?' 'More roads still.' That he and his successors acted upon this plan in developing the resources of the little island which we call Great Britain, we know from history, and the many Roman roads that abound still. But the Chinese not only are careless of this principle of political economy, but are oblivious of the fact that a straight line is the shortest cut. As far as roads are concerned, they are as indifferent to the promotion of trade as to the comfort of their limbs.

Samuel Wells Williams, in his *Middle Kingdom*, remarks, that 'the public roads, in a country so well provided with navigable streams, are of minor consequence, but these media of travel have by no means been neglected.' He then goes on to quote De Guignes, who praises in hearty terms the condition of the roads in many parts of North China. Other writers have also testified that, in some parts of the north, good broad

roads are found, shaded with trees, and fairly well attended to. These, however, are only the great main thoroughfares, and are in a ratio to the bad of less than one to a hundred.

It is very difficult for any one who has not travelled in an Oriental country to conceive the utter state of disorganization of these lines of communication, which we think so essential to our prosperity and ease. In our description of the streets of a city we had occasion to inform the reader that comparatively seldom is a street found wider than from five to fifteen feet. Outside the town matters are worse. There it is often difficult to find any road at all. By instinct, or by the sense of direction, one often happens upon the right path; but it is always best to ask, and to seek diligently for it.

Between great cities there are the regular highways, which go by the name of 'great roads.' These are kept in moderate repair, and sometimes exceed six feet in width. If, however, you should turn off one of them, it becomes absolutely necessary to have a guide. Half a day's journey from Amoy is the 'great road,' which is said to run as nearly straight as possible from Peking to Canton. The people of the locality seemed very proud of the fact. But in walking along it, as we saw it, no consecutive thirty yards are of the same description. Now it is formed of a loose shingle, and now it is paved; here it runs on top of a mud-bank, and there it descends into a narrow ditch. In hilly or agricultural districts the roads take care of themselves. It is nobody's business to make or mend them. One stands aghast at what seems the audacity of the farmer in interfering with the public ways. He will plough them up, and

allow the public to tread them hard again, apparently hoping they may be narrowed by the process; or he will find it convenient to make a pond for irrigating purposes right where the path runs, and henceforth, until some new idea seizes him, the public must walk round his pond. Meddlers with the roads never seem to suffer from prick of conscience, and while grumbling at them is endless, I do not remember ever to have heard it said that any public or private body should improve them. In fact, their false notions of economy would probably induce them to believe that to make a broad path would be utterly wasteful of good land. That, at any rate, is what they say in regard to the broad roads made by Europeans on certain lands possessed or rented by them.

This being the condition of things throughout the country south of the Yang-tsze-kiang, even if there were wheeled vehicles they would be useless. Not even the wheelbarrow could be trundled over the many obstructions that constantly occur. The strong thews and muscles of the coolie class of bearers must perforce do all the work that, with us, falls to the lot of the beast of burden or the steam-engine.

In the far north the modes of conveyance differ altogether from those in the south. In Peking multitudes of camels are to be seen doing a large share of the goods traffic between the capital and Mongolia and Manchuria. The greater part of the tea that reaches Russia from China goes as far as Thibet on the backs of camels. Heavy two-wheeled waggons, drawn by bullocks, are met with in all directions on such roads as are wide enough for them. Horses and mules are also extensively employed.

Some very curious sights are seen on these carriage roads. The Chinaman is a being decidedly utilitarian in his ways of thinking and acting. He scorns appearances, if he can by any means attain his end, which is to secure as large a measure of draught-power with as little trouble to himself as may be. A bullock and a donkey in the shafts, or driven tandem; a large horse and a small mule yoked together; or even (as some say) a man or woman harnessed with an ass, are among the arrangements that astonish the traveller from the West. Wheelbarrows abound, and the labour of propulsion is assisted, if the wind be favourable, by the hoisting of a sail, or, if not, by attaching a mule or two in front. Could the reader witness such a scene as this and keep his gravity?—two pompous Chinese gentlemen, elegantly attired, sitting on a barrow, thumping along the uneven road, their round cheeks trembling like a jelly, while two panting and perspiring coolies endeavour to steady the handles of the machine, and a melancholy mule drags it along by means of a rope. A hundred such strange sights may be seen in the day.

In these northerly parts the most common conveyance is the one-horse cart, the multiform inconveniences of which it would take long to relate. To begin with, it has no springs whatever, and the solid wheels are fixed to the short axletrees. A small piece of waterproof cloth is spread upon a bamboo frame as a protection from the weather, but raised so little above the cart that the traveller can only sit up or lie down. The jolting is indescribably annoying and painful. Sir John Davis tells us that the servant of a British ambassador actually suffered concussion of the brain in one of these instruments of torture, because, being

unwell, he could not help lying down in the bottom of the cart. The only way to endure the pain of a long journey is to provide oneself with a large quantity of bedding, with which to moderate the shocks. Jolting over little hillocks of hard mud, or dropping suddenly into a hole, sinking up to the axle in the deep ruts and bogs in wet weather, or blinded with the finest of dust when it is dry,—such is the average experience of the traveller in a Chinese cart.

The city of Peking, however, can boast of hackney-coaches. The streets of the capital are moderately wide, affording space for these curious two-wheeled cabs, or *garries*. It is true they have no springs, and that even a short journey is a painful experience to unaccustomed limbs; but to make up for this slight deficiency in point of comfort, they are elegantly fitted inside with a lining and blinds of green or red silk. Besides, you can hire coach, horse, and man for a whole day for one shilling and eightpence! There are comparatively few sedan-chairs in Peking.

The most popular vehicle in China just now is the *jinrickshaw*, which abounds in the streets of the splendid foreign settlement in Shanghai and the English colony of Hong-kong. It is a small gig, to seat either one or two persons, and drawn by a man, whence it has been humorously called the 'Pullman car.' That small jest is, it may be added, an accurate translation of the name of the vehicle; for the three syllables are *jin*, man; *rik*, strength; *sha*, carriage. The *jinrickshaw* was introduced into China from Japan. A bar unites the ends of the shafts, and taking hold of this, the coolie holds it to his chest, and runs with the little craft at a speed of six miles an hour. On a cool evening

scores of these pretty carriages are trying to overtake one another along the broad and shady Bund, or river-face, in Shanghai. The misfortune is that, in consequence of the badness of native roads, the *jinrickshaw* is no use so soon as it leaves the American, English, or French 'concessions.' Three thousand of them are licensed for hire in the foreign city of Shanghai. One can ride for an hour for the small sum of fivepence.

In these central districts of China the most common vehicle is the wheelbarrow,—far more common than carts in the north, or sedan-chairs in the south. It is used by travellers and for the transport of goods. On a perfectly level road or pavement the wheelbarrow is rather an agreeable carriage; but let the road be in any degree rough, and the barrow becomes the most excruciating machine ever invented for the torture of travellers.

The wheel is about three feet in diameter, and is placed in the centre of the barrow, so that the weight of the sitter is directly over the axle. The driver has no other burden than to propel and steady the machine. A wooden frame covering the upper part of the wheel serves as an arm-rest. From this the seat projects on each side over the axles. If there is only one passenger the barrow must be tilted a little on one side. The rider places one foot on a bar forming part of the frame, while the other hangs down upon a stirrup made of rope. It need not be said that to run over a brick, or into a hole eight or ten inches deep, or upon well-worn paving-stones, is anything but conducive to quiet reflection or peace of mind. The writer has many a painful reminiscence of aching joints and bruises gotten on a barrow.

The elegant and dignified and agreeable vehicle of China belongs peculiarly to the south. It is the sedan-chair. The comfort of this conveyance has been brought as nearly to perfection as circumstances will allow. In cities where many wealthy men reside, sedans are often seen which are real works of art. The seat is luxuriously cushioned and padded, lined with blue or crimson satin. Comfortable elbow-rests; a shelf behind for a large package, and another in front for pipe, or book, or small parcel; windows of glass, with silk blinds; and the exterior of blue cloth, with embroidered ornaments and tassels hanging from the top all round the four sides. What more elegant and commodious vehicle can you wish for than that? Unfortunately these are not for public hire. The best chairs for hire are fairly comfortable, but it is well to carry a cushion for the seat and back. Missionaries generally use their light travelling mattress for this purpose. Occasionally the chair-bearer will complain of the slight addition to the weight, but not often. A very small amount of luggage is also allowed in the chair. How the poor fellows manage to carry the chair and its occupant for twenty miles it is hard to imagine. The chair itself often weighs as much as 40 lbs., and one may presume that the average weight of adult men is 140 lbs., while the latter is doubtless very frequently exceeded. Yet with the pressure of 100 lbs. upon the shoulders of each man they struggle more or less good-humouredly for a whole day.

From the better class of sedan there is a descending scale to the common bamboo frame, called a 'mountain-chair.' It consists of only two poles, with a seat between them, and a wooden stirrup for the feet. I

weighed one of these machines, and found it only 16 lbs. To keep off the sun and the wet a piece of oil-cloth is spread over a frame of four split sticks. When the weather is fine and mild, this is a luxurious mode of conveyance in a country where few persons are in a hurry, and twenty miles in a day is reckoned rapid travelling. In cold, wet, and windy weather the 'mountain-chair' may be described mildly as an offence.

The number of bearers of any one chair is regulated by law. The Emperor alone is allowed sixteen; mandarins of the highest rank, eight; lesser dignitaries, four, and a civilian, two or three, according as the weight of his 'honourable body' may render needful. But however much he may exceed ordinary proportions, if he is of common unofficial clay, not more than three may carry him. He must be content to pay heavily, as he weighs the same.

Chair-bearers belong to the very lowest class of society. In the Fuh-kien province, at least, to be a chair-bearer is regarded as equivalent to being a long way down in the social scale. For the most part they are men who pay little or no regard to the amenities of social intercourse or the ties of family life. Those on the main roads have seldom any settled homes. At certain seasons they can make money fast. When the provincial examinations are being held in a neighbouring town, or at the time of a fair or idolatrous feast, many well-to-do people are moving to and fro, and the price of fares is high. But they live from hand to mouth, and spend their surplus cash in opium-smoking and debauchery.

Notwithstanding all their bad ways the chair-bearers

are a pleasant set of men to deal with, if they are only treated with a fair degree of consideration and good humour. There is nothing they resent so much as a cantankerous fare, especially if he happens to be a foreigner. Then all their essentially republican sentiments come to the front, and they let him know that one man is as good as another in their opinion. The satirical fun they lavish upon him in his hearing to the bearers of a passing chair, or at an eating-house, is as fine as anything ever produced by a London 'cabby.' Poor fellows! full of quaint humour; in fair weather and full work and health so light-hearted and gay, and yet fallen so low in morals and public esteem, toiling so hard for the cash they spend so recklessly, one cannot help laughing at and with them, but with a feeling more of pity than of pleasure.

One of the most amusing adventures I ever had with chair-bearers was the following. I hired two men to carry me in a 'mountain-chair' to a district city about eighteen miles off. Our route lay over some very rough granite hills to a tiny village, where I was to meet some Christian brethren for an hour or two. Reaching this place about ten o'clock in the morning, my friends, who wished to do me honour, extended their favours to my hired men, and unfortunately brought out the *samshoo*, a strong liquor generally reserved for feasts and special occasions. Of this I was quite unaware when I left the village. We had not gone far before one of the men showed signs of collapse. Two or three times he fell on his knees, but always declared there was nothing the matter with him. Another mile, and both had succumbed. We were now upon a ridge of hills, and before us was a wide sandy plain, stretching

along for several miles, with nothing to break the line of view. Pausing here until one of the men had partially recovered, I made him take the chair upon his back and follow me; and the other I stuck up against a rock to fend for himself. My companion's endeavour to carry that chair properly would have made the most sober temperance lecturer lose his gravity. By the time we reached an eating-house on the farther side of the plain we saw No. 2 on the far horizon, doing his utmost to make up for lost time, and an hour sufficed to bring him up moderately sober. When we arrived at the city I paid them their stipulated fare, contenting myself with adding a little teetotal discourse; but they amazed me by asking for more. 'What!' I said, 'you dare to ask an extra fee after compelling me to walk for miles, and delaying me for several hours!' 'But think, teacher,' one of them said with a broad grin, '*think what a trouble we have had to get you along!*'

There is no regular tariff for chairs on any road. One of the first things the traveller has to learn is how to hire a chair and baggage-men, so as not to pay very much more than the recognized rate. The Chinaman looks upon a foreigner as lawful prey, and as the victim does not make his appearance every day, advantage must be taken of the present opportunity. The process is very properly called 'squeezing.' They seem to imagine the foreigner is loaded with dollars. When he comes on the scene the name of money becomes *kun* (silver) rather than *chien* (bronze cash). Times without number we have heard passers-by on road and river congratulate our men on the 'good job' they have on hand, feeling sure the stranger could not have escaped

at least a small amount of 'squeezing.' 'Ha! Lo-ah! Ten dollars that job?' It is probably not more than one or two dollars; but our men laugh back the jest, 'It has a shadow—it is real—forty dollars, you mean!' As a rule, missionaries expect to pay half as much again as a native gentleman. The plan is a wise one, for the extra sum is very small, and the hard-working coolies keep on good terms with us. We have known foreign merchants pay eight and ten times the proper fare; but the Chinese do not respect them any more for their reckless expenditure, and are only demoralized by it.[1]

It is not always easy to secure chair-bearers even by offering an extra gratuity. I was travelling in a region through which Europeans passed only once or twice a year; and wishing to walk a good deal, was hiring as best I could for a few miles now and then. I arrived at mid-day at a rice-shop on the top of a high hill, and while discussing my dinner of rice and pea-nuts announced to the crowd of chattering Celestials that it would harmonize with my wishes if I could have a chair to the next stage, distant six miles. Ten chairs immediately blocked up all available space, and many voices pleaded for the favour of my patronage. Which chair would I have? I said I would have that chair for riding in which I should have to pay two hundred cash, —say, eighteenpence. Every face changed to a look of incredulity at my innocence, injury at my audacity,

[1] In the journals of the late Mr. Margery, who was so unfortunately murdered in Yunnan in 1875, there is a note of the reason for his careful expenditure in chair-hiring in country places. He says he was *thinking of the missionaries who might travel the same road after him, and was afraid of creating a precedent* which might press heavily on their slender purses. It was a little act of consideration which reveals the character of the man, and explains the universal esteem in which he was held.

and defiance at my expectations. 'Two hundred cash indeed! The thing could not be done. There was not a bearer in the whole place who might, could, would, or should stir a foot on the road until five hundred cash was promised.' When they had exhausted their expressions of astonishment, and the play was almost acted out, I said quietly, 'Look here, friends, I am not a stranger to your customs. You think I ought to offer *one* hundred cash, and you to demand *five* hundred, and then we are to waste half an hour in chaffering about it, you gradually lowering your figure, and I raising mine, until at last we settle that the fare shall be *three* hundred or thereabout. But our foreign fashion is different. I am not going to haggle with you about the price. Your own people would never think of paying more than one hundred and fifty, I offer two hundred; who will go?' No, not one of them. But when they see me unexcited and firm, one man suggests that perhaps he was mistaken in saying the distance was ten miles, and he is willing to accept four hundred and fifty. For three quarters of an hour the discussion breaks out afresh at intervals, while my baggage-bearer takes his mid-day nap. At length we get up to walk, begging them to be seated in their own chairs. When they see me and my man fairly started, many voices clamour aloud, 'Teacher, three hundred!' 'No; I have said it—two hundred.' They make a show of removing the chairs, murmuring, 'The man is hard.' By the time we are clear of the village, and beginning to descend the hill, one of them rushes forward, screaming frantically, 'Teacher, two hundred and eighty!' 'No; two hundred.' 'Two hundred and fifty!' I do not return an answer, but proceed some three hundred yards, when

from the top of the hill comes a shout,—'Teacher, teacher, stop!—two hundred and twenty.' I motion with my hands a sign of refusal, and go on. But presently my servant calls to me that two men are running downhill with a chair. I wait till they come, and then quietly ask, 'Two hundred?' 'All right, teacher—two hundred.' Again they sigh, 'This man is hard.' Whereupon I take my seat, and there are no recriminations or apologies on either side.

When chair-bearers are hired for a trip which will extend to several days or weeks, it is very advisable to have an agreement drawn up in due form, and stamped with an official seal. Such a document can be had for the merest trifle, and will prevent a great deal of possible trouble. It is no slight ordeal to be surrounded by a set of Chinese coolies, frenzied with assumed indignation at the shortcomings of the 'foreign guest.' A great deal of patience is needed by the traveller, not merely because so much time is exhausted on the journey, but as the result of unavoidable incidents and accidents. Quite unconsciously one falls into the habit of talking of distance not by long measure, but by time measure. Such and such a town is so many hours or days away. On well-known routes we can generally calculate the length of the journey to an hour, but when it comes to a week or so, we may find ourselves wrong by a whole day. The opportunity of a clean location for a night is a most material factor in deciding whether a single day's trip is long or short.

From what we have said it will be evident that the traveller in China has several rules to learn, very simple, yet affecting his peace of mind to a serious degree; such as, never be in a hurry; get along as

quickly as you can, but remember that to 'hasten slowly' is the best policy in a sedan-chair; never bring railing accusations against the roads, or if you do, make a jest of their defects, for there they are, you cannot improve them, and the Chinese will not. Above all, never get out of temper, for that will only puzzle the Chinaman and distress yourself. When you have learned to accept with composure the many deficiencies of roads, chairs, baggage-men, chair-bearers, eating-houses, inns, and weather, you will have advanced a long way towards perfection.

The subject changes completely when we turn from speaking of travelling by land to travelling by water. There is no other country in the world that possesses such magnificent waterways as China. Not only has it rivers that run their steady course for upwards of a thousand miles, like that 'Son-of-the-Sea,' the Yang-tsze-kiang, but the whole land is covered with a network of canals and water-courses, which connect town with town, and afford at the same time ample supplies for irrigation of the paddy fields. It is probably true that there are daily as many travellers by water as by land. Even the large towns are veined with channels, which provide a transit route for goods and passengers. In this connection should be mentioned also the Grand Canal, the most useful public work the Chinese ever constructed, which for 650 miles unites countless towns and villages that, but for its friendly aid, would be strangers to one another. The many great lakes, with the rivers which run into them, are also means of bringing distant places near. Too frequently the rivers, which look very fine after a spell of wet weather, are found difficult of

navigation after drought. The undredged detritus of millenniums makes them more treacherous year by year.

The Chinese have a system of conveyance by means of public 'passage-boats' as complete as any of our own. At regular hours, or at the suitable state of the tide, heavy junks loaded with passengers come and go upon the bays, rivers, and creeks. The jetties are crowded with friends and idlers who witness the departure and arrival of the boats. The smallness of the fare is sometimes almost incredible, ten cash (one halfpenny) sufficing for thirty or forty miles.

At such a fare one must not expect to have the whole deck to oneself, nor to be accommodated in a saloon cabin. The desirability of life-insurance also suggests itself to the practical foreign mind. It may be that the comfort of passengers is an idea that the 'boat-chief' has seldom indulged; and it is too much to be feared that his trust in Providence becomes sublime when an extra score of candidates for the voyage appear in view. I once stood on the deck of a passage-boat for seven hours, in company with 160 Chinamen, while the sea washed up to my knees, destroying my provisions and books, and the vessel lurched over to such a degree that it was as much as we could do to keep on deck.

Given fair weather and a breeze astern, however, and who minds a little inconvenience? In such circumstances a common passage-boat is luxurious compared with the monotony of a sedan-chair. The fine river-boats of Canton are roomy and well furnished. A private cabin may be engaged for a small extra fee. The ever-varying scenes of the beautiful shores pass rapidly by. The elegant junk looks down upon the

blue waves through its two great eyes, which are always painted on the prow. The sailors and passengers keep up a pleasant sing-song of conversation. One finds time to think when on the water, and the wind is fair. But if we are beating up against wind and tide, possibly

THE CAPTAIN OF THE GOSPEL-BOAT.

rowed with six oars and with a great wooden propeller astern, farewell to all pleasant pictures and dreams; we need resignation and a library.

In connection with the missions situated where the water communication is good, a mission-boat becomes a

necessity. In many places, such as Amoy, Foochow, and Ningpo, more than half the mission journeys are by water. The boat in this case does duty as a carriage, hotel, reception-room, chapel, and book depôt. Anchored in the broad stream, or resting upon the mud in an unlovely creek, the Gospel-boat provides a tiny home for the 'messengers of the churches' when on their evangelistic and pastoral tours. Not even then, by the way, are they quite clear of discomforts, for the armies of mosquitoes that infest the banks, and the multifarious sounds of a landing-place, are foes of quietude and peace. But the boat is a palace compared with the sleeping-room of a chapel or inn, and the most sensitive nerves become hardened by custom and resolution.

Shooting the rapids is the kind of travelling that is most interesting of all. In many directions around Amoy there is opportunity of experiencing the excitement of such a journey. The rivers rise among the hills several hundred miles to the north, west, and south. In some places the rocks are so numerous and so close together that no boat can pass even when the river is at its fullest, and the journey has to be continued over the hill to the point where boats are able once more to ply. Sometimes, too, the fall is too great to allow of any kind of craft except the great rafts of timber going over them. All passengers must then alight while the boat is let down carefully by means of bamboo ropes.

Such a journey sometimes proves to be more exciting than one would desire. My first experience was peculiarly unfortunate. The boat was not suited to anything but level water, being only a shallow punt some twenty feet long and seven broad. In this were

stowed twenty-seven passengers, about half a ton of crockery, three sedan-chairs, our baggage, and a lot of luggage belonging to the Chinese passengers. There was literally not room to turn round. Before starting we protested against the overcrowding of the boat, but to no purpose. Happily the slope of the water at the falls was not very serious. At the first we grated ominously on the rocks. At the second we ran on the top of a sunken rock, and stuck fast for seventeen minutes. We should all have been overthrown had there been room to fall. What were we to do? A more ludicrous sight it would be hard to find than twenty-seven human beings, packed as close as they can stand, stranded in the middle of a rapid stream. The captain found means to convey to shore eight men (say, 1200 lbs. weight). The boat being lightened to that extent, floated off the rock, and we who retained our places were so hard-hearted we would not allow our late fellow-travellers to return. For a mile or two they ran along the shore near to us, exhausting their vocabulary of abuse and satire.

One of the most interesting journeys on the rapids near Amoy is from the city of Ling-yang, near to the centre of the Fuh-kien province. The falls extend over somewhat more than a hundred miles from Ling-yang to Chiu-loa ('End of Rapids'). There is a course of some twelve to twenty miles of the river over which no boat can go. The river mission-boat can go as far as Nia-tau, from which point a pass over the mountain-side leads to Te-hong, one of the most important tea marts in Fuh-kien, where many roads meet. Here the river becomes practicable once more, except when it is dangerously full, or so shallow as not to cover the rocks.

At many points there are magnificent pools, deep, embowered among the trees, or shut in by high cliffs, and sometimes so full of fish that one cannot wash one's hands without a number of gills pressing for food. At a place called 'The Eleven Pools' there is a magnificent chasm through which the river runs. It is almost horse-shoe in shape, with cliffs from 200 to 400 feet in height, and the hills rise somewhat abruptly beyond that. The boatmen said the sun never shines into the chasm

NIA-TAU.

in summer for more than an hour in the day. All passengers must disembark here, and make their way for half a mile by a narrow path cut in the face of the cliff to a point where a loaded boat may again safely pass. In the chasm is a shrine to the memory of a mandarin who was wrecked there and lost his life. Our boatmen pulled up to the rock to burn a few incense sticks. Few, if any, would dare to pass this

point without propitiating the spirit of the dead. What sort of a notion can they have of the morals of their deceased friends, seeing that they must needs always keep on the right side of them by means of joss-sticks, paper-money, and crackers? While being rowed across a long pool we took advantage of the relief to the pilot's attention to ask him how many wrecks take place a year, and he said, 'Only one boat in a thousand in the year.' If that is really so, it is a high testimony to the skill of the pilots. The bed of the stream consists of rock throughout almost the whole course from Ling-yang to Chiu-loa. It requires no slight effort of memory to remember the exact position of all the rocks, sunken and otherwise, in a distance of many tens of miles.

The run from Ling-yang occupied twenty-two hours, spread over three days. From Ling-yang to Chiang-ping there are just one hundred and fifty falls, water-slides, and rapids; and from Chiang-ping to Te-hong thirty-six of the larger sort and innumerable smaller ones. Many of these imply a difference in level of not more than three feet, whereas not a few are inclined planes of from a hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, down which the boat shoots with a velocity of, perhaps, twelve miles an hour. The mountain towns and villages on the banks of this river are at a considerable elevation, indicated not only by the steep descent of the water, but also by the low temperature as compared with the sea level.

A boat for the rapids is built of pine-wood, flat-bottomed, three feet broad in the water and five feet at the top of the gunwales, which are three feet high and inclined outwards, to throw off the spray of the

cascades. The pilot stands at the prow, wielding an oar thirty feet long, most delicately balanced by a mass of stone, so that only about three feet of the thirty are on board. The blade is crescent-shaped. If it comes in contact with a sunken rock it readily slips over it. With a single stroke of this sweep-oar he is able, in a second, to alter the course of the boat, and to guide it through the most tortuous passages among the rocks. It is necessary, for one's peace of mind, to have implicit

SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

confidence in the pilot. His intimate acquaintance with the exact position of every one of the ten thousand rocks we pass each hour, and his surprising skill in avoiding them, so command our admiration that we forget the dangers of the journey.

The process of shooting the rapids is at first frightfully exciting. One is apt to indulge that harmless notion of the beginner that one is doing something exceedingly venturesome; but after a score or two of

falls have been safely passed, one remains resigned and calm in shooting the most boisterous cascade. No one, however, knows better than the pilot that the danger of careless boating is extreme. When nearing a fall or water-slide the pilot stands rigid at the prow holding the sweep-oar, while with one hand he makes signs over his shoulder to the steersman. A sudden hush falls upon the occupants of the boat, which sways to and fro with the force of the hurtling waters. Above the deafening roar are heard certain shrill, sharp monosyllables from the lips of the pilot; and we know that a movement of the long craft six inches in the wrong direction would break it up like an egg-shell, and spill us all into the frothy fangs of a rock-bound chasm. Such a sensation comes over us then, as I suppose soldiers feel when they stand in battle amid a shower of leaden hail. At one moment we are being hurled like a dart at a massive rock in mid-stream, up the sides of which the water is trying to climb, and it seems to us that the next second must see the wreckage of the boat, and its struggling passengers scattered in the foam; but a sharp, timely stroke of the long oar throws us into another channel, and we are gliding downhill amid the thunder of the water broken into myriads of foam-crested waves, and presently reach a quiet pool shut in by pleasant wooded hills or craggy cliffs, where utter silence reigns between two cataracts. Then the buzz of conversation breaks out afresh, as we are rowed gently over the placid stream towards the next fall.

## CHAPTER III.

### CHINESE INNS.

THE unsophisticated traveller who finds himself compelled to pass the night in a Chinese inn rebels against the application of the word 'inn' or 'hotel' to such a place of entertainment. That, let us say again, is simply because of the prejudices of the civilized Briton. If he will take a Webster's dictionary and turn to the word *inn*, he will find that he has not been deceived by his Chinese host. There it is written that an inn is 'a place of shelter,' and he will not deny that the three or four walls have a roof on them, if somewhat leaky. Another definition is, 'a house for the lodging and entertainment of travellers,' and it is surely a most full and accurate description of the commodity supplied. We should, however, be obliged discreetly to pass over a note which reads, 'It has been judicially defined as a house where a traveller is furnished with everything for which he has occasion when on his way.' That is the point where the Chinese hostelry fails: it does not furnish you with the things you desire, but it supplies you over-abundantly with the things you dislike and wish to avoid. Charles Kingsley, writing to Mr. Thomas Hughes, describes his hotel in Wales as 'the divinest

pigstye under the canopy.' Charles Kingsley had not been in China!

But we must not seem to write *Tekel*, 'thou art found wanting,' over every entrance-door, especially as there is a benediction rudely written on red paper posted there already. Like the private houses, inns are of every description and quality. We are told that in early Saxon 'inn' meant a palace, and thence originated the names Lincoln's Inn, Clifford's Inn, and so on. There are hotels which in Chinese eyes are elegant mansions, and in comparison with the ordinary kind deserve to be called The Grand, or The Metropolitan, or The Palace Hotel. Some of these go by the name of Mandarin Hotels, because they are kept ready for the use of travelling magistrates, and are not open to every class of the public. They are roomy, airy, the floors tiled, and the rooms screened off with carved frames covered with tissue-paper. From these spacious and ventilated buildings there is a descent to the dark, damp, and malodorous sheds at the service of ordinary travellers, who herd together anyhow, and pay their twenty or thirty cash with only a passing reference to the toad-stools in the floor, and the peculiar liveliness of the lodgers who do not pay for their accommodation, except sometimes with their life.

But we ought to beware of being harsh in our judgment, although these hotels are so inferior to our own. We have rather to consider the completeness of the contrast between the social arrangements in our own country and in China, and to remember that the subject we are discussing is only one of the features in that contrast. The least inviting of our hotels would

be preferable to the dreadful probabilities of the best inns upon many a Chinese main road. The reason simply is that they do not seem to understand comfort, in our sense of the term. The word comfort of course exists in the language, but they do not mean by it what we do. With all their intelligence, their considerable degree of skill in the social arts, and the very marked decorum and courtesy of many of their households, they have introduced very few of what we call luxuries. They are probably none the worse off on that account. It would be a decided mistake and misfortune to exchange their present simple habits for our more complicated and expensive style of living. The requirements of the climate are not the same as ours, and the necessity of living cheaply leads them to think only of necessaries in the furnishing of house and table. In the West we submit to a great variety of discomforts in our dress in obedience to the dictates of public opinion; one sex in certain grades of society disregarding the simplest laws of health, and incurring very serious expense in providing—not clothing, but dress; but the Chinese of both sexes commonly adapt their costume to their circumstances and occupations, and dress with an elegance, simplicity, and ease that allow little room for criticism. In putting on and taking off their dress people in our middle and upper classes of society spend, on a very moderate computation, something like two whole weeks out of the fifty-two; while as for the time and labour expended in giving starchiness and discomfort to certain articles of clothing, we shrink from entering upon a calculation so difficult and uncertain. The Chinaman and Chinawoman, on the other hand, are fully dressed in less than five minutes after

rising in the morning. We cover our tables with viands and wines which are not absolute necessaries, and which take a great deal of time and skill to prepare, while the number and variety of the implements by means of which we partake of our food would furnish words for several pages of a dictionary; but the Chinaman with half a dozen pots and pans, a dozen rice-bowls, and a pile of chopsticks, is ready to cook and to dispose of an elaborate and respectable meal. And if we were to talk of furnishing, the contrast would become greater still, since we crowd our rooms with furniture, lumbering them with odds and ends and *bric-à-brac*, often not pleasing to the eye and decidedly inconvenient,—laying carpets and hanging curtains, which are stores for dust, damp, and staleness, but which must be provided if the rooms are to be 'respectable'; whereas our Chinese brother will furnish a whole house for a few tens of dollars, and never gives a thought to more than a dozen or two of the thousand items that the upholsterer, ironmonger, earthenware-dealer, dressmaker, &c., &c., assure us are absolutely necessary.

Even the mandarins and wealthy gentry live in a plain and frugal fashion, which would astonish our English housekeepers, who are so frequently in bondage to that worst of tyrants, 'what will people say?' The palace of a viceroy ruling twenty to fifty millions has a tiled floor, straight-backed flat-bottomed chairs, a lounge covered with nothing softer than a plantain-leaf mat, and windows of tissue-paper or split oyster-shell. Even he dines with the aid of bowl and chopsticks. On one occasion I was the guest of a military mandarin in an inland city, who, like our own civil magistrates, was engaged in business—as a wholesale tea-dealer.

The house was very handsome. The central hall would have seated two hundred people. A gallery admitted to the private apartments. The bedsteads were richly gilt. A dozen mantelpiece clocks were scattered about the house. Yet this grand and courteous gentleman sat down to table with his general servant, who was cook, housemaid, and errand-boy, all in one. In as delicate a manner as possible I remarked to the servant on this simplicity of the 'great officer,' and with a look of surprise he remarked, 'Why not? we share our eating expenses!' After this, it was not surprising to see the wealthy patriarch carry his shutters into the street at dusk, and put them up himself, because the servant was busy lighting the incense-sticks before the household gods.

Chinese inns, like the private houses, contain only such furniture as is needful. This is as true in regard to the better sort as of the common lodging-houses. One of the Kong-kwan, or official inns, reserved for the use of mandarins, is occasionally engaged for a night by missionaries from Amoy, when it is certain that no mandarins will be coming. On entering through an archway, guarded with heavy gates, we find ourselves in a court whose length is the whole width of the building. To right and left against the road are the lodgings of the innkeeper, the kitchens and wood stores. Before us, on a higher level, are more heavy gates, like those we have just passed through. Trellis-work, painted various bright colours, and pasted over on the inner side with white paper, forms the partition wall on either side of the gates. Within these, we find ourselves in the main building. On either side are rooms for the suite of the magistrate. Crossing a small court, partly covered

over, we enter the audience-chamber, or guest-room, where the great man takes his meals in the presence of the gods. His bed-chamber, a large and airy apartment, is on one side of this, and a room of the same size on the other. The whole of the building, with the exception of the outer court, is neatly paved with red tiles. The only furniture in the sitting-room is a shrine with idols, flowers, and incense-jars, a table, two wooden arm-chairs, and two benches without backs; and in each bedroom a four-poster, a table, and a chair.

In villages and country towns the inns are seldom more than one story high. As a rule, only in large towns where every foot of space is valuable do our Celestial friends put themselves to the trouble of climbing to an upper floor. Pictures of European houses rising to a height of five and more stories surprise them greatly. It is said that an emperor once asked the British ambassador whether it was the smallness of our territory that compelled us to build so high! A fine house in China does not mean one that towers aloft, or has a noble frontage, but one that covers a large space of ground. One of the best houses we ever visited, which was said to have cost ten thousand English pounds, was almost an acre in extent, but no part of the roof exceeded twenty to thirty feet in height.

The eating-houses at the various stages of a main road belong to the general denomination of inns and hotels. Where the restaurant stands alone, or almost alone, and not in a town or village, it is most commonly located under the luxuriant branches of a banyan tree, whose shade in summer is most grateful to the sunburnt coolies. Often there is a group of some six

or eight of these rude buildings. There are only three walls and a roof, all perfectly black with the dirt and smoke of generations, if not of centuries. The table and benches seem to be in the same condition. Pigs and dogs wander among the throng of human beings. A few beggars, exhibiting their deformities and diseases, or blind persons, call the attention of the benevolent. The itinerant seller of cakes and sweetmeats is driving a leisurely trade, although he is making a great noise about it. The chattering crowd of dirty, good-humoured people are not at all shy of talking to strangers. Every Chinaman in Fuh-kien addresses every other as though he had known him all his life. The topic in most cases is, of course, that all-important, universal and endless one—*cash*. I called them good-humoured, but a stranger would not think so, if he saw such a crowd for the first time. On the contrary, the state of things seems to be bordering on a riot. The amount of energy that lies latent in a Chinaman, waiting to be developed and manifested by a discussion on cash, is simply incalculable. The most commonplace and innocent-looking person presently speaks as though he were addressing a very deaf audience; nor does he talk with his lips only, but with every muscle of his face and body. As we coolly regard this throng of half-dressed, copper-coloured people, we see chance acquaintances, who have run against one another for half an hour, screaming their loudest, with distorted countenances and violent gesticulations, apparently threatening immediate death to those who differ from them. It seems incredible that the subject is of no more importance than whether a sack of potatoes or basket of fish shall be half a farthing more or less.

Imagine our coming suddenly into such a crowd, in a short serge jacket and big sun-hat, under which is a pale face and beard. If the place is one where foreigners are occasionally seen, they will look up, say, 'Hwan-kui' (foreign ghost), and after a few moments resume their employment as though we were not there. If, however, foreigners are almost unknown in those parts, we know perfectly well that we shall have no peace except such as we can secure by means of a little manœuvring. Sometimes the landlord appears pleased to receive us, but now and then he seems to think we take up too much room, with the crowd who stand round to look at us. It is very entertaining to observe how excited such a crowd often becomes by the advent of a foreigner, and how rapidly the news spreads to neighbouring houses that a 'foreign ghost' has arrived. Mine host stands and threatens terrible things, which he has not the smallest intention of carrying into execution. For half an hour he will shout and gesticulate, entreating the untutored herd to remember the proprieties, and not crowd in so much upon the foreign gentleman.

The point of greatest interest is always reached when the traveller begins his meal. He has carried with him all he wants with the exception of rice, potatoes, hot water, and one or two other things. The laying out of plates, knives and forks is a great mystery. Much questioning goes on as to the way of using them. They beg to know the reason why we prefer to employ a man to carry all our apparatus for dinner, instead of using their bowls and chopsticks. The spoon and fork, apparently made of solid silver, greatly astonishes them, and the traveller is ready enough to own that they are

not silver at all. When we lift our food to our mouth, many hands move in a similar way, as they say quietly to one another, 'Look! he is doing like this!' Standing so closely around our small table that we feel inconvenienced, we entreat them to give us breathing room while we dine, and afterwards we will talk to them. Many voices break forth with pleasure at our speaking to them. 'The foreigner speaks our words,' says one; 'Yes, let him eat,' says another; 'Stand back, you man without propriety,' says a third, whose zeal for good manners is evidently due only to his desire to secure a front place.

At such a time one is almost always questioned in the same way. There is a stock list of subjects about which the average Chinaman when he meets a foreigner is very anxious to be informed. Not, as the good supporters of missions would like to be told, 'What is your object in coming among us? Is your doctrine better than that of our great Confucius?' The most trivial and ridiculous questions are asked. The inquiries they make of a foreigner are such as they commonly make among themselves. 'How far is it to your ancestral home? Are your venerable parents living? How many sons have you? Was your linen made in China or in England? How do you get it so white? Is it true your emperor is a woman? How are marriages arranged among the foreign children? What is your income?' A little mild banter is much appreciated by the crowd, but brings out a more rapid fusillade of questions. In the country places about Amoy I have been asked very frequently, 'Where is the country where the people have one leg?—one arm?—one eye?—and where there are only women? Have

you seen these lands?' What the origin of these notions is it is hard to say. Perhaps some Chinese Baron Munchausen or Dean Swift wrote a burlesque book of travels, which has in the course of time been accepted as authentic by a people who have for so many centuries stayed at home.

Dinner over, we take advantage of the concourse of people to say a few words on the theme nearest and dearest to the Christian heart. Moving to such a position that we shall not interfere with the business of the restaurant, we sit upon a table and begin to explain for what purpose we have come to reside in their ancient land. 'That is what our hearts desire to know,' says some man, who imagines we are buying tea or prospecting for gold. He has an idea that every foreigner can see three feet into the hill-side, and can tell at a glance what there is in it. 'Be silent, all!' he exclaims. As we proceed to explain that our doctrine is not opposed to anything that is good, but includes all good, and is the best doctrine in the world, having come from God, and commends itself to the good heart, our friend, who has installed himself as my herald and verger, remarks respectfully, but in a somewhat disappointed tone, 'Heh! The gentleman is one of the Jesus sect shepherd-teachers,—a man who speaks doctrine.' So we proceed with our discourse, asking them occasionally whether the doctrine is not good, and whether they believe it; to which they courteously reply, 'It is extremely good,' though probably they have heard scarcely a word, having been engaged upon a totally different line of thought all the while. To a beginner such preaching is often most disappointing. One discovers, on questioning them, that they have not listened at all.

Perhaps some one person among them does seem to be drinking in our words, and as we speak we insensibly fall to addressing our remarks directly to him; our heart prays that he may receive the truth; we press the Gospel message upon him; we entreat him not to fear to believe and accept the salvation offered to him; he seems to be more and more deeply impressed, until at length he makes a sign that he wishes to speak, and he asks, 'Teacher, were you born with a beard?' or 'Why do not your people shave their heads, as we do?' At such seasons the missionary is obliged to cheer himself with the fact that the sower does not make the seed to grow, and that he has only to scatter it, hoping that some may fall into good ground, although much withers in the stony ground, and more is caught away by the birds. No Christian labourer feels more deeply than the missionary to the heathen the duty of 'sowing beside all waters,' and the experience of none proves to him more clearly that we 'know not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.' All he has to do is to obey the command, 'In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand.'

Many missionaries feel that preaching in such a place and under such circumstances is truly a scattering of the seed rather than a sowing of it. The incessant chatter of the audience, as well as of the crowd around, and their insatiable curiosity as to indifferent matters, render it next to impossible to address them upon the great themes of religion, which demand a serious and steady attention. If half a dozen men can be induced to come and sit in an inner room, to 'stare themselves full,' as their idiom puts it, while they drink

tea and smoke their pipes, they can sometimes be kept for an hour or two, and a little judicious questioning brings out their difficulties in such a way as cannot possibly be done in a general and busy throng.

We must, however, come back from this digression to describe the accommodation in the inns at night. As we can only speak of the Fuh-kien province, let Dr. Alexander Williamson tell us of what kind it is north of the Yang-tsze. 'In China every man carries his bedding with him; in the daytime it helps to pack the cart, or is laid, by way of saddle, upon the ass. The traveller may count himself fortunate if he can find in some Mutual Prosperity or Heavenly Union hostel a tolerable room in which to rest. On the great roads, and at the recognized stages, the inns are pretty sure to be decent, but elsewhere they are often wretched. In those of the better sort there is generally an eating-house or tea-shop on one side of the large door leading into the yard. The shop faces the street, and is connected with the cook-house and private rooms of the landlord. At this end, too, are the rooms occupied by the carters and others. Passing through the great door, the visitor finds himself in a large unpaved yard with buildings all round it. On one side are, perhaps, six or eight guest-rooms, little boxes about twelve feet square, with paper in place of glass for windows, doors which do not fit, and through the openings of which wind and dust find their way. A very rickety old chair and an equally decrepit table are the only furniture, the bed being simply a brick or mud platform filling nearly half the little room, and raised about two feet from the floor. Underneath it is a flue, into which, in cold weather, dry grass or other

fuel is pushed and fired, the heat and smoke passing in a zigzag line just under the surface of the couch, and finally escaping up a vent in the wall. Other fireplace there is none; and if, as often happens, the chimney should be foul, the warmed bed is but a poor compensation for smarting eyes and partial suffocation. But there are other rooms sometimes at the top of the yard, and it is always an object to secure them, as they are a trifle larger and cleaner, and probably in better repair. The charges are moderate, from one to two hundred cash per night—about one shilling—with extras for food and gratuities for servants.'

In the south the *k'ang*, or bed over a flue, is unknown, but the discomforts of the inns are probably exceeded. In one particular at least they agree perfectly, and that is in the magniloquence of the names given to these sleeping-dens. Such resounding titles might seem to suggest that the landlords are men who profess a high degree of integrity, or at least appreciate what is beautiful and good. But it is no more than the fashion of the country. Alas! for the difference between the outward profession and the inward state. Here you are promised peace, love, truth, and generosity, if you will but enter, though the man and the house contravene all the virtues. I shall always retain a keen and painful recollection of a series of hostelries at which I was compelled to stay during a lengthy tour due north of Amoy. That called Unapproachable Purity, had it been clean, might have been described as an oasis of purity in a desert of filth, and 'unapproachable' only in that sense; but after stepping carefully towards it we found the interior fully agreed with the character of its surroundings. The house of entertainment for man and

beast which arrogated to itself the proud title of The River of Abundance, was so ill-provided with the necessaries of life that mine host could give us literally no food at all, and at a neighbouring rice-shop only a coarse 'red-rice' was to be had. The boarding which formed the walls on three sides was so damp and decomposed that fungus was growing upon it. Another hotel, famous for the proud possession of an upper floor (into which we climbed, and slept among confused heaps of weaving and agricultural implements and products), was called The Nourishment of Life. It seemed, however, to have been constructed for precisely the opposite purpose. The roof was lifted off the walls some inches on one or more sides, and as I lay on the bed-boards rolled up in a railway rug, the wintry air driving through the room with a chill caught from a considerable elevation above the sea, effectually removed the possibility of sleep, and kept one thinking of how it was possible, under the circumstances, to secure 'the nourishment of life.'

A detailed account of the occurrences of a single night in an inn will explain what sort of experience it is, better than any amount of general reflections. We had been to a part of the province of Fuh-kien visited only once or twice before by a European. Our sleeping accommodation had been varied,—one night wrapped in a rug on the bottom of the boat, with a plantain-leaf mat between us and the sky; the next in a tea warehouse in the hills; and the next in a loft, or in a gentleman's best bedroom. On the evening to which I am about to refer, we were belated on the river through the sluggishness of the stream after drought, and pulled up at the bank to look for shelter. Whether the inn was

more fit to be a human habitation than the very airy barge, let the reader judge.

Fourteen of us quitted the boat to walk a quarter of a mile to the village of 'Southern Plains,' leaving two men to mind the oars and other properties. There was only one inn. This was a single room, ten paces long and four wide. The walls were of light brown cement, and were evidently ancient, for every particle of the whitewash facing had long since disappeared, and the storms of generations had eaten many ugly holes, which were rudely plastered with mud. The one door and window were innocent of paint, and looked, indeed, as though they had never been honoured by the brush. Inside, the walls and roof and floor were perfectly black with age and dirt. In this small space were three sets of bed-boards, each capable of accommodating three persons, a brick cooking-range without a chimney, several piles of dried grass and pine-wood for fuel, a dozen or so of large jars and tubs, some with rice and potatoes, others filled with rubbish, which has a certain value to the careful Celestial, and under the bed-boards were a pig, several chickens, and a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends, agricultural, domestic, and culinary, apparently in the last stages of decay. The open tile roof was not lofty, but there was an upper floor in it constructed thus: a pole stood in the middle of the room, another, rather stronger, rested on the top of it, and was fastened into the wall, and along this horizontal bar boards were arranged, far from securely, their farther ends lying on the ledge formed by the top of the wall. On this loft eleven men mounted to sleep, and we were sixteen in all in the inn!

By eight o'clock we had had our supper, and had

celebrated evening worship with three Christian natives of the company,—the rest of the party of course making no objection to our singing and prayer. But by this time the atmosphere inside was rather dense. Doubtless the odours of the room would have been strong enough without our presence; but with a full house, and a chimney-less stove, and the savours of food, tobacco, and opium, the smell was thick and stifling. It was a brilliant moonlight, and not very cold; so I spent a pleasant hour outside talking to little groups of persons as to the purpose of our travelling and residing in their country. As far as it was possible to judge, the audience were very sympathetic, and, as in many places, idolatry pure and simple had only the slightest hold of them. Their religion, if such it could be called, consisted of certain national forms and local superstitions. On re-entering the inn the smoke had almost cleared off, but my servant was looking perplexed at the set of boards I was to occupy for the night. They were covered with the finest of soot. Smoke had risen to the roof for years and generations, and much of it had settled upon the boards of the loft; so that when our boat's crew betook themselves to that higher latitude they shook the soot down like rain upon us who were to pass the night below. Our protests induced the landlord to produce a few mats, which were laid on the loft, and our merry men with good-natured grins promised not to be more restless than they could help. Covering my face with a handkerchief, to catch the falling dust, I lay down hoping to secure a little sleep. Till twelve o'clock, notwithstanding all remonstrances, the party up-stairs continued to chatter at a furious rate, and to smoke tobacco and opium, the fumes of which

to all but those accustomed to the oily native weed and the filthy drug are insufferably nauseous.

It was ten minutes to two when a strange noise was heard coming from the loft, as of some one in mortal pain; groans and suppressed soliloquy expressing the agony he was in. I asked what was the matter, but got no reply. At length the sufferer very slowly felt his way to the ladder, and still groaning and muttering descended to the floor. To my disgust, he began to light the fire with grass, and made no reply at all to my protests. In a moment the smoke of the grass rose thick and fast to the region of the up-stairs sleepers, who began to cough and sneeze and choke. Calling to their aid their whole vocabulary of vituperation, they began to consign their absent bed-fellow to every imaginable kind of terrible fate. At last we succeeded in inducing him to explain his unreasonable and unseasonable proceedings. It proved to be our host himself, who said in a whining and anything but apologetic tone: 'My stomach is cold; I want some fire; I cannot sleep without the charcoal-pan.' It is the custom in cold weather in Fuh-kien for old persons to carry lighted charcoal in an earthen dish, enclosed in a small wicker frame. Sometimes they place it under a low stool and sit over it. They also conceal it within the ample folds of their upper garments.

Sleep might after this have paid his long-delayed visit, had it not been for the pig under my neighbour's bed, which had probably slept by day, and therefore was at leisure to move about at night. His trough was close to the post supporting the loft; and, not content with expressing his pleasure at being able to roam about freely and to sup in peace, he spent the watches

of the night in polishing the post. The cock under my bed began to crow at three. You, reader, have possibly sometimes complained of the early piety of your neighbour's fowls, as they performed their noisy matins with the first rays of dawn; but what would you say to a bird that persists in doing this within a yard of your ears? The deluded songster carried on a broken conversation for a full hour with other members of his species in distant houses. By this time the situation had become entertaining. The series of misfortunes had trodden upon one another's heels so quickly as to trip each other up, and we could only laugh at the ridiculous position we were in. There was nothing to do but to enjoy a good time. Boots, slippers, walking-stick, umbrella, and a wooden ladle, did duty in turn in silencing as far as possible our friends under the beds, or drove them thither from their perambulations round the room. Mine host from his couch drowsily whined, 'Teacher, you will kill that bird,' to which I replied, 'What you say has a shadow, and is true.' My servant slew the untimely songster early in the morning, and it appeared at the breakfast-table, not a whit the tenderer for the treatment it had received. We rose at five, and returned to the boat at day-break. The charge for our entertainment, including the fuel used in cooking supper for our party and the purchase of the noisy fowl, amounted to one shilling and ninepence, and it was dear at that, especially as a considerable number of the unestimated population of the inn resolved, uninvited, to emigrate to other climes, taking a passage with us,—to our great discomfort and their own destruction.

From these brief sketches of the hotel-life of China, it is clear that to stay in an inn is usually a painful

experience for a European. Unfortunately in drawing a dark picture one has to add that there are no lighter and more pleasant aspects to it. The native disregard of cleanliness is universal. On one occasion, when staying for a few days in a Chinese house inland, I pointed out to my servant the dirty state of the premises, and desired him to go out and buy a broom and wash-bowl. There was not such a thing to be had in any of the scores of villages around; the nearest town where these needful articles were purchasable was six miles off! Even the houses of the grandees would be described as dirty, were it not that the inferior sort are so much worse. If one is seeking comfort, the inn should be visited for the sake of observation only, like opium-dens and prisons. The variety of the vermin is sometimes amazing. Besides the smaller fry more commonly known, there are many kinds of spiders, cockroaches, black-beetles, mosquitoes, rats and mice,—and some travellers have even seen a centipede. I once counted ten varieties that called upon me in one night. In addition to all these discomforts, the sleeping-rooms often have no window to let in air and light, and sometimes no door to keep out the crowd. A missionary's trials are not many, if he is blessed with common sense, good-temper, and health, but a night in a Chinese inn is one of them.

Yet from the missionary point of view there is another side to the question. There is no better way of studying native life and character than in an inn, and no better opportunity of prolonged exposition of Christian truth to a small and manageable audience. In the mission chapels the missionary does not receive visits so frequently as he would like from the class of

men who can read easily, and who have social influence. The literati, so called, are shy of entering a known Christian house. But they will sometimes come to an inn, and more often they are casually met with in the inns, being themselves on a journey. Some of the best opportunities the writer has ever had of speaking on the Christian faith have been in the country inns. Half-a-dozen gentlemen of leisure have come to present their respects to the teacher. They accept the invitation to sit down and sip tea. A quarter of an hour is lost (no, not *lost*) in talking about indifferent matters, and the customs of the West, and after that two hours may be spent in questioning, instructing, and discussing. Perhaps it is worth while to endure the domestic horrors of the inn for the sake of the facilities it presents for preparing the soil to receive the seed.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE CHINESE NEW YEAR.

THE Chinese take fewer holidays than any nation under heaven. They have many festivals in the course of the year, but these are not general holidays; they are days of rest or change only to a few. In fact, none of the festivals except that of the New Year can be described as solemn, notable, or even particularly interesting.

It is needless to say that they do not observe the Sabbath. In ancient times there is no doubt that the custom prevailed. The national almanac, which is found in every home, marks every seventh day as 'hidden,' or honourable. Curiously enough, it falls on the Christian Sabbath, so that the worshippers in our mission churches have only to look for the '*bit-jit*' to know that it is the day of rest and worship. Many persons have marvelled that so active and laborious a people as are the mass of the Chinese can manage to exist without stated periods of rest. But a more accurate observer cannot fail to note that, though they are capable of such great physical energy, they are equally capable of enjoying prolonged periods of leisure. The farmer nominally works from dawn to dusk, but he pauses twenty times a day for a few

moments' whiff at his pipe. The boatman is considered a hard-working mortal, but he has his leisure days, when the weather keeps his fares indoors. The chair-bearer lives the most painfully toilsome life, but he rests most religiously for fifteen minutes in every hour. There is no class of the people, however continuous may seem to be their labours, but manage by some means or other to secure their full share of idle hours. We should err, indeed, if we suggested, or seemed to suggest, that the seventh day is not needed as a day of bodily rest; but at the same time we have to remember that the first and chief aim of the Divine institution of the Sabbath is to provide opportunity for the converse of man with his God. The soul needs its Sabbath much more than the body. The day is more strictly kept by communion with God than by shutting a shop. It is possible to break a command in the spirit, even though it is kept in the letter.

The Chinese New Year generally falls in the middle of February; or, more accurately, at the time 'when the new moon comes nearest to the point in which the sun is in fifteen degrees of Aquarius.' As the day approaches a remarkable change takes place in the appearance of the town. The counters of the shops are piled up with new dresses and with fancy articles in great variety. Second-hand goods also make their appearance in considerable quantities. These are to be had very cheap, for this is the season when all who can do so are busy paying their debts, and clothing and furniture and everything that can be disposed of is on sale to get the requisite funds. Business is very active. The provision-shops are piled with rich stores of the comestibles dear to the palate of the Celestial. Furniture

dealers, carpenters, and painters are having a good time. Respectable but poverty-stricken literary men are busily engaged in writing mottoes on red paper, to affix to the doors of shops and private houses. New lanterns are hung over every door where the old ones are grown shabby. The pawnbrokers, pyrotechnists, incense-makers, and priests are full of work. One thing, in particular, is pleasant to see. All seem to have taken a pledge against their normal dirty habits, and to be striving earnestly for reform. As much water is used in the week before New Year's Day as in several months before. The streets are deluged with the filthy stream that is being swept off the floors of the shops. On every hand the year-long accumulation of mud is being scraped away. The whole empire seems to be recovering its senses in the matter of cleanliness, in preparation for the time when it will lose them again in idleness and revelry. The courts of justice and all public offices close ten days before the old year ends, and do not re-open for thirty days, the portly mandarins giving themselves up to the recreation and dissipation for a whole month.

On the first day of the first month the people of the Chinese Empire become in the aggregate some three or four hundred millions of years older than they were the day before. This exhausting remark will need a little explanation.

The Chinese do not reckon their age from the day of birth, but from New Year's Day. It is on this account sometimes difficult to find out the true age of young children. Here is a tiny shaven-headed bundle of humanity, scarcely able to stand alone for a moment, and you are gravely assured that he is three years old!

If you have left the sacred rules of propriety at home, you venture mildly and politely to cast just a faint shadow of doubt upon the statement; or if you do not discredit the parent's assertion, but are still unacquainted with the mode of reckoning, you probably condole with its parents on the slight degree of progress he has made towards maturity. Should a child arrive in this world at five minutes to twelve on New Year's eve, the fond father will proudly assure you next morning that the new arrival is two years old, and never so much as think that what he says is untrue! Seeing that clocks are very scarce articles except along the coast, and that even where a clock is found time is a very elastic and variable quantity, one wonders how such matters are determined in certain cases. Perhaps the parents give the child the benefit of the doubt, in their eagerness to add years to his life. The Chinese do not conceal their age, as English men and English women do, nor do they ever try to represent themselves as younger than they are. There is a much stronger tendency to add to the stated number of their years than to diminish it. On being introduced to a new acquaintance, the first question is, 'What is your distinguished surname?' and the second is, 'What is your honourable age?' You reply to one as readily as to the other. Age is so much respected that it is considered a distinction to be advancing in years. There are eight or ten different names which correspond to 'Sir,' or 'Mr.,' according to the appearance of age, or real age, to which a man has attained, and the same for women. Besides, it is a matter of greater congratulation as years go by that one has been spared to add another year to the term of life.

We may note that there are several similarities between the customs of the Hebrews and of the Chinese in their New Year ceremonies. Feasting, leisure, congratulations, visits of ceremony, interchange of gifts, special acts of worship—all afford points of correspondence. So does the custom of writing and pasting up mottoes and prayers and good wishes. 'Thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates' (Deut. vi. 9), is fulfilled very literally by the Chinese. Not less so is this custom of reckoning periods of time from the New Year. All the reckonings of dates by the Hebrews were from the beginning of the year. In China all calculations are made on this principle. The length of the reign of the emperor, the term of official service, the engagement of servants, the period of residence in a locality—all are dated from the New Year. However brief may be the portion of time that belongs to the Old or New Year, it is reckoned as a full year.

Now is the time for settling accounts with gods and men. All running bills must be paid up. Bankruptcy becomes very common, because firms cannot by any means meet their liabilities in time. It is considered disgraceful not to have fully arranged one's affairs by the close of the old year. Ordinary methods of meeting their engagements failing to set them clear, they betake themselves to the plan of borrowing of Peter to pay Paul. It is a splendid plan for the pawnbrokers, money-lenders, and bankers. The old account is closed with the new creditor on the first day of the first month. One natural result of the endeavour to clear off all old scores at a fixed time is that theft is extremely common during the twelfth month. The festive season is always

heralded by reports on every hand of pilfering and burglary. Travelling by land and by water is avoided as much as possible, because of banditti in the hills and pirates on the river. Native friends will often seriously remonstrate with the missionary for venturing 'up country' as the year nears its close; and whether he meets with mishap or not, he must be content to pay double fees to boatmen and chair-bearers who fear, or affect to fear, the dangers against which they warn him.

At this season the Chinese endeavour to make all comfortable with the gods. Those who have any consciousness of sin (they are not many), or those who have a vague dread lest they will be overtaken by calamity for their misdeeds, seek to propitiate the gods by doing their worship in the gross at the end of the year. Having neglected the gods for nearly twelve months, they become eager to propitiate them. Priests are engaged to pray for the pardon of sins, and to preside at the offering of sacrifices. Prayers are written out on red paper and pasted on the doors of houses.

On New Year's morning the civil and military mandarins do homage before the shrine of the reigning emperor. Where there is, as in Canton, a temple dedicated to the emperor, the officials, high and low, proceed in state, attended by bands of music and multitudes of underlings, and prostrate themselves before the temple which contains the imperial tablet.

He must be a sorrowful or an eccentric Chinaman who would retire to rest on New Year's Eve without waiting for the midnight display of fireworks. At that hour such *feu de joie* of crackers breaks upon the ear as would satisfy the most ardent supporter of the noisy

and sulphurous rites that we ourselves are accustomed to observe on the Fifth of November. The reader, when we write of crackers, must not picture to himself those tiny twisted articles purchaseable at a small stationer's shop for a penny. A Chinese cracker is a much more formidable and demonstrative, though incomparably cheaper, article. It is a tube an inch long, and half an inch in diameter, made of stout pasteboard, and covered with red paper. A handful of such crackers is arranged along a string. To be fired, the bunch is suspended from a short pole. A hundred such crackers would be a very moderate number to let off at a time. It is not unfrequently the case that the string bears materials for a running fusilade of a thousand explosions. The object of the use of crackers is said to be to frighten away evil spirits. If it alarmed the spirits at all, one would rather be inclined to believe that, not the evil, but the good, spirits would be driven off by such an outrageous noise. There is no doubt whatever that very few Chinamen think of evil spirits when they fire crackers. They are a nation of grown-up children, and take the simple delight of children in the clamorous and fiery demonstration. But all consider it unlucky not to fire the biggest possible salvo at the change of year. So large a quantity is used that the farmers come into town to sweep up the refuse paper for manure.

The women-folks have been busy for weeks in preparing the various edibles that are to be disposed of during the series of festive meals. The most common of all is a cake made of ground rice, spread upon a flat surface to dry. These cakes and other kinds of food are now piled upon dishes and trays, awaiting the proper hour for the beginning of the feast.

In respectable households, where the proprieties are honoured, the former half of the night is spent in preparation for the usual sacred ceremonies, and the latter half in the performance of them. The shrine of the family idols is decorated with vases containing the fragrant gourd called the Hand of Buddha, and flowers of hyacinth and narcissus. The bulbs have been placed in dishes filled with water and small stones, and timed to be in full bloom precisely at the New Year. Artificial flowers, wonderfully like real ones, and small quaint-looking shrubs, are placed in suitable positions. The air is heavy with the fragrance of incense made of sandal wood. Then, from midnight to dawn, various solemn services are performed, of which the following is the briefest possible summary.

First of all is the sacrifice to Heaven and Earth at about three a.m. A table is spread in front of the three-walled 'Guest-room,' or hall, in a spot open to the sky. A bucket of rice, ten bowls of vegetables, ten cups of tea, two large red candles, three sticks of incense, ten pair of chopsticks, and a copy of the almanack for the current year, are placed upon the table. Mock money, representing gold and silver coinage, is burned as an offering. The head of the family kneels in front of the table, holding in his right hand three sticks of incense. Knocking his head three times on the floor, he expresses his thanks to Heaven and Earth for past favours, and entreats a continuance of them. Towards daybreak the sacrifice is offered to the idols of the house. On the table are rice, vegetables, fruit, tea, wine, candles, and incense as before, but in smaller quantities. The same ceremony is then performed before the tablets of deceased ancestors.

But the fourth and last of these heathen matins is the most curious of all—viz. prostration of the junior members of the family before their surviving parents and grandparents. The elders sit in turn to receive the devotion of their offspring. If both grandparents, or both parents, are alive, they sit side by side, while the young or younger people prostrate themselves at their feet three times, and congratulate them on having survived to the beginning of another year. Whether this should be called the 'worship' of elders or not is a point open to discussion. But no sacrifice of food or money is used in it, nor are candles or incense sticks lighted. It only happens that the same word, *pai*, is used in speaking of the reverence given to parents and of the worship of the gods. Uncles and aunts stand to receive the congratulations of the young.

In Amoy the custom of 'surrounding the furnace' takes place at about this point in the proceedings. A charcoal fire is lighted in an earthen pan and placed under the table. The various members of the family then sit around it and take a slight refreshment. It is said that there is a belief that such a ceremony protects the house from fire for the coming year; but it is open to question whether the practice does not rather signify the union of the household around one common hearth.

New Year's morning is the only really quiet time in a Chinese street in the whole year. The merrymakers have not yet got up. Everything seems changed about the town. The most familiar streets wear an unfamiliar aspect. We are struck by their width. The stalls and counters have been taken indoors, making the street so many feet the wider. All the shops are closed; no goods are being carried; dogs, pigs and chickens, are

safely housed inside with their owners. The stone road has a crimson carpet, formed by the remnants of myriads of exploded crackers; crimson cloth hangs in festoons along the street, and crimson sheets of paper with the word Hok (Happiness) written upon them give their benediction to the passer-by.

Mingled with this blaze of crimson are quieter colours. The shutters of almost every shop are decorated with numberless strips of perforated yellow paper, offerings of gratitude from thankful merchants to the spirits which have prospered them through another year. Here and there we see a strip of blue paper, which, with the pathetic eloquence of silence, declares that death has visited this home during the past year, and that the new year is not all gladness to them. Such mourners remain at home to-day instead of going out to make the formal calls.

Those, however, who are detained at home by no such sorrowful causes begin to leave their homes by about ten o'clock in the forenoon; and from twelve till three or four the streets are very gay. All are decked out in their most gorgeous apparel. These beautiful dresses have in many cases been deposited for a whole year in the lofty, fortress-like pawn-shop, and were only taken out a day or two ago. When the festive season is over, back will go the dresses for another twelvemonth, or until the next social or domestic feast; for the pawn-shop is a great institution in China,—bank, money-lending establishment, depository, pantechnicon,—and is certainly the only place in a Chinese town where moth and rust do not corrupt, and where thieves have no hope of breaking through to steal.

To-day a man can scarcely recognize his own servants,

they are so splendidly arrayed. Even your coolie who sweeps the house, washes the floor, and attends to your garden, for a consideration of twelve shillings and sixpence a month, feeding himself and family on that pittance, may be seen clothed in purple and fine linen just for this one day of the year. Pompous gentlemen are strolling along, waddling like ducks, either through weight of flesh or sense of glory; or they are riding in sedan chairs, with an air of importance, carrying in their hands red visiting cards seven inches long, as they go to present their good wishes to kinsmen and acquaintance. Friends of equal rank meeting thus in the streets this morning bow profoundly to one another, and shake their own closed hands, after the fashion of the land, in courteous salutation. Persons of lower social rank, meeting a superior, pause in their walk for a second or so as he passes; or if the great man is very great, the humble individual will fall on one knee for a moment.

The ceremonial to be observed in making a formal call is laid down with the utmost exactness in the *Book of Rites*, one of the classical works most reverenced of all in China. It is a work which has had its beneficial use in giving a staidness and courtesy to Chinese manners which it is impossible not to admire; though, on the other hand, it gradually took the place of what ought to be more real and less formal, the geniality and charity that are distinctive of all true Christianity. The *Book of Rites* is to the Chinaman a sacred text-book of good manners. It teaches him what he ought to do, and what to avoid. 'He does not know the Proprieties,' is the most stinging rebuke that can issue from Chinese lips. Reviling and abuse are mild

compared with the rebuff, 'You are a not-know-the-Rites-man.' The ancient teachers saw that the natures of men were very diverse, and sought to harmonize them, and reduce them to order and similarity by laying stress on the outward forms which are prescribed by the *Book of Rites.* In the present day these customs are diligently guarded and expounded by a special Government office, the *Li-pu,* or Board of Ceremonial. Such customs give a very agreeable veneer and polish to the outward manners of the people; but those who know the people best feel the most painfully that the elegant ceremonies cover up laxity of moral life as complete and terrible as that of the Pharisaic impostors whom He who 'knew what was in man' described as 'whited sepulchres.'

It is an interesting sight, however, to see the Chinese gentry calling on one another. The visiting card for the New Year has generally a picture in outline stamped upon the red paper, representing emblematically the three things most desired by a Chinaman. These are offspring, official employment, and longevity—the *Sam-hok,* or Three Happinesses, as they are commonly called. Offspring is betokened by the figure of a child; official position by the person of a mandarin at the extreme of obesity; and long life by an aged man attended by a stork, the emblem in China of length of days. On entering a house every person within sight and hearing shouts *Kiong-hi* (congratulations). A great amount of time and energy is expended by the host in the apparently vain endeavour to persuade the visitor to sit in the seat of honour. He protests, 'I dare not, I dare not,' meaning that it would be presumption on his part to venture to occupy so distinguished a place. Suffering himself at length to be persuaded, tea or

extract of ginseng is ready to be presented; perhaps also a pipe of tobacco is indulged in. After a short time spent in the very sublimation of small and formal talk, he takes his departure to 'bestow the illumination of his distinguished countenance' on some other fortunate acquaintance. As he quits the house, the visitor exclaims to the host, 'Pray be seated,' *i. e.* 'Don't honour me by walking to the door;' and the host says to his guest, 'Walk slowly,' or, in other words, 'Don't break my heart by leaving me so suddenly.'

The New Year is the time for the exchange of presents between friends. Tradesmen send substantial gifts to their customers. Parties who have fallen out may venture to renew overtures of regard, by trying the effect of formal interchange of courtesies in the form of a roll of new cloth, or a goose, or a pile of pastry. The most common gifts at this season are rare fruits, sweetmeats, fine tea, silk stuffs, or ornaments of various kinds. The receiver is expected also to return a present. In each case a red slip of paper is sent with the article, on which is written a list of the gifts, with the name of the sender, and some flowery compliment. To decline to receive these presents is regarded as a serious affront; but the receiver may, if he choose, return a part, sending with the portion returned a note in which are the words, 'We dare not presume to accept such precious gifts.'

Now is the harvesting season of jugglers, acrobats, and play-actors. These gentlemen are in full work, and make money freely. At no other time can they get a group of spectators so completely at leisure or so flush of coin. The performance which we call a 'Punch and Judy show' is also much appreciated by an admiring public. Little open spaces where several streets meeting

have formed a square; the broader area among private houses; the pleasant spot around a banyan tree; or the open hill-side where the holiday-makers are strolling —are occupied by the quick-fingered, lithe-limbed, and screaming professionals.

But what strikes us most of all, perhaps, at this festive season is that a large proportion of the populace seem to have given themselves up to gambling. At every few steps we come upon a group of eager men bending over a small table, playing with the dice. Sometimes it is thrown on the flat table, and sometimes into a rice-bowl. Close by, a wheel of fortune is revolving, and cash is freely changing hands. Through many open doors we see the inmates of the houses indulging in the same pastime. It is true that gambling is not permitted by the law of the land, but the magistrates are in the same festive state of mind as the vulgar sort, and wink at all improprieties of this kind which they see at the New Year. Are not the magistrates' yamuns closed for a whole month? And are mandarins not mortal, that they should not be allowed to disport themselves like meaner men? The people may do as they please, provided they do not disturb the official mind; and men and children of all ages regard this season of idleness as the time when they may give themselves up uninterruptedly to this really cheap, but disastrously exciting and demoralizing sport.

Very little work is done for a whole week. Those whose purses are well-lined continue to feast and to enjoy their leisure for as much as a fortnight and more. A proverb says, 'In the first part of the first month no one's mouth is empty.' During this period the richer classes eat and sleep, sleep and eat, as though they

would have little chance of doing either during the coming eleven months. All classes in Amoy are said to have a superstitious dread of spending money for three days, except for odds and ends, such as candles, incense, sweet-meats, and pea-nuts. An artisan or farm-labourer expects to receive twice or thrice as much as usual for a day's work. Failure would follow any attempt on the part of an employer to compel his men to work. They would quietly leave him, and come back when they chose. Englishmen and others in China, holding this great national celebration in contempt, have sometimes endeavoured to ignore it, and to keep open their business premises as usual, but have always found it a mistake. China declares that she will not work for at least a week, and the foreigner must of necessity accept the situation and take a holiday also. By the end of a week one shop here and another there begin to transact business in a sleepy, leisurely fashion; and after the space of yet another week the streets have resumed almost entirely their wonted appearance of toil and bustle.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE HABITS AND MANNERS OF JOHN CHINAMAN.

THERE is nothing more difficult for any one, of whatever nationality he be, than to form a fair, impartial, and liberal estimate of the characteristics and character of a foreign people. Perhaps that tendency on the part of the Briton which the Frenchman delights to call 'insular,' makes such a charitable judgment more difficult to us than to the representatives of some nations whose habits are more cosmopolitan than ours. National prejudice is one of the most exacting of sentiments: it makes demands upon strangers which are altogether unreasonable. It is also most deluding: it prevents our seeing the real virtues of those whose national habits differ from our own.

John Bull has recently adopted Bret Harte's ballad on Ah Sin of San Francisco as his opinion of the Chinaman.

> 'For ways that are dark,
> And for tricks that are vain,
> The heathen Chinee is peculiar.'

A capital jest is quoted as a sufficient summary of the moral qualities of one-third of the human race. Forgetful of the fact, if it ever occurred to him, that merchants in China have to do almost entirely with a class of men who enter the service of the foreigner for no other reason than to make as much as possible out of him, they accept the testimony of men who cannot speak Chinese,

and who never once sat at table with a Chinaman except on some special and festive occasion. Seamen are still less able to give a just opinion on the subject, since only the riff-raff of the population of a port come about a vessel; and the points of connection between the shipping and the shore are often of the lowest kind. Who would like to have Englishmen judged by the hobblers of the quays and the ''long-shore men' of Liverpool, Newcastle, or London? Furthest of all from the facts is a judgment founded upon contact with Chinese emigrants in California, Australia, or the Straits Settlements, seeing that the larger proportion of such men are the very poor and uneducated, and no small number have escaped from the penalties of the law, or have thrown off their family obligations.

Two things we venture to affirm: first, that the mass of the people will be appreciated the more highly the better they are known; and secondly, that the higher the personal character of the critic, whether missionary or layman, the more favourable is his estimate. There are men of exacting and jaundiced temperament in every class who are never pleased and always suspicious. But almost without exception, as far as our observation has gone, the merchants and others residing in China who live consistent religious lives are admirers of the Chinese, and the missionaries who are doing their work with the best temper and success are the men who hold the natives in the highest esteem, finding not only much to admire, but even much to love. Only two or three missionaries have we ever known who did not hold the Chinese in general respect; and in the writer's humble judgment it would have been best for the mission cause for those brethren to retire from the field.

My first experience with the Chinese trader taught me a severe lesson for which I have often been very thankful. On reaching my station, I was early assured by an acquaintance that the Chinese were a nation of liars, that every shopkeeper was a swindler by a law of nature, and that there was no exception to the rule. A day or two after I sent to ask a tradesman to submit certain specimens of his art to my inspection. He brought them, wrapped up in a large blue handkerchief. I was surprised at the long price, and jumped to the conclusion that this was one of those universal swindlers who had a lower price for the initiated. I ventured to suggest that the charge was exorbitant. We discussed the matter for a few moments, and when he saw I was firm, the goods were hastily heaped into the blue handkerchief, and the merchant was on his way home before I could realize that I was snubbed. It was a small matter, but it made me very careful and observant, and led to my forming a higher estimate of the truthfulness and integrity of those with whom I was more immediately associated. The man who is deceived and robbed has generally laid himself open to it. A hard master makes unreliable and pilfering servants. Bad temper in an employer lowers the character of the *employés*. Niggardliness excites them to reprisals, and lavish expenditure presents temptations which only a man of the highest moral tone is able to resist.

Let us see what can be said in favour of the much-abused Chinaman, while at the same time accusing him as much as may be found necessary for his faults.

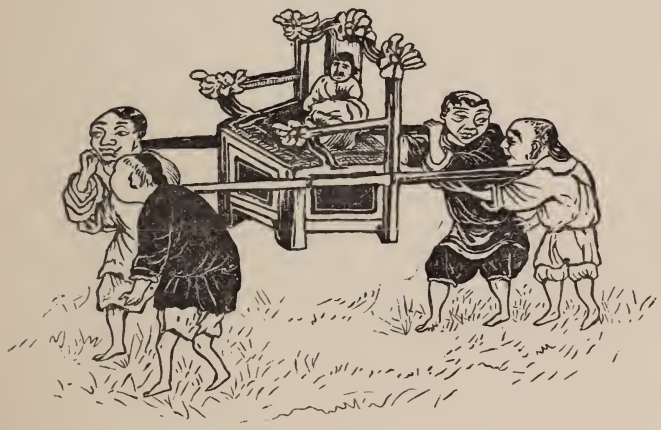
1. His *filial piety* is so well known that a very few words about it will suffice. From the time that a child can walk he is trained in reverence for his parents.

The *Book of Rites* teaches that he must bow to his parents when he enters the room, and must rise to his feet when they come in. He respectfully addresses his mother as 'venerable mother,' and his father as 'venerable father,' or 'great mandarin.' Very exact attention is paid to parental rights and claims. No doubt there are plenty of disobedient sons and daughters, but there are comparatively few who would venture to treat their parents badly. Very rarely does one hear of the crime of wilful neglect of aged parents by their children. The whole neighbourhood would be shocked by such a state of things. The son who would dare to do so would be practically outlawed.

The filial sentiment is woven into the very constitution of the nation, in its social and imperial, as well as its domestic, relations. Obedience and respect are claimed by the superior social class from those below it. While there are no other people in the world so absolutely democratic in their social and domestic habits, there are none more autocratic in their belief in 'superiors.' In theory regard paid to superiors is to be the result of 'filial piety.' The rulers are, in common parlance, the 'father-mother' of the people. Through the various grades from the family as the unit to the elders of a ward, the inferior mandarins, the mayors, the district and prefectural rulers, the viceroys, the ministers of state, and the emperor, each class is expected to give filial obedience with a willing mind. Even when the grinding extortions of unjust magistrates drive them to the use of a cruel phrase instead of 'father-mother,' and they groan or hiss the term 'lion-tiger,' with flashing eyes and a significant nod of the head, they seem still to regard the authorities with

some feeling of respectful awe. This sentiment of filial piety is ingrained in his nature, imbibed with his mother's milk, and transmitted from generation to generation. There seems no reason to doubt that it is chiefly this beautiful and wise sentiment which has held the nation together these four thousand years.

2. It must also be said for the Chinaman that he is a *most moderate and peaceable man.* Although no country has endured more rebellions and revolutions, it is still



AN IDOL PROCESSION.

true that he does not care for fighting, and is willing to give all men their due. Now and then local disturbances take place that seem to directly contradict this. Feuds between different clans, quarrels about graves and idols, wild superstitions that goad a neighbourhood to madness, sometimes cause a temporary outbreak.

Several years ago, in a village near Amoy, rival idols were being carried in procession. The paths converged to a point a little way out of the village. The persons

forming the processions caught sight of one another, and ran towards the junction of the paths, to see which could get the precedence. They came into collision, indulged in a little fighting, and began a quarrel which lasted fourteen months. Thirty-two villages became involved. A tax was levied upon them by the elders of the villages for the purchase of firearms and ammunition. Sentries were placed at the top of square towers, to shoot at any of the hostile party that might venture into the fields. The seeds could not be sown. The standing crops could not be reaped. Two small cannon were bought in Amoy, and with these they amused themselves occasionally in battering a wall or a roof. Great damage was done. The whole neighbourhood was reduced to distress. Where were the mandarins? Calmly waiting till some one was killed. When that event occurred, and was multiplied by twenty-two, the district mandarin became indignant, sent three thousand troops to take possession, levied black-mail on all the villages involved, and retreated with the spoil.[1]

Such serious disturbances as these are sadly common, and the cruelties perpetrated are sometimes of the most barbarous nature. And yet it is no less true that the Chinaman loves peace and quietness, and is singularly

[1] It will interest the Christian reader to know that the London Mission has a station in the village in which the outbreak took place. The small church suffered severely from the hands of persecutors. They altogether declined to make contributions towards the purchase of material of war. 'No,' they said; 'if you elders will levy a tax for mending the roads, or for relieving widows and orphans, we will give twice and thrice as much as any one else; but we will not give money to do mischief to our neighbours.' Three times in the fourteen months the day was appointed for their assassination, but they did not run away, and on only two Sundays did they fail to meet for worship. They were robbed of furniture and field produce, but stood firm in the faith.

gentle. He shrinks from beginning a quarrel of his own, and stands in terrible fear of being mixed up in those of his neighbours. The 'Three Happinesses' are long life, wealth, and a family of sons. If he is allowed to earn his living quietly, and to bring up a family who in their turn will provide for him, he is perfectly content. The average Chinaman is remarkably temperate and moderate in his habits and opinions. Centuries and millenniums of very fair ethical instruction, especially in the duty of sobriety in act and word (the favourite exhortation of Confucius and his followers), have done as much for the Chinese as could be expected. Geniality, good-temper, sociability, affectionateness, and hospitality are characteristic of the mass of the people. One is constantly struck with the freedom from constraint among them. A merrier, more jovial and more contented people do not exist under heaven. They talk as though they had no secrets. They relate to a stranger in their loudest key their private and public experiences. Whatever wrongs oppression by bad rulers has driven them to do, or whatever ugly tricks the struggle for existence or their vain superstitions lead them sometimes to play, deep down in the nature of the Chinaman is the desire to be at peace with all—'to live and let live.' It is this peaceable and moderate temperament that has prevented their being a warlike nation, and that makes life and property as secure for the most part in China as in England. They need only the purer doctrine of Christ to raise the national character to the highest standard.

3. Nor must we omit to notice *their habitual courtesy and politeness.* We do not ignore the fact that the moral value of courtesy is a difficult thing to estimate.

In some nations and some individuals it is one of the most delusive of the virtues. There may be politeness on the lip and something very different in the mind But while we are prepared to take off a large discount for pretended courtesy, the Chinese must still be credited with a language as polite as the best, and with more of the spirit of politeness than most other nationalities. Sometimes, indeed, the desire to please is carried to an extreme, and the unaccustomed foreigner would like to say, 'Cut it short,' to the elaborate ritual of good manners. Times without number we have been made uncomfortable by what seemed the excess of trouble our friends were taking to ensure our comfort. We have been grieved at the expense to which they have put themselves in preparing feasts of fat things. In vain have we besought them not to accompany us for long distances on the road. They seemed to think that all our consideration for them only made it more incumbent upon them to show that they also knew 'the proprieties.' Even the poorest classes pay much regard to the amenities of social intercourse.

After a lengthened residence in China there is nothing that strikes an Englishman more on his return to England than the brusqueness of his own countrymen. We are so accustomed at home to what the Chinaman would call ignorance of the proprieties, and we so consistently ignore these same proprieties ourselves, that we cannot appreciate the difference between Chinese and English manners unless we have been to the East. The selfish disregard of the convenience of others, shown especially by young men and women in our streets, in trains and tramcars, is behaviour practically unknown in China. Polite request or apology seldom fails to be expressed at the proper moment by the Chinaman.

It is well known that the Chinese commonly call Europeans 'barbarians.' Too much may be made of this unpleasant custom of theirs. It needs to be explained that there is no satisfactory comprehensive term in the language for 'foreigner.' On the lips of the Chinaman it often means no more than the same term in ancient Greek. 'Barbarian' meant no more to the Greeks than a degree of culture less than Greek. Even the common expletive 'foreign devil' so often heard in Chinese streets may be misunderstood and its violence exaggerated. To many it means no more than 'foreign' or 'outlandish' does with us. Even the Christians, when speaking to their missionary-pastors, often allude to foreigners by names which, if literally translated, would sound anything but polite. 'Red-haired men,' for Englishmen, and 'Little-barbarian-men,' for any foreigner, are among the mildest of these words which some good missionaries think offensive. To avoid equivocal and disrespectful terms, missionaries have invented the term 'outside-country-men,' which is in very common use among those with whom they come chiefly into contact.

We Englishmen are blissfully ignorant of the fact that we are an astonishment to a nation like the Chinese, and are indignant that they should venture to speak disrespectfully of us. But it has to be remembered that we are apt to imagine that no one else has such a claim to universal consideration as ourselves. Our countrymen in China do not mean to be rude, nor have they any idea that they are so, and yet they often are objects of perplexity, contempt, and even disgust to the Chinaman. One or two foreigners at a port may dishonour the name of the foreigner. A few here and there have been

known to act as if China were governed from Downing Street instead of from Peking. They lord it over every native, are careless of their morals, indignant if the authorities or the populace object to their wandering everywhere and shooting game at will, furious if they may not buy what the Chinaman does not wish to sell, and speak and act as though the Chinaman were not very much the superior of themselves in manners, if not in morals. They forget that they are in the minority by some 300,000,000; and that when they are finding fault with him for his national peculiarities, he is simply not fettered or misguided like themselves by the prejudices born of centuries of insular conceit and the developments of a civilization from which simplicity has almost fled. It is not always remarkable that the Chinese should think foreigners lacking in culture.

As for themselves, they can never be fairly judged except by those who know their language, have lived among them, and have for Christ's sake endured without a visible shudder many a painful shock to the nerves; but missionaries, who have the best of opportunities of knowing them intimately, almost unanimously testify to the courtesy with which they are treated by the people. Speaking generally, no foreigner is treated otherwise than politely in China, unless he forgets that even among semi-civilized heathens it is his duty to act as a gentleman.

4. We must say a word of praise of their *outward morality*. What their real moral state is we may venture presently to describe. But they certainly deserve credit for the propriety that marks their outward life. It is only too probable that most, if not all, large Chinese towns have their dens of debauchery.

But crime does not shamelessly walk the streets and assert itself with such effrontery as in the towns of this Christian land of ours. Only where the congregating of Europeans has resulted in a grosser degree of depravity do the outward evidences of immoral conduct force themselves upon one's notice. To whatever depths of license many of them may be addicted, it can at least be said that they do not make an open show of their vices.

Few Christians realize as they should the effect produced upon the minds of intelligent heathen visitors to our shores by what they are obliged to witness in our large towns. In their innocence, the kindly supporters of missions think that it must do the 'poor heathen' so much good to come to England and see how much better we are than they. Would that it were possible for them to be so impressed! But these same 'poor heathen' are too often shocked by what they see and hear. The misery of the poor, the foulness of the slums, the number of murders recorded in our newspapers, the blazoning of licentiousness upon our streets, the prodigious figures of the 'national drink bill,' and the number of drunkards,—these things startle and amaze the heathen who come to England believing it to be an example for the world! The *attachés* of the Chinese Embassy have expressed themselves on these points as strongly as their politeness will allow. A well-known missionary and scholar asked Ambassador Kwoh what he thought of England. He replied, 'It is a fine country, and your people are very ingenious, but their immorality is very lamentable; it is a pity they have not become possessed of right principles; vice is very common in many forms; I cannot admire the low standard of propriety and

goodness which characterizes your great country.' That is the opinion formed of us by a man we call a heathen! In continuing the conversation the learned missionary was obliged to confess that he had seen more drunken men in walking from a railway station in a certain northern city to the steamer quay than drunken Chinamen during thirty years' residence in China.

But we need not bring a railing accusation against ourselves, for that does not improve the Chinese. It is well, however, to realize that though great numbers of heathens are debased, multitudes of them have a strong moral sense, and that we are not nationally in all things an example for them to copy. We may be too sanguine in hoping that the residence of Chinese among us would tend to spread the truths of Christianity. In some directions their public morality stands in advance of our own. While we take as flattering a view of ourselves as possible, they scorn us for the difference between our profession and our practice. While we are thanking God for our Christianity and trying to spread it, they imagine that we cannot possibly have been educated in 'right principles.' They come soberly to the conclusion that the ethics of Confucius have more power to deter men from crime than the ethics of Christianity. We may object as much as we please to their conclusion—as we know, they are most sadly mistaken; but all we are speaking of at present is the impression made by our outward practices upon the mind of an intelligent heathen. The facts that come under his notice, and which we all grant arise from the *lack* of Christianity, are put down by a sober and learned heathen as the *fault* of Christianity.

The ethical standard of the Confucian school is

certainly high, considering that it is untouched by Jewish or Christian influence. Such sentences as the following abound in the writings of Mencius, the chief follower of Confucius: 'All men originally have compassionate hearts; all men have hearts that are ashamed of vice; all have hearts disposed to show reverence and respect; and all have hearts that discriminate between right and wrong. A compassionate heart implies benevolence; one ashamed of vice, rectitude; one which respects and reveres, a sense of propriety; and one that clearly distinguishes right from wrong, wisdom. Now the principles of benevolence, rectitude, propriety, and wisdom are not infused into us from without; we certainly possess them of ourselves.' The endeavour of the sages was to induce men to live up to the conscience of right and wrong which is written in human nature. Though the spiritual element is almost entirely absent from their teaching, they have lifted the people as far as mere morality can do. We do not mean to assert that the generality of the Chinese make a direct effort to live up to the standard of original goodness stated in the above passage by Mencius; but only that missionaries and others who know them intimately are often impressed with the benevolence, rectitude, propriety and wisdom (in the sense in which the sage used the words) which distinguish them. Politically, they are not aggressive, and have no wish to annex their neighbours' territory. Commercially, the class of native merchants with whom our countrymen have to do are famous for their integrity, even 'their enemies being judges.' Socially, whatever vice or crime individuals are guilty of is at least treated as a thing of shame, and covered up from public inspection.

After saying so much in their favour it is hard to turn round and seem to disprove all we have said. Yet it is most lamentably true that, while they have so many private and public virtues, Paul's description in Romans i. of the depravity of the heathen world applies to a vast mass of the people of China. Side by side with their best traits of character are found habits which are gross and sensual, and practices which reveal a sorry lack of cultured moral sense.

The average Chinaman has, for instance, no idea of the beauty of truthfulness in the Christian or any other sense. The case is not as bad as some writers declare, who assert that *no* Chinaman speaks the truth. But they have not the same conscience about it as we have. To lie is with them a sort of Spartan virtue. Parents feel somewhat pleased at the dexterity with which a child of theirs can lie. They regard it as a touch of genius—a hopeful sign that their son will make his way in the world. A lie is no more than a piece of wit, and the more daring the more admirable. Even when, through affection or self-interest, they speak the truth, they do not seem to feel that they have done what is commendable, but merely that they have not done what they have been inclined to.

In making a bargain this terrible infirmity comes out most visibly. Both parties brace themselves for the occasion to bandy to and fro the most glaring falsehoods. Suppose the buyer wishes for a basket of a value of two dollars. He goes into the shop and makes one or two indifferent remarks, and then suggests that baskets are very dear. The salesman mildly finds fault with the assertion, and takes down a basket which he says is worth four dollars. The buyer reckons that it must,

therefore, be worth only two, and accordingly says, 'But I should say it was dear at one dollar.' 'How can you presume to say that, when I gave three dollars ninety cents for it myself, and only charge you a profit of ten cents for my trouble in keeping it?' A dispute follows at great length; the salesman declares he is being ruined; that he is losing several dollars, and so on. After much disputing they agree on two dollars, which probably allows the basket-seller a profit of half

CHINESE PRISONERS WEARING THE CANGUE.

a dollar, and they part good friends, having each of them told at least fifty barefaced lies, known to be such by both.

It would of course be a wonder if the heathen were truthful. Truthfulness is a virtue that some Christians find it hard to cultivate. Not merely the direct teaching of the Gospel is needed to teach a better way, but also the indirect influence of a wiser social and commercial economy. One is glad to be able to add one's own

experience of the native brethren. Notwithstanding that the old infirmity causes them sometimes to stumble, they do make conscience of this matter, and are very reliable.

The ingenuity of the Chinaman in deception comes out strangely in his pilfering habits. As we said of their lying, where affection or self-interest constrain them, they are all that could be wished. The same is true of their honesty. Valuables may safely be entrusted with a man who has sufficient reason to be honest; but all is fair gain that can be safely gotten, is the loose principle of 'childlike and bland' John Chinaman. Robbery becomes a high art with certain classes, especially as the New Year approaches. Several years ago, while the Supreme Court of Hong-kong was in session, a man entered the court with a ladder, which he proceeded to place upon a bench near the judge. The judge and counsel were annoyed at the ill-timed procedure, and asked what he wanted. He said he had been sent to fetch the clock to be cleaned. In a rash moment the judge said that, seeing he was already upon the ladder, he might as well take the clock there and then, instead of coming back for it at a more convenient season, and so he did; but that clock was never heard of more! We have known a house-top to be stripped of its lead by persons who said they had been sent to repair it. One almost feels as though they had earned it by their daring!

In regard to ill-gotten gains, the most striking feature is commission on purchases and sales. The Chinese are a nation of commission agents. A man would get a percentage out of his own mother for buying something for her. The foreign residents in China always take this custom into their reckoning. They cannot alter it,

and they accept the inevitable. If you are hiring a cook, the wages may be stated at seven dollars a month : the man to provide for himself. You do not say to him, 'What commission are you going to take on what you buy in the market?' You make no reference to the matter, nor does he; and yet you know perfectly well that he will get out of you a commission of at least ten per cent. on even the smallest purchases. He will buy them at one rate, and will hand you the bill at a higher figure. So fully is this recognized that your servant will walk down a street in which a particular kind of goods are sold, calling out, 'How much discount?' The shopkeepers say, 'Eight, ten, fifteen, twenty,' as they think well. The man then buys in the cheapest market, and charges you the full price, pocketing the difference. The Christians do this as well as the heathen. It is a national custom, and is looked upon simply as a legitimate perquisite.

The judicial corruption of the ruling classes is another phase of Chinese manners. It is a question on which much uncertainty must of necessity exist. All we can know is the broad fact that the verdicts of the courts are all but openly bought and sold. Now and again one hears of a just magistrate, and such a man is all but worshipped by the people. He does justly, however, at the expense of his own comforts. The stipends of officials are so low that a mandarin is miserably poor if he does not resort to questionable practices. Even of Li Hung-Chang, the most enlightened Chinese statesman of the age, it was said that while he was Mayor of Tientsin his stipend was only 100 dollars, but he was known to be spending not less than 50,000 dollars a year. There is no reason to doubt the

statement often made that men betake themselves to university examinations and public life in order to sweep into their own pockets whatever they can seize. Bribery and corruption are all but universal among officials. The man with the largest purse is sure of the verdict. The rich man is squeezed, and the poor man is 'eaten up.' No wonder the generality of the people call these fatherly officials the 'lion-tigers of the land.'

But the saddest point of view from which to study the manners of the Celestial is the question of his sexual morality. We said above that the outward propriety of the nation is very remarkable and praiseworthy. But below all this veneer of good manners there is often a state of corruption that is too terrible to think of. If the language is the fullest of all in polite expressions, there surely is not another as abundant in unclean and vulgar terms. Care has to be exercised in speaking Chinese to avoid using offensive language by mistake. Their songs, their jests, their conversation, their stage-plays are most unclean. The plays are so thoroughly bad that, though they are held in the open air, members of Christian churches would be disciplined if it were known that they had attended them. In the language of vituperation they exceed themselves in uncleanness. The children grow up amidst the corrupt and degraded conversation and behaviour, and early learn the vices of their elders. The women are about as bad as the men.

There we touch perhaps the secret of the whole mischief. It may be that in the degraded position of women in China lies the root of the evil. Feeling themselves to be mere goods and chattels, and believing that they have not souls like the men, they know little

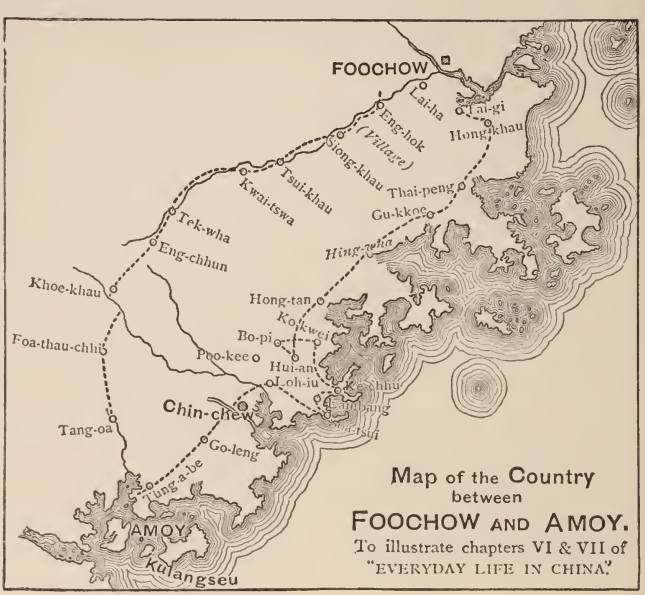
or nothing of the dignity of pure womanhood. Sunk in ignorance, and shut up to the narrow sphere of their own female circle, they are removed from the elevating influences which would fit them in their turn to use the power for blessing that God has put in the hands of good women. Not only are they untaught, but they are not allowed to associate with their husbands' friends. When a visitor calls to see the husband, the wife and daughters generally hide themselves until he is gone. The wife never sits at table with her husband. The rice is brought in steaming hot for the men and boys, and when they have done, the women-folks can take their meal. Not even the Christians deflect from that rule. The pleasant, civilizing, and hallowing influences of the society of the gentler sex are treated as valueless. No man may dare to ask after the wife of another. Propriety forbids that any reference whatever should be made to her! Even between intimate friends some round-about phrase must be used instead of the word 'wife.' The term in most common use for wife, 'the house-back,' that is, 'the person at the back of the house,' or the still more suggestive term used in the north of China, 'the broom and dustpan,' is only too natural an expression of their opinion of the female sex. The Chinaman addresses his wife as 'Er-r-r,' indefinitely prolonged,—a syllable capable of accurately suggesting a variety of conditions of mind, and she speaks to and of him as 'great mandarin.' The state of the female sex is not as bad in China as in some other Oriental countries. They have a good deal more freedom, especially the wives and daughters of working-people. They also exercise a good deal of authority in the house, notwithstanding that the rules of social life have placed them

so low in the scale. It might even be said that China is a thoroughly 'hen-pecked' country. But though the women are not as badly off as in India or Turkey, their state is sad enough to make the hearts of their Western sisters bleed for them. Every one who has any acquaintance with the home-life of China must long for the time when the women will take their true position, and be, not the servants, but the helpmeets and companions of men.

Yet we confess to having a great admiration for the Chinese people, notwithstanding all their faults. We are weary of hearing them defamed, ridiculed, and underrated by persons who have gathered their information from the idle tattle of sailors who have looked at crowds of dirty coolies at the ports of China; or have conversed with merchants and others who never knew a sentence of Chinese, and never entered a town or village if they could help it; or, what is worse, have been misled by statements of the Irish 'hoodlums' and American 'politicians and carpet-baggers' of San Francisco. Over against every vice with which we can charge the Chinaman, we can bring a counter-charge against large masses of our own countrymen. Thank God, we do not lie so much, nor do we smoke opium, nor treat our women badly; but we have among us a hundred thousand known drunkards, beside all the secret tipplers; and if there are degraded worshippers of idols in China, there are millions of more degraded worshippers of nothing in England. We do not make these remarks with a view of shielding the Chinaman from the accusation of godlessness, but only to suggest that we must be charitable and just. It is true we may not lower our moral standard in any degree; nor does all

we say in their behalf lessen in the least the necessity of evangelistic effort; but we must make a measure of allowance for the heathen, and in looking at their vices not forget their virtues. These kinder judgments rather encourage than discourage missionary effort. The openness of the Chinese mind to moral considerations, and to common sense and practical lines of thought and action, make it likely that they will receive the truths of the Gospel very readily. Their reverence for learning and virtue, their geniality and intelligence, all tend in one direction. They hasten that consummation which all Christians are praying for and anticipating.

It should be understood that our words of praise of the character of the Chinaman refer almost entirely to the middle and lower classes. Foreigners in China have very little opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with the ruling and 'literary' classes. As far as they exhibit themselves in their opinions and conduct, they seem to be as conceited, perverse, conservative, and impracticable a generation as could be found anywhere in the world. They openly declare that 'they are the people, and that wisdom will die with them.' But the men that are met day by day on the roads, in the inns and fields, the agricultural and poorer class of business men, can justly make a certain claim upon our respect and esteem, and not infrequently our affection. The intense fondness of parents for their children, the devotion of children to their parents, their ready and genuine sorrow over the misfortunes of others, their neighbourliness, their anxiety to oblige, their simple and unsophisticated modes of thinking in many respects, endear them not a little to those who really know them.




## CHAPTER VI.

### DIARY OF A MISSIONARY JOURNEY.

We left Amoy at nine a.m. in the 'Gospel boat,'—a heavy craft designed to weather stormy times upon the broad bays and rivers upon which we have to travel. She is thirty feet long, ten feet in the beam, and draws about two feet of water. There is a house, half upon deck and half under, with two bunks for as many missionaries, in which narrow compass we stretch out our little travelling mattress. At the stern a portion of the deck is movable, and lifting this as a trap-door, one looks into a dark den, into which six or eight

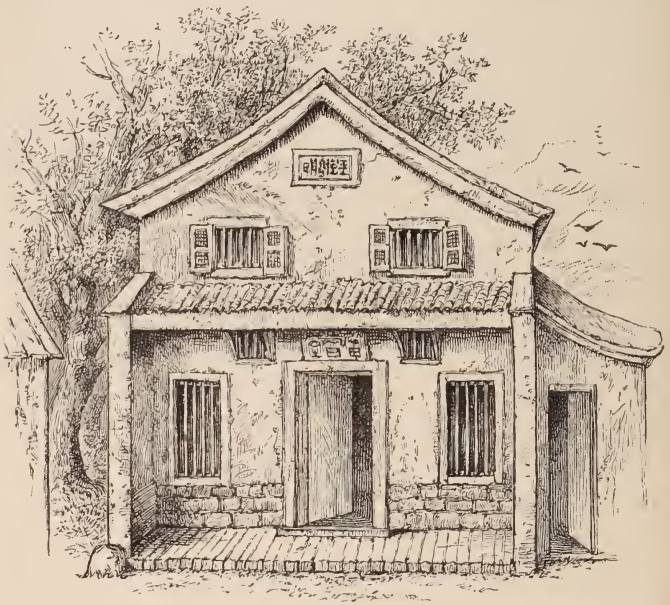
Chinese boatmen let themselves down to sleep. How they contrive to spend ten minutes there without being suffocated is their affair, and not mine, since they are perfectly contented with their quarters.

For three hours there was only a gentle wind, but at twelve o'clock a stiff breeze sprang up, and we reached our anchorage at two. On the way there were the usual sights, so surprising to a new-comer, but so stale to those who see them constantly. Men were seen by scores apparently walking on the water, but in reality standing on a few thick pieces of bamboo. On these are fastened rowlocks eighteen inches high, and by means of small oars these sea-walkers propel themselves in the direction of their nets. Others were sitting on these bamboo life-preservers, coolly fishing with a dozen lines, each of which has a large number of hooks.

We anchored a quarter of a mile from shore, and were fetched from our boat by a rickety punt. Crossing a potato-field soon after landing, I saw the largest snake I had yet met with out of a menagerie. It was about eight feet long, and thicker than my wrist, with small head and tapering tail. I must have almost trodden upon it, for it bounded away from my feet with a motion like a horse galloping.

The village of Tung-a-be (end of the little pond) consists of only about fifty mud houses. There is a large population in numerous villages around. The chapel is in a quiet spot, and towers above the one-story huts close by. It is painted all the colours of the rainbow, in approved Chinese fashion, while on the front of the pulpit, desk, or cupboard is the national device of two golden dragons threatening to do

something dreadful to one another. The women's seats are behind the pulpit, and a screen of wood and bamboo extends from the pulpit to the wall on the other side, completely concealing the women, who have an entrance-door to themselves. There is a gallery paved with red tiles, upon which are built the rooms occupied by the



TUNG-A-BE CHAPEL.

preacher in charge, the missionary upon his visits, and there is an empty space used for prayer-meetings.

The preacher, a young man much given to chanting the Scriptures as he reads them, seems to be developing a talent for hymn writing. He has turned the 65th and 95th Psalms into Chinese very well indeed. I gave him last night the translation of the 1178th hymn in

the Congregational Hymn-book, 'Let me be with Thee where Thou art,' and pointed out the antithetic form of the verses. His version makes the rhymes and accent occur on the fifth and tenth syllables of each line, making the hymn to be eight lines fives. We have set it to the tune given on p. 221, which I heard played some time ago at Chioh-be by a band of two violins, one banjo, and one flageolet.

The preacher and I went to a neighbouring village this afternoon to hire a sedan-chair for Monday morning, but without success. We had several opportunities of talking about Christ to the people. Not such preaching as friends at home are accustomed to think of when they read or hear of a missionary talking to the heathen.

Missionary preaching in the open air is a very simple affair. You will be near the mark if you imagine the messenger of the Gospel in a straw hat and a pea-jacket sitting on a broken wall (there is always a broken wall handy in a village), or on a doorstep, or on a form at the front of an eating-house, conversing freely with a score of Chinamen, all of whom perhaps bear some mark of their occupation, while a number of boys in very scanty clothing thrust themselves to the front, and a few women linger at a distance, just beyond the range of hearing.

On the way back we called upon one of the church members. The men were out, but as there were only one very old woman and some little children at home we went in to give her a kind word. The whole stock of the large house would be priced at only a few shillings. The broken-down state of the place, the dirt and litter, are almost beyond description. Spinning-wheels, pots, kettles, ploughs, big jars, children, flour-mills, pigs,

straw, ducks, chickens, benches, chairs, were all mixed up in one confused mass; while the open court within the circuit of rooms was a sort of cesspool twenty feet square and eight inches deep, filled with black effervescing corruption. How the poor live is a question that puzzles philanthropists at home, but how the Chinaman manages to survive the fetid smells that meet his olfactories at every turn in town and village, is a question that the traveller asks himself each hour of the day. Five families live in this one shed, or series of sheds. The old lady was very kind, insisted on brewing tea, and thrust into the preacher's handkerchief some horrid cakes, which she went out to buy.

After one or two interesting conversations on religious matters we got home. I had my tea in a queer little study-parlour-dining-bed-room, and then went down to spend an hour or two with the evening worshippers, who were inaugurating the service by taking their rice together amid a babel of discussion.

Probably the reader would like to be told what are a missionary bishop's duties on a Sunday in a place such as Tung-a-be. We held a prayer-meeting at 9.30, and morning service began at 10.30, the congregation being composed largely of Christians coming in from long distances, and numbering about sixty in all. I conducted the devotions, and expounded a chapter. Wishing to hear my young friend, the lay-pastor, preach, I gave him last evening the text, 'God is love,' and we talked it over this morning. He reproduced all I suggested with remarkable accuracy; but it was a very dull and lifeless discourse; he simply carried out my instructions. I followed with a short talk on the same theme. Then deacons' meeting, in the course of which

we called in one of the congregation who has been attending for nine years without seeking baptism. At 2.30, afternoon service, beginning with the public catechizing of eight candidates for baptism, after which I preached on 'That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God,' turning the subject towards the sacraments and the Lord's Supper in particular. The communion followed, thirty-nine church members partaking of it. We then, in 'church meeting,' arranged some matters of public business in which all the members were interested. The worshippers from a distance started for home between four and five o'clock, amid many hearty cries of, 'My brothers, peace, peace be with you!' The 'dark assembly,' as the evening service is called, was a little sociable gathering round a long table, after the rice was cleared away.

Perhaps this is the place to tell what baggage we carry when on a journey like this. At one end of my porter's pole hangs a big white sack, oil painted, to make it waterproof. In this is a mattress, less than an inch thick, and clothing. To save space, no pillow, but pillow-cases, which can be stuffed with clothes. The bag also contains a small stock of tracts and Gospels. At the other end of the pole is the provision store, a basket in three stories. Being out for so long a trip, there is considerable variety of perishables, and a most cosmopolitan assortment it is. Tinned beef and jam from California, biscuits from England, butter from Denmark, milk from Switzerland, sardines from France, guava-jelly from India, preserved ginger from Canton, condiments from one-doesn't-know-where, and lucifer matches from Norway. One of the first things to be

learned as missionary-traveller is what kind of food is to be had in any particular locality. The only articles to be relied upon are chickens, eggs, rice, and fruit, and only the last two are to be had everywhere. One lives chiefly on these, with an occasional variation gathered from the basket, and served with what skill he possesses by Master Mercy, the cook.

MASTER MERCY, THE COOK.

Silence has now fallen on the chapel premises. The last of the preacher's friends has gone his way, and the door is barred. If you want to learn what solitude is, come to China and travel inland. Wait till the bustle of the day is over, and you are left to your own reflections. If the mosquitoes are agreeable, you will then have leisure for thought.

We left Tung-a-be at half-past five a.m., walking through the fields four miles to the nearest town. Passing on, at eight o'clock we rested in a ruined temple

in a very busy market-place, overshadowed by magnificent banyan trees. As we discussed breakfast in sight of the crowds of interested and noisy spectators, I kept up a running dispute for an hour as to the hire of a chair. All declared they were too much engaged to carry my 'honourable body,' it being pea-nut harvest, and every one busy in the fields. When at last I had settled with two men to carry me till evening for four hundred cash each (eighteenpence of our money), they came and begged for two hundred cash in advance to buy rice on the road. As this is customary the money was advanced, but when the rascals had carried me a hundred yards they sold me to two poor opium-smokers for three hundred cash each, and disappeared with the two hundred that had been advanced. During the day we passed through some good scenery, and reached this collection of miserable huts between five and six in the evening. For a consideration of fourpence halfpenny we persuaded the keeper of the handsome Mandarin's Hotel, outside the village of Go-leng ('Five Dragons'), to let us occupy it for the night. So here we are, missionary, servant, porter, and chair-bearers; and we have just been singing hymns and reading Acts xvii. beneath the noses of the idols. The house and courts cover about a quarter of an acre, but are innocent of everything in the way of furniture, except bed-boards, two tables, four chairs, and an altar with large idols.

It was a cold, dark, and drizzling morning when we left Five Dragons at five o'clock, and we trudged on in silence for some hours over the granite hills until we reached Chinchew, a city of 400,000 inhabitants. There were many things worth noting on the road: such as a massive stone bridge as long as London Bridge;

the great gateways of stone, twenty-five feet thick; a causeway two miles in length across paddy fields, the stones being ten feet long, two wide, and fifteen inches thick, five of them making the breadth of the road; the great structures over the inner gates of the city, looking like Brobdignagian bird-cages. At half-past nine we began to cross the suburbs, and forty minutes' walk through the crowded streets, and under elegant memorial arches, brought us to the door of the English Presbyterian Mission Chapel. Here we rested half-an-hour and breakfasted. Passing on, still on foot, in half-an-hour we reached the other side of the city, and hired a chair to continue the journey. The roads were thronged with country people bringing goods into the city. There are no wheeled vehicles made in the south of China; the porterage has therefore to be done by stalwart human limbs, and splendid beasts of burden do these chattering Celestials make.

Five hours brought us to the sea-side once more, and to the western end of what Dr. Medhurst speaks of as 'the longest bridge in the world.' It may be that at the time he wrote he was almost right. It took us just ten minutes to get over it.[1] Half-way across we found the faithful preacher (now an ordained pastor) of Lo-iu ('Descending-to-the-Sea') chapel. He had been waiting for us an hour and a half. You will think he had calculated the time of our arrival pretty accurately, seeing that we left Amoy four days ago. The chapel is a strange shape. Imagine a shed with concrete walls, standing about forty feet square, but with a room partitioned off at each corner, so that the space for the

[1] At the close of this chapter is a description of the bridge, and the legend as to the mode of its construction.

congregation is shaped like a cross, and you will then, if you can add the dinginess, see what Lo-iu chapel is like. The crowd to see me was immense. Only missionaries come this way, and they at very long intervals. Many in the crowd, on account of my beard probably, saluted me respectfully as 'Foreign emperor.'

Several Christian brethren had come from the districts further north to meet me. We sat for three hours, talking over the affairs of the churches, while the chapel was thronged by an eager crowd, and the windows were blocked with heads. A Chinese crowd like this delights to reproduce whatever the foreigner says or does. If he is eating they will lift up their hands in the same way. They pass the word from the foreground to the rear, 'the foreigner is eating,' 'the foreigner is writing,' 'the foreigner laughs,' 'the foreigner says so and so.' Evening worship, and more talk, brought the day to a close.

The mosquitoes here are fearful creatures. I feel as though I had never seen mosquitoes before. They have black and white rings round the body, and are twice as large as any of their cousins I have previously met. They positively will not take 'no' for an answer. Whenever I remarked on their pressing attentions, some dear brother would reply pathetically, 'Ah, at Lo-iu mosquitoes are dense and savage.' They bite through thick clothes, and are so numerous that now the candles are lit, and their manners and numbers are at the worst, they look like smoke; and—alas, it is too true!—there are holes in the mosquito curtain round the bed-boards.

After a night in which rats as well as mosquitoes figured conspicuously, I prepared to meet the Lo-iu congregation. They, on their part, must also have

prepared to meet me, for they were at chapel by nine o'clock, although some have many miles to walk. After preaching, communion, and catechizing, I left in what we call an open chair—that is, a rough basket on two poles. Two hours' trot along the crowded Foochow high road was plain work to the bearers, but when we turned off into the fields, with the intention of coming to Soa-tsui ('In-front-of-the-Hill'), they declined to go any further towards such outlandish places, and we had to walk the remaining ten miles. For the last six miles the way consisted of bare granite hills with crevasses worn by the rains of ages at every hundred yards or so. The road, therefore, had to run so as to suit these deep gullies. It became more difficult as we advanced. Soon it was evident that we had missed our way. Night began to fall. The hill that had served as a beacon had long disappeared behind the rugged piles of granite among which we wandered. It was evident that every step had to be considered. We sat down to rest for ten minutes, while one of our company assured me that the spot where we sat changes its form in a high wind, and that a village lies buried beneath the fine sand upon which our feet rested. A quarter of a mile further it became evident that we could not proceed without danger, and we began to think of remaining where we were for the night. The bark of dogs, however, suggested that human habitations must be near at hand. Accordingly, a native brother and myself sat down on the sand in the dark, while the third member of our company followed the sound of the dogs. Before very long he returned with a lantern and directions as to how to proceed. By the aid of this dim light we continued our journey through rougher ways than any we

had yet crossed, and soon were settled in the comfortable little chapel belonging to our fellow-Christians in Soa-tsui, whose inhabitants generally are politely called fishermen, but who might be described by a less pleasant, though more accurate, designation as pirates.

Mine host the preacher began to receive visitors at 4.30 a.m., effectually cutting short my night's rest. Going out in the early morning, Soa-tsui was seen to consist of about fifty houses near the sea, on a wild and barren coast. We had service at nine o'clock, followed by the Lord's Supper, and a long discussion on the affairs of the church. Having only ten miles to walk to-day, we dined at Soa-tsui. The route (we cannot say the road, where there was no semblance of a path) lay across another part of the wilderness we crossed last night. Although it is October the heat of the sun on the sand and rocks was very oppressive. Fortunately for thirsty souls such as we, eight or ten of the brethren were walking to their homes in the direction in which we had to go, and we rested awhile in their village and drank tea.

The chapel in the little walled city of Lam-bang ('The-Grave-facing-South') is a most gloomy place, black and prison-like. It was once a pawn-shop. The brotherhood of the three golden balls in China build their houses in such fashion that 'thieves may not break through nor steal.' The windows of this house are mere slits, and the thick bars which once guarded the various store and treasure rooms have not yet been removed. The whole place—floor, walls, and ceilings—is literally as black as soot. Anything more unlike a house of prayer one could scarcely imagine. But the work in Lam-bang may be described as 'holding the

fort.' Some of the noblest victories of the Cross have been won in darker dens than this, and worshippers as faithful may meet to strengthen one another in God in an ex-pawn-shop as in a cathedral which has been centuries in building. The Holy One 'dwells not in temples made with hands,' but in the humble and the contrite heart. At present Christ's Gospel is spoken of in Lam-bang as foolishness, and we take courage from the thought that the weak and foolish things of the world confound the things that are wise and mighty.

After service at Lam-bang, and making arrangements to have the dirty place cleaned and whitewashed, five hours' walking brought us to Ke-chhu ('Residence of families surnamed Ke'). The way was all marshy and close to the sea. Salt-making is here an important occupation. The low land is covered with large pans of concrete, about fifteen feet square and two inches deep. Sea-water is poured in and allowed to evaporate, after which the deposit of salt is swept up. A rainy year must be disastrous to the trade, for not any of the pans are covered over. The salt is very bitter and coarse. The taste of it produces much the same sensation as biting one's tongue.

Passing through the village of Yap-chhu, I was astonished to see the words 'Gospel Hall' on a house we were approaching. It proved to be the dwelling of Christians, used in former years as a chapel. About thirty-five persons still meet there for worship. All the premises were clean, light, and airy. The brethren gave us a very kind reception, and the villagers turned out *en masse* to have a look at the stranger. My courteous host gave me the use of an upper room in

which to dine, and I and my companions were feasted with abundant rice and potatoes.

Ke-chhu chapel is very elegant, judged by Chinese notions. It is the central hall, or 'guest-room,' of a good-sized house. The guest-room of a Chinese dwelling has only three walls, the whole of the front being open to the court. Here the court is small, but there are trees and flowers to ornament it, one of which is a lofty pumelo tree, that fruit of which the Amoy region may dare to make its boast in face of the whole world.

Quite a crowd of young women came and stood at the door watching me and my friends. It is a fact worth noting, because generally the Chinese women are so extremely shy (the rules of society demand it), and they can satisfy their curiosity only by brief and surreptitious glances. But this evening, when we arrived, quite a bevy of pretty girls, with their arms about one another's necks, crowded up to the door, laughing heartily and chattering like starlings in a tree, joking good-humouredly about everything we did.

The females on this side of Chinchew are very different in their appearance and habits from their sisters further south. They dress more simply and are much more active. In the Amoy region all the women have bound feet, with the exception of the slave girls, so-called, the domestic drudges who stand in a relation very much like compulsory servitude to their mistresses. The practice of foot-binding leaves its mark upon the constitution, the inactivity necessarily entailed on the women resulting in a stunted frame, a sallow complexion, and an irritable temper. The joy of existence must be a thing utterly unknown to the small-footed women.

In this Chinchew prefecture, however, great numbers of the women go about with as much freedom as the men. Their dress is cotton cloth of a dark-blue colour, and fitting better to the shape than Chinese garments generally do. The trowsers reach to a little above the ankles; round the waist an apron is tied which falls to the knees; the jacket fits almost as close as a jersey; and round the forehead, an inch or so above the eyebrows, they wear a coronet of black satin, which gives a pleasing appearance to the head. Very few of them have their feet bound. They seem to be as physically energetic as the other sex. On the sea-shore the women fish with the nets, and in the fields they are working with the hoe and the plough. I asked some of them how it was their feet were not bound, and they said, 'It is not our custom; for ten thousand generations the women have gone about with their feet free.' The fact is, that this custom of foot-binding, like every other in China, is local. The most contradictory statements have been made by writers on China, simply because they have not mentioned the purely local character of the manners and customs they described.

What an excitement that young woman now standing at the door would create if she walked down Cheapside in that dress! Her pretty feet are bare; her trowsers scarlet, with dark-blue figuring round the ankles; her gown sky-blue, worked round the border of the neck and sleeves and lower edge with a white lace pattern; her hair is parted in the middle, brushed down in front, and at the back there is a wonderful arrangement of hair over a wire frame, like two half-opened fans, while projecting out of it over the head is a large silver tuning-fork with made flowers stuck in it. She has just

been making merry jests about my personal appearance; it seems to me that there is room to retort with interest.

Service was at nine o'clock this morning at Ke-chhu. The chapel was filled by a crowd who came from a distance. Only two or three of this Christian community live in the village. Here, as elsewhere, it is commonly the case that few converts are made in the immediate neighbourhood of a chapel. The Chinese version of our proverb, 'The nearer the church the further from God,' is, 'Near the temple, forsake the spirit.' Our congregations are mostly gathered from long distances around the place of worship.

There is this that is notable in regard to the composition of churches throughout the Amoy district, and to a large extent throughout the churches of China, that seven-tenths of the males belong to the agricultural class. The reason is not that the farmers are a more simple-minded and unprejudiced race than shopkeepers, but that they have not as serious a stumbling-block in their way in regard to Sabbath observance. The sanctity of the Sabbath is made a law of the church, not only because there is sufficient warrant for it in the New Testament, but also because Sabbath desecration is, without exception, coincident with laxity of religious principle and earnestness. This is a very heavy cross for a shopkeeper to take up. He says he cannot close his shop, that if he were to he would be ruined. The farmer, on the other hand, does not find this rule to be so difficult a one to observe. He has only to work a little harder on other days of the week; or perhaps one should rather say, not take quite so much leisure on other days of the week; he can come with a quiet mind to the Sabbath services, and enjoy the rest his

Creator designed he should have, and obtain the spiritual meat his soul so greatly needs.

A 'peaceful habitation' and a 'quiet resting-place' is this little chapel at Ko-kwai. The women-folks, however, are rather badly treated. In front of the room used for worship is a small garden with trees in boxes. At the end of this is a brick wall with spaces four inches square between the bricks. The female portion of the congregation have to sit behind this wall, where they can scarcely see or hear at all.

I slept in a 'chamber on the wall'—perhaps quite as good as that provided for the prophet Elisha—at Ko-kwai ('Ancient Departmental City'). It is about nine feet square, one half is occupied by the boards of the bed. The floor is made of pine-trees split in two, the rounded sides being uppermost. Spaces between these admit air nicely, though of course no such idea was in the mind of the builders. There are three square holes to let in light and air from the outer world. Were it not for several varieties of vermin who are occupying the lodging as well as I, it would be quite a comfortable place to rest in at the end of the week.

This is Saturday night. It has been a week of much travelling, much preaching, much talking, and much anxious consideration of the affairs of the churches; but there are signs of spiritual life in many of the members which are very cheering. The Christian Church in these parts may be likened to a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, but the cloud is there, and we believe it will grow until it covers all, and breaks in showers of blessing.

At seven o'clock this morning we left Ko-kwai for the little village of Baw-pi. Three hours' march brought

us to the chapel, situated in a pretty valley, closely shut in by hills reaching to a height of 2000 feet. There was no time to spare. The congregation had been assembled an hour or two. We had service at once, settled a few matters of business in the church, and started for the district city of Hui-an. This place is not only the centre of the district governmentally and geographically, but is also in the centre of the group of churches in these parts. It might be called the cathedral city of the diocese of our friend Lim, the pastor. In that sense, and I assure you in that sense alone, does it deserve the name it bears of 'Grace and Peace.' May the name prove prophetic of the grace to be bestowed upon it, and of the peace to reign in it!

Five months ago this chapel was destroyed by the mob. Three thousand persons filled the space in front. The pastor Lim, the preacher, and several others, escaped over the back wall, and wandered in distant villages for several days before venturing to strike the road for Amoy. Everything was completely destroyed; even the tiles of the floor were broken up. There seems no reason to doubt that the riot was instigated by the mandarins. At any rate the ringleaders belonged to the Yamuns, and have received no punishment. The British Vice-Consul came up to discuss the matter with the authorities, who have levied a tax on the town for repairs. At present the chapel is only half finished. The floor has no tiles, nor is all the roof on. So we have had an airy service.

These riotous Hui-an folks have done a curious thing, which shows that their objection to us is very largely superstitious, and not merely dislike of the foreigner. The neighbours complained of the singing

of Christian hymns. They said it upset the idols and the evil spirits of the ward, which is very likely indeed. When they found that the chapel was really to be rebuilt, and that the singing misliked of demons was to continue, they held a consultation as to what they could do to protect the poor fiends from being disturbed. One of the wiseacres—a Feng-shui doctor, I suppose—suggested that a wall should be erected in front of the chapel, and that dragons and demons should be depicted thereon in a state of frenzy. Thereupon they put themselves to the trouble and expense of building a wall seven feet high and many yards in length at a distance of perhaps twenty feet away from the entrance to the chapel. The artist has succeeded in painting some of the most rabid-looking wild beasts I ever saw. There are also demons, but I am no judge of those, as I presume the artist is. But, thanks to the superstition, the deluded haters of the Christian faith have put up a wall which gives a neat appearance to our chapel entry, and forms a broad and quiet court-yard, much more pleasant than when exposed to the piece of waste land in front.

The crowded congregation this afternoon was representative of almost the whole diocese. There were also a few friends from Amoy, and from Changchow, a hundred and ten miles away.

So ends the week of visitation of these seven churches. It has been laborious, but very stimulating and encouraging. These isolated congregations seem in a much more healthy condition than those nearer to Amoy. The number of baptized persons is upwards of 200, and they are contributing steadily and freely for the support of the ministry, although extremely poor. If a

foreign missionary could reside in Hui-an for six months of the year, going out on alternate Sundays to one of the other six churches, the work might be very largely expanded. There is quite a Christian sentiment growing in the district. Three congregations of professedly Christian Chinese, numbering in all 116 persons, are meeting every Sunday for worship in their own neighbourhoods, without being under the supervision of missionaries or native preachers. 'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.'

## THE GREAT BRIDGE OF LO-IU.

At the market-town of Loyang, or Lo-iu, eighty miles north-east of Amoy, stands a bridge which is one of the monuments of ancient art and enterprise in China. It is built across an estuary which at low tide is a mud flat, covered with oyster-beds. The river, at this point about forty yards wide, runs rapidly near the centre of the expanse of mud. When the tide is in the whole is completely covered from shore to shore.

The bridge is a thousand yards long. I timed myself to nine and a half minutes' quick walking in crossing it. One hundred and twenty piers, which rise to nearly forty feet above high-water mark, support the long masses of granite which span the space between the shores. The buttresses on the north side are very massive, in order to resist the pressure of the spring torrents. After 800 years of wear the roadway is in very good condition. Five blocks of stone, each twenty feet and more in length, and two feet in breadth, form the

road, which is therefore about ten feet broad, though it varies somewhat. On either side is a heavy balustrade, or railing, of massive granite, held in position, not by cement, but block fitting into block in sockets.

The story of its origin is substantially written on a tablet at one end of the structure. Before the bridge was built, travellers and market people were compelled to cross this estuary in the ferry-boats, or they must needs make a long *détour* which would be a good part of a day's journey. But there are hills to the north at which they used to look with gruesome awe, because sudden squalls would come down upon the water in spring and summer, and many lives were lost by the upsetting of the boats. These squalls did not arise like common breezes. They were caused by two wicked fairies who lived up there among the hills, shaped like a tortoise and a snake, or at the bottom of the river, in the form of a boat and a man.

And this was the way they carried on their mischievous and wicked tricks. When they had come down from the hills, and had transformed themselves into a man and a boat, the boat and man used to appear at the ferry to seek for fares. There was no telling them from ordinary boats and men; so they took their passages into mid-stream, and then came the terrible 'squall of the fairies'; the boat sank; the man and boat became a snake and a tortoise, and devoured the poor people at their leisure.

Now it happened that about the year 1000 A.D. a boat full of market folk was nearing the fatal spot where so many people had been carried off by the fairies. The wind began to blow all ways at once. The waves broke into the midst of the passengers, who

cried out that the tortoise and the snake were upon them. Amid the lamentations, however, a voice was heard distinctly saying, 'Chhah, the mandarin in the boat, must build a bridge.' No sooner were the words uttered than the winds subsided, and the boat reached the shore in safety.

Great and grave was the discussion as to the mysterious voice. There was clearly something supernatural about it. 'Who among us bears the surname Chhah?' No one replied, until at length a woman timidly confessed that her husband's surname was Chhah, and that she had married him a few months before. With one consent all declared that she would become the mother of a man whose work should be to build a bridge over this dangerous creek, and so defeat the wicked fairies.

Not long after this a son was born to her, whom she named Siang, and she vowed that Chhah Siang should obey 'the heavenly command.' He proved to be an intelligent child. His mother wrought upon his youthful imagination by constantly describing what a fine thing it was to be a mandarin, and rule over large masses of people. She gave him a good education which would fit him for office. And as he grew into youth, she revealed to him the remarkable facts that had heralded his birth. The boy was powerfully impressed by the story she told of the voice from the air. He resolved to spare no efforts to fulfil his mission.

He had, however, to face a very grave difficulty. There is an ancient law in China that forbids any magistrate to hold office in the neighbourhood where he was born. What was to be done? How could he overcome this formidable barrier to his noble ambition?

He had passed his early examinations, and was ready for office. He determined now to proceed to Peking, to seek employment in the imperial palace, and then to wait his opportunity. He was about fifty years of age, and in daily attendance upon the emperor, when he matured his plans for carrying out his life-long project. Knowing that the emperor was intending to take a walk in the palace grounds, Chhah Siang went down the grove an hour before, and having previously chosen a tree with an ants' nest at its foot, he wrote in large characters with a brush and a pot of honey, 'Chahh Siang, the learned, be magistrate in your native prefectural city.' He then returned to the palace to accompany the emperor on his walk.

The party soon set out, and passing down the grove, the emperor caught sight of a mass of ants marshalled in squadrons which shaped them on the trunk of the tree into Chinese characters. In breathless astonishment the emperor stood still and read aloud, 'Chhah Siang, the learned, be magistrate in your native prefectural city!' In a moment Chhah Siang, pretending not to notice that the emperor was only reading what was on the tree, fell upon his knees and thanked him for the appointment. In vain the emperor protested that he had not intended to nominate him for office. The Celestial prince was reminded that he could not recall the words he certainly had uttered. The law was overruled for this once, seeing that there seemed to be a divine omen in it. Chhah Siang returned to the southern province of Fuh-kien, and became prefect of Chinchew, the city whose authority governs Lo-iu.

At once Chhah Siang began to gather funds, and to make needful preparation for the great work he had

before him. He devoted all his leisure time to rousing the enthusiasm of the people in regard to the proposed bridge. He called on the whole prefecture for voluntary subscriptions. The towns and villages caught their governor's enthusiasm, and responded heartily.

The task was gigantic. After many years of labour, in which vast sums of money had been spent, it seemed likely to fail because of the impossibility of laying the foundations of the centre piers, where still the stream flows rapidly at low tide. If the river were to run almost dry the thing might be done; but unfortunately even a long period of drought scarcely affected this part of the stream at all. After suffering distress of mind for many months, and trying every imaginable scheme, a happy thought occurred to Chhah Siang. He resolved to write a letter to the god of the sea, and to ask his Marine Majesty to be so kind as to draw off all the water. When the letter was ready, Chhah, sitting on his magistrate's bench, said, 'Who is able to descend to the sea?' A man in the chamber at once said, 'Here am I, your Excellency.' Now, it should be explained that Chinese names are usually translatable, and on this occasion it happened that in the hall was a man whose name was Ui Loh-iu ('Able Descend-sea'), who, thinking himself called, replied to Chhah's question. They laughed a little at the mistake, but regarded it as a good omen, and Mr. 'Able Descend-sea' was compelled to make good his name.

Ui Loh-iu took the letter, and proceeded to seek an interview with the god of the sea. He chose a spot at low tide that was moderately clean, and lay down to wait for the tide to return and cover him. Here he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found himself still

in the same place and quite comfortable; but his letter to Neptune was gone, while in its place was another addressed to the prefect. It did not occur to him that this was the answer required, but he thought it best to bring it to Chinchew, and deliver it to his master. Opening it, Chhah Siang found only one large character written inside,—the word *vinegar*.

醋 Ts'o

This was indeed most confusing. Long and earnestly did the prefect gaze upon it, till he felt himself turning sour and angry. But a lucky fortune-teller made a happy hit by suggesting that the character *Ts'o* could be taken to pieces, thus,

二 十 一 日 酉
Two Ten One Day Evening

*Twenty-first day, at evening.* The explanation was at once clear. The laconic reply was from Neptune himself. Preparations were made in anticipation of the water being very low on the evening of the twenty-first of the month, and were not made in vain. The water all ran off, and the foundations of the central piers were successfully laid before the tide returned. No further hindrance delayed the progress of the work. The Lo-iu bridge was completed before Chhah Siang's death,—a million and half pounds of our money having been spent upon it.

In 1877, when the writer spent some days in Lo-iu, the monument to the memory of Chhah Siang was being renovated. This must have been at or near the 800th anniversary of its erection.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OVER THE HILLS OF FUH-KIEN.

Hing-wha ('The Prosperous and Influential'), October 17th.

So far our trip has been devoted entirely to the visitation of the churches. But now an American missionary brother (who came from Amoy yesterday to join me) is going to travel with me into unknown parts. We are first going to Foochow, as delegates from these southern churches to the Methodist Episcopal Churches of Foochow and district; and then we propose to go over hill and dale, and decide a few geographical and linguistic questions that bear directly upon the extension of the Amoy missions.

The linguistic difficulties of this region are great, as they are all through the south of China. North of the Yang-tsze, the 'mandarin' or court language will serve you anywhere; but south of that river the language is different at every few miles. There are considerable differences between the languages of Amoy and Hui-an; and half-way between Hui-an and this place, at the market-town of Hong-tan, we suddenly found ourselves strangers and foreigners indeed, for we could not understand more than a few words, nor make the people understand us. Now, for nearly three weeks, 'I shall

be unto him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh shall be a barbarian unto me.'

The scenery along the road was very beautiful. The hills are lofty and abrupt, the valleys wooded and dotted over with peaceful villages. We met also a few horsemen on the paths, which is worth chronicling in these districts.

The most notable things, however, were the graves on the slopes near the road. Some of them occupy a space of two hundred feet in length by sixty in width. Series of well-made stone steps in long flights lead up to the altar before the grave. Along either side of the approach to the residence of the spirit are statues in pairs, first of men, then horses, deer, tigers, standing looking at one another across the intervening space. The Chinese are not great sculptors, and the less said of their statuary the better for the reputation of the artists.

We slept in Hong-tan last night at the chapel of the Foochow Episcopal Methodist mission. This is their furthest station south, and less than twelve miles from the furthest north of our own. The chapel is a horrible den, a long shed, forty paces by six, standing on the main street.

We are enjoying the hospitality of our brethren from Foochow once more in this 'Prosperous and Influential City.' The pastor in charge is a remarkable man. Last year he appeared at Conference with something laid upon his heart. He rose and said, 'Brothers, I must speak. I have come to the resolution that I will never more receive any pay from the foreign missionary. Wherever I go our people say to me, "You preach the foreigner's words because you eat the foreigner's rice."

That reproach shall never be true in my case. I will receive not another cash from our foreign pastors. I will go back to Hing-wha and the churches of the district and say, "Brothers, I am your Presiding Elder, it is your duty to support me, so that I may do the work of the Lord among you. I need but a little; give me enough to keep myself and my family." ' So he returned to Hing-wha, and told his flock what he had done. The first month or two they gave him only two or three dollars, but after a short time they raised enough for him to live on comfortably, with an additional sum to enable him to travel about to visit the churches. The following year, four pastors under this Presiding Elder took the same course, and are now being wholly supported by the people to whom they minister.

The chapel is a beautiful one, and quite native in its style. Entering from a wide and quiet street, there is a hall for week-day preaching to the heathen. Then there is a good court, partly covered, where casual spectators can stand to watch a religious service. Along two sides of this court are rooms, occupied by the families of the pastor and the chapel-keeper. The chapel is on the side of the court opposite the daily preaching-hall. It is railed off from the court by ornamental woodwork, within which only the regular congregation are admitted. In accordance with Episcopal Methodist customs, there are communion railings in front of the pulpit and table. The whole arrangements are admirably adapted to the purposes of the church, and quite in accordance with Chinese notions, except in one respect—the chapel, court, and hall are faultlessly clean!

Gu-kkoe ('Fish-stream') Inn, October 18th.

From day-dawn till five o'clock in the evening we have been wandering through magnificent valleys, covered with rice, or climbing the hills.

To our great surprise, we are speaking the Amoy language once more. The result of inquiry into this phenomenon is, that the Hing-wha language is an importation from Swatow or further south, and that it occupies an egg-shaped piece of territory about thirty-five miles from north to south, and sixty miles from east to west. In Hing-wha we could not make ourselves understood except with the very greatest difficulty, or not at all. Here we converse freely with any one, and for the last hour our lodging has been a preaching-room. As I write a preacher travelling with us is sitting at my elbow discussing the doctrine with three natives of the town.

We reckon that for a Chinese inn we are in good quarters. Try to imagine it. The floor is of earth, of course perfectly black, but not as uneven as usual, and, *mirabile dictu!* it is swept. The roof is open to the tiles, and the customary dense festooning of spiders' webs is absent. The walls are perfectly black, it is true, but at least they are whole. There are five sets of bed-boards around the room. You would call the bed-chamber a shed; we are very grateful that we are in such a clean resting-place, and that even the mosquitoes do not favour a room so free from smells and dirt. These five beds are to be occupied by my comrade, myself, the preacher, two servants, and two baggage-bearers. Our six chair-bearers fend for themselves.

The Methodist Schooner Lottie, October 19th.

At half-past four this morning we had breakfasted, and were upon the road. Each chair-bearer carried a torch. It was a gallant procession we made in going down the long street of 'Fish Stream.' Rain had fallen heavily during the night, and the morning air was deliciously cool. We began at once to enter magnificent country, equal in beauty to the best parts of Perthshire, and wonderfully suggestive of the Trossachs. The hills rise to upwards of 4000 feet, and the tops appeared to be in many cases inaccessible. Six times to-day we were looking down into a valley shaped precisely like a basin. One view was particularly grand. We had just climbed a long and difficult ascent heavily overhung with trees, when suddenly the country was clear in front for several miles. The bed of the valley was perhaps a thousand feet below us. On the left was a bank of hills six miles in length and three to four thousand feet high, the slope of the base so regular that nothing obstructed the view through its entire length. A hundred shades of colour painted the scene with surpassing beauty. The bed of the valley was the golden yellow of the rice of the second harvest. Many scores of villages, large and small, were dotted over this immense field, each of them with the regulation banyan trees and their lengthy shadows. The various products of fields on terraces all gave their own colours to the slopes to a height of a thousand feet. Then came the moorland and the purple heather, and above all this dream of beauty the grey and purple pile of granite rock thrust itself into the clouds, gaining

apparent increase of height from the fact that snowy wreaths of mist crowned their heads.

We spoke Amoyese until midday, and then the dialect suddenly changed, and the natives and we were strangers to one another once more. The preacher with us agrees that purer Amoyese is spoken on this side of Hing-wha than on its immediate southern border.

We dined at 10.30 at the city of 'Great Peace,' drank tea at 3.30 in the town of 'Great Righteousness,' where we met in the street a man sent by our Foochow friends to meet us. We have been running down a tributary to the Min, and are now on the broad river approaching Foochow. We humble denizens of the south are duly appreciative of the luxury of this Gospel Boat, the Lottie.

Eng-hok ('Everlasting Happiness'), November 2nd.

For the last twelve days we have been in Foochow ('The Happy City'), being very hospitably entertained by one after another of the kind Christian brotherhood belonging to Methodist Episcopal, Congregational (American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions), and the English Episcopal Church. There is a great deal in the Chinese manners and civil arrangements in Foochow that differs altogether from the more southern parts. The people seem a sturdier race, with a more decided style of speech. The city is remarkable in shape. The walled portion lies in the bed of a valley which has a level some six miles across, and surrounded on three sides by high hills. Looking from the foreign settlement, the walled town is not visible, because of two little hills on either side of the South Gate. From U-sang, one of these hills, is the best place to get a bird's-eye view of the whole. Within the

walls are nearly a million inhabitants, and there are about six hundred thousand outside. A street of shops three miles long joins the walled city with the principal suburb, and leads over the 'Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages' to the hill on which are the foreign warehouses and residences.

The Methodist Conference was extremely interesting. A hundred pastors and preachers and twenty Americans and English were present. My companion and I addressed them through an interpreter. The spirit of earnestness and devoutness in the whole assembly was very marked. A visit like this provides a good opportunity for picking up new ideas, which may find expression in improved methods elsewhere. In one thing our Foochow brethren are decidedly behind Amoy, and that is in church psalmody.

We left the 'Happy City' and our esteemed and hospitable friends therein yesterday at seven o'clock. Two hours' walk brought us to the Lottie, where she lay awaiting us, with the Stars and Stripes flying at the mainmast. The trip yesterday morning lay along a stream a hundred and fifty yards wide, with high wooded hills descending right to the river bank. In the afternoon we arrived at the bottom of the Rapids, and anchored for the night. The evening was spent in hiring boats to go up the river, and the wearisome haggling over cash that always accompanies transactions with boatmen and chair-bearers.

This morning was bitterly cold. We put on overcoats and wrapped ourselves in railway rugs, and yet could not keep warm. During the day, however, it became so sultry that we wore only such garments as propriety demanded, and finally reached Eng-hok.

The chapel at Eng-hok, or 'Everlasting Happiness,' belongs to the American Congregationalists. There is a native pastor resident at the chapel, and the cause flourishes, notwithstanding the small amount of light, the dirt, and the bad smells. The house is built upon scaffolding-poles stuck into the bank of the river. The room we are occupying is a loft whose glassless window looks out upon the rapids of the river. As far as the eye can reach the river is torn to foam, and the noise is very great.

This evening we were invited to a Chinese feast. The guests were nine Chinamen, two Americans, and myself. Twelve basins of unsavoury-looking food occupied the centre of the table. Into these we were to dip with our chopsticks for anything we had a taste for. The Chinese have an unpleasant habit of foraging in these common bowls for tit-bits with the chop-sticks which every moment they put into their mouths. I skirmished among the bowls for myself and brethren, to see what it was possible to eat without discomfort. I was sorry to see these Christians drink far too much samshoo. The wine-cup is exceedingly small, but they filled it so many times that we foreigners discussed the need of starting a total abstinence society in connection with the churches. The Chinese are as a rule very abstemious in regard to alcoholic liquors, but I have noticed many times that when they can get samshoo for nothing, as at a feast like this, they have no objection to excessive indulgence. When we, or rather *they*, had 'eaten full' of balls of pork, pieces of pork-fat floating in oil, pig's liver, chicken, cuttle-fish, oysters, vermicelli, greens, beans, water-melon seeds, and several other messes for which I could find no name, piled-up bowls

of rice were brought in, to the great satisfaction of all who were getting nauseated with oil. At this stage my servant was taken ill under the combined effects of samshoo and pork-fat, and had to leave the table, which broke through the etiquette of the party, and allowed us opportunity to escape.

Siong-khau ('Mouth of the Hills'), Sunday, November 5th.

We parted with our kind friends at 'Everlasting Happiness' on Friday morning, and have had two very hard days' travelling. The scenery is so magnificent that we are getting surfeited of mountains, chasms, overhanging rocks, waterfalls, and rapids. For twenty miles the river was one long series of falls, with an occasional pool like a miniature lake. The rugged path lay along the precipitous face of the hills by the side of the river, often at a height of two hundred feet above it. Both days the journey was occasionally spiced with danger. No description can give any idea of the badness of Chinese paths in inland and mountainous country. More than once the chair-bearers lost their footing and came near being precipitated into the abyss. We have walked the greater part of both days because of the danger of falling. For seven hours on Friday we were crossing a high hill, reaching an eating-house at 5.30, where we lay in the loft for the night.

Starting very early yesterday morning in a drizzling rain, we wandered on till eight o'clock, when we rested under some pine trees for morning worship. We were quite a considerable caravan — two Americans, one Englishman, the Chinchew and Eng-hok preachers, a native doctor, three servants, and nine chair-bearers. It was a curious sight, that 'early worship' in the wood.

To the bearers it was, of course, utterly without meaning ; but to the rest of us it was a very solemn and beautiful thing to be singing the praises of God amid some of His grandest works, and to be kneeling in reverent worship on the soft carpet of the pine-needles, while the only sound was the low sobbing of the wind through the pine trees, and the splash of the waves in the river half a mile below us.

The journey on Saturday was much the same as on Friday. We crossed the river in a very old punt full of holes, through which the water rushed when any of its freight of eighteen persons moved about so as to sway the boat. We were thankful to cross the broad deep pool in safety.

It is raining hard, as it did yesterday. What shall we do if it continues? We are willing prisoners here for this Sabbath, but the prospect of being detained long is not pleasant. The next three days' journey is through more difficult country, and quite impassable in the wet.

We are very glad of this Sunday's rest. We Amoyese also found some work to do. Several natives of Amoy came to look at the foreigners, and the result has been a long and very interesting talk with them about the concerns of the soul. Preaching has been going on all day in a language not understood of Amoyites. The chapel has been open eight years, but there is only one convert, an opium-smoker for thirty years (!). He kept an opium den, but on his conversion gave up both the habit and the trade.

About twelve o'clock we were getting very fagged with tramping along in the wet upon such terribly uneven paths, when we entered what looked like a little

grove of banyan and bamboo. There was an inn, the front of which was completely shaded by the dense foliage above and around, standing on the right of an open space among the trees. We entered the house, and found it absolutely devoid of furniture. The large guest-room, of which we straightway took possession, would have comfortably seated a hundred and fifty persons to table in European fashion, but it was quite empty. Even the fixtures seemed to have been dragged away, and a stationary stove was in a ruinous condition. Nor were there any occupants apparently. There was one decrepit beggar, as we thought him, engaged in stirring his opium preparatory to smoking it. We took him for a visitor like ourselves; but he proved to be the tenant and the owner of this large and handsome property. It is certainly one of the finest private inns I have seen, and the guest-room looks out upon a scene of surpassing beauty. From the window opposite the entrance-door one gets a glimpse of the steep wooded hills to right and left. The rocky bed of the river is sixty feet below the window, and the water rushes along quarrelling with the stones. Not a square foot of the ground of the precipitous hill opposite is visible. A dense garment of many shades of green covers it from water's edge to summit. Even on a wet and weary day like this the scene is a dream of loveliness, and perhaps the faint haze of the fine drizzle as it tones down the whole, and the clouds that cover some of the hills, add to the dreaminess and sense of unreality of the whole.

Yet behind us, as we turn, is moral ruin indeed. 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' This poor bundle of rags declines to take any notice of us. He keeps on stirring the vile and mischievous drug that

has brought ruin upon himself and his house. One cannot help speculating about him. Did he have wife and family here? Could he employ ten servants to help him in this business? What was he like when he was a man, and not a wretched heap of rags; full of energy and intelligence, and not an opium-smoker?

You don't know how this horrible vice meets us day by day, how it points the sarcasms and insults levelled at the foreigner, and how it dishonours the name of Christ in disgracing the Christianity we profess as our national faith.

Some well-known authorities have declared that in this province half of the male adults, that is, ten per cent. of the population, are opium-smokers. I believe this to be a very moderate estimate; for though some districts are almost free from the vice, others are being ruined by it. This province did not produce opium in appreciable quantities until about the year. 1870, but now the home-growth seems likely to be fostered everywhere.

Naturally, one does not get many opportunities of witnessing opium-smoking in private houses, but it is very common in the inns, and a great nuisance too, for the smell of the fumes is very vile and sickening. I was in a large inn a few weeks ago, much like a caravanserai. The building was very long, and the sleeping-cabins opened out of the main hall down both sides. I had occasion to go up and down this room or corridor a number of times, and observed elegantly-dressed men in almost every chamber smoking opium. In some of the rooms there were two or three men lying on the beds side by side, smoking. The preachers tell me that in private houses it is now so far a

recognized thing that the opium-pipe is offered to a guest as much as a cup of tea used to be.

Yet everybody knows what a destructive and immoral thing the use of opium is. The defenders of the opium trade (who, by the way, are almost all haters of Christian missions and missionaries) declare that our protest is an unjustifiable 'fad.' I am not careful to answer them. I care only to tell you just what my eyes have seen and my ears have heard from the people themselves. It goes without saying that all missionaries and medical men in China hold our views. But you have to remember also that the native magistrates go through the form of issuing proclamations against it,—that the heathen themselves are forming leagues for opposing the habit and the trade,—that benevolent societies of Confucianists and Buddhists issue and distribute a great deal of literature in condemnation of opium,—and that its use is always included in the list of vices, being mentioned in company with adultery, theft, and murder.

No Chinaman is ever heard to justify the habit, unless he is some dissolute fellow connected with the trade. Nine out of every ten persons addicted to the pipe will tell you that they do wickedly in using the 'Foreign Dirt,' as they call it. So far from its being defended by our friends here in Fuh-kien, they have many sayings and phrases, which will become proverbs and household words, expressing their sense of the enormity of the evil into which they have fallen as into a snare.

Nobody, native or foreign, will have confidence in a man who is known to be seriously addicted to its use. An opium-smoker would find it hard to get employment as a servant, a clerk, or a shopman. Even when

engaging chair-bearers one is obliged to look at them—and shall I say, smell them ?—to calculate whether they *shek-in* (eat smoke). Many men have come upon the roads as bearers of burdens and chairs simply through the ruin brought on them by the opium habit. To hire bearers and then to find them smokers is a great inconvenience, because they need so much rest in order to smoke, and indeed cannot do their work at all unless they have their narcotic at regular intervals. The labourer who smokes regularly must break off work to take his pipe, or no more work will be done. An opium-smoking teacher soon reveals his weakness by gaping and yawning and falling asleep over his book. He must have his pipe to revive him. In our neighbourhood so many 'literary' men are given to the use of the drug that it is difficult to find one who is free from this terrible bondage.

Of course no Protestant Christians are opium-smokers. They would never be received into the Christian Church unless they had given up all connection both with its use and sale. It is one of the things the Chinese Christians complain of,—not because the principle is wrong, but because there are English merchants engaged in the traffic who attend the services at English churches, and are not refused the Lord's Supper. Missionaries have no option but to decline to receive natives into the church until they have given up every form of complicity with this miserable vice. Any other course would be destructive of order and morality in the church. A Christian who becomes a smoker is at once disciplined, and must give up the pipe or give up his membership. Not only the conscience of the church, but the conscience

of the nation, declares the thing to be unjustifiable, mischievous, and immoral.

Dr. Osgood of Foochow, who has come so far on our journey with us, has a special department in his hospital for opium patients. I wish that every person who imagines opium to be a harmless luxury could go in there for an hour or so, and hear from the lips of patients and doctor by what frightful agonies of body and mind these poor victims of the pipe are brought back to health, happiness, and freedom. Having looked on this scene in the hospital, I would then lead our enchanted friends to further disenchantment by conducting them to the nearest opium den, and show them the black and unwholesome *Inferno* which is a sample of the dens in which many hundreds of thousands daily narcotize themselves and waste their substance. Perhaps the two visions might convince them that we missionaries are right after all. No pictorial description can represent the real horror of it in too vivid colours. The thing itself is always worse than our words make it. Happiness destroyed, families scattered, homes ruined, health utterly and hopelessly gone, moral deterioration, lost reputation, and the death and burial of a beggar, is in a vast proportion of cases the regular order of results. The physical effects do not tell so disastrously upon the rich man as upon the poor. Better living in every respect helps the rich to escape many of its evils, but the poor man drains his slender pouch of cash for opium, and then has little or nothing left to pay for his rice. The poor man, consequently, suffers much more than the rich.

Do you wonder that this opium business lies right athwart the path of the missionary? It is the gravest

difficulty he has to contend with, next to the 'fleshly heart' of the 'natural man.' If England were to wash her hands of this thing (I will not say, make some atonement for her crime!) and say, 'Henceforth the British Government in India will have nothing whatever to do with this opium trade, and, seeing that China is producing more than enough to supply the medicinal demand for the drug, no English subject shall be allowed to import any opium into China,' it would be the best day for China, aye, and the best day for the English conscience, morals, influence, and commerce, that we have seen for many years. It will be a blessed day for the England that we love when she can accept the principle she likes to talk about, but refuses to adopt, that 'nothing can be politically wise and safe that is not morally right.' In other words, as our anti-opium friends quote from the Proverbs, that 'righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

Kwai-tswa ('The High Path'), Tuesday, November 7th.

Two more days of climbing hills and of descending apparently into the bowels of the earth have brought us to the highest part of our journey. The weather has been fine, and we have got along happily. In the evening we reached the first village we had seen during the day, though there are a few cottages of farmers and charcoal-burners here and there. It is called 'Water's Mouth,' and the inn, 'The Fountain of Abundance.' That it is not an extensive place may be judged from the fact that the main street is only twenty-four paces long. I counted just forty houses. The inn was little better than a roomy coal-cellar. My chamber (for I had one to myself) was formed by digging out the earth from

the hill-side to make one wall, and a hoarding of wood for the other three sides. Rice was growing in the floor to a height of eighteen inches just against my head. We are far up in the hills, and the nights are very cold.

We have settled one important question that led us on this journey. We had resolved that, if possible, we would decide the limits of the Amoy language in a direction due north of Amoy. We discovered that the frontier line between the languages of Foochow and Amoy is a high range of hills which we crossed yesterday about midday. On the north side we were in a strange land, on the south we were quite at home with the people. This carries the limits of our evangelistic efforts in one language to a point two days' journey further north than we were aware, and expands what is known as the Amoy district to that degree.

In the hoar-frost of this morning we left 'Water's Mouth,' climbed the highest hill on our trip, and reached 'The High Path' at two p.m. We have gone no further because there is not another inn for a good many miles, and the bearers are worn out with climbing, though my friend and I walk almost all day.

The natives of this village say they have seen three foreigners before, but that we are the first who ever spoke to them in their own language. We spent the afternoon in trying to interest little groups of persons in our message, but it seems utterly incomprehensible to them. Dwellers in England do not realize how utterly outside a heathen's imagination the Gospel message is. You need to have the missionary's experience, and to see how hard and unmeaning the heathen's

face becomes when you explain that it is his moral nature and his soul you are trying to benefit. He is too polite to laugh at you, but he thinks you a little worse than crazy when he hears the Gospel for the first time. It recalls Jean Ingelow's lines in *A Story of Doom*, where she speaks of the contempt in Noah's day heaped upon

> 'Those who work for a world (no wages paid
> By a Master hid in light), and sent alone
> To face a laughing multitude, whose eyes
> Are full of damaging pity, that forbears
> To tell the harmless labourer, "Thou art mad!"'

That is the way in which the message from God is still received. 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'

Tek-wha ('Upright and Influential'), November 8th.

The den called 'The Nourishment of Life' at Kwai-tswa did not present sufficient attractions to induce us to stay much after dawn. There was hoar-frost on the ground. Over hill and dale brought us in the afternoon to this city with its self-laudatory name.

It is the most extensive manufactory of china in the Fuh-kien province. The valley is broad, and dotted over a considerable area with very pretty houses, in many cases resembling Swiss châlets. The buildings seem large because there are four houses to the block. Pottery, pottery everywhere, in the fields, in the streets, in the shops. In the open air children are painting the cups. Each artist paints with his own colour, or his own few strokes, whether a leaf, a tree, a man's dress or beard, and passes it over to his neighbour, who in turn applies his brush to paint what is his share in the decoration.

The Episcopal Methodists of America and the Established Church of England both have chapels here. First we visited the Methodists, then went to the 'Ang-li-kan' church. The latter was so much roomier that we asked leave to stay the night. The people were much interested in our arrival, and came in large numbers to hear us speak in their own language. I have seldom received a more courteous and cordial welcome than from these artists in earthenware at Tek-wha.

Eng-chhun ('Everlasting Spring'), November 9th.

The words 'There everlasting spring abides' were not written by Dr. Watts of this city. The room in which I am to sleep has no window. Everything is perfectly black,—floor, roof, walls, bed-boards, mosquito-net, table, chair,—while the next room is a fold for goats, thick with ordure, and the spaces between the boards of the thin partition that separate me from my four-footed fellow-lodgers allow the sounds and scents to pass freely from them to me.

We were coming down-hill a great part of the afternoon, and find the temperature much milder in 'Everlasting Spring.'

'Market-on-top-of-the-Embankment,' November 11th.

At Eng-chhun we dismissed the chair-bearers, who have been with us these last eight days. We engaged them in Foochow on an agreement duly attested by some civic potentate, and they have wandered over hill and dale with us, carrying us when we chose to ride. Now they have to return with the empty chairs; but they intend to travel *viâ* Hing-wha upon the frequented road by which we ourselves went to Foochow. They

have not been of much service, and have grumbled a good deal at the long stages between the rice-shops.

That reminds me of the difficulty one has in travelling inland to find out from the natives of a place what is the approximate distance to the next stage. The information supplied *may* be correct once in ten times. The mistakes made by our informants have been a constant jest with the chair-bearers and all of us. Two incidents in yesterday's journey may be taken as samples of all. I asked an intelligent-looking man, whom we met on the road, whether there were any hills to cross up to the place from which he surely must have come. He replied, 'No, none at all; altogether level.' It proved to be as hard and wearisome a bit of climbing up and down as we have had on the trip. The last hill must have been a descent of upwards of 2500 feet, for we were coming down the greater part of the day; and much of the road was merely a watercourse, stones lying in all directions as they had been hurled by the freshets of ages. Again, yesterday morning, we asked how far it was to a certain place. 'A *pau*,'[1] was the reply. Now, we do a *pau* in an hour; but we plodded on for two hours and a quarter, and then again asked the distance. 'A *pau* and a half' this time. It is almost always so. The Chinese have no exact notions as to either time or space; it is only in money values that they incline to absolute mathematical accuracy. 'A *pau* and a half' has passed with us into a proverb and a jest.

We left 'Eternal Spring' yesterday morning at an early hour, did the rough travelling spoken of above,

[1] A *pau* is commonly translated in English a *league*. There are ten *li* (the Chinese unit of distance) to the *pau*, the *li* being one-third of a mile.

and reached the village of 'River's Mouth' at a quarter past six in the evening. After ten a.m. there was not a rice-shop the whole way. You may imagine in what a state of exhaustion from fatigue and hunger we arrived at our lodging for the night.

This morning we took passage in a boat, and had two hours' run down the rapids. This is a mode of travelling which is always sufficiently exciting in itself; but to-day's trip had the further spice of danger arising from the overcrowded state of the broad, flat-bottomed boat. To earn an extra cash or two, a boatman would not hesitate to trust twenty lives to the special care of what may, in his mind, correspond with Providence. 'There is an appointed fate for all,' would be his pious and philosophical remark, as he saw the water reach to within four inches of the top of the gunwale. We were twenty-seven persons in all, and the remainder of the boat's freight was half a ton of crockery, three sedan-chairs, our baggage, and a considerable quantity of luggage belonging to the Chinese. At the first water-slide we grated ominously on the rocks. At the second we came to a sudden standstill. Fortunately this was a very small incline, or otherwise we should have been spilled upon the rushing water, to find our way to the bank or to the bottom as the 'appointed fate' of each would have it. By the aid of a small boat eight men (say, fifteen hundred-weight of the ship's burden) were put ashore before we slipped off the rock. We were about five miles from our river journey's end at the time this accident occurred, but the fortunate and facetious occupants of the boat mirthfully declined the importunate entreaties of the dislodged fares, who wanted to be taken on board again when we got afloat. A

running fire of jests, threats, and blasphemy was kept up between the Chinese passengers on the river and the would-be passengers as they ran for a mile or so on the paddy fields and towing-path.

We have at last touched the Amoy missionary area once more, after twenty-five days of absence, during which we have seen many strange sights,—had much pleasant intercourse with fellow-Christians, Chinese and foreign,—conversed with great numbers of people about the Christian faith,—made notes of the methods of our Foochow brethren belonging to three missionary societies,—and decided the limits of the Amoy language to the north-east and north. On the third day from now we shall reach home, all being well.

Sunday night, November 12th.

This chapel at Pwa-tau-chhi is a preaching station only of the American Reformed Church. No members have yet been gathered in. We have had crowded audiences three times to-day. Our plan has been to deliver brief and pointed addresses, relieved by the singing of a verse or two of a hymn. No prayer in the presence of such a heathen audience, because the mystery of prayer alarms the timid and superstitious, and the congregation is apt to disperse more rapidly than it can be collected. Many persons seemed to be much interested in a genial and brotherly fashion, not at all in a state of concern for their salvation. Some stopped behind for a chat, and this evening others have been learning the hymns by heart. At such a time we teach them those hymns that are really summaries of Christian doctrine rather than those that express the hopes of the regenerate. In this way our hymnology is a very great help in conveying the knowledge of the truth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### FENG-SHUI: THE BIGGEST OF ALL BUGBEARS.

So far as we have been able to discover, only one short treatise and one magazine article have ever been written in the English language on this most widespread, and perhaps most enthralling, of all the varied superstitions that afflict the human race, and hinder the progress of the Chinese nation in particular. We may be pardoned, therefore, for presuming that our readers know very little about the subject, and shall deal with it in its popular and general aspects and results, and say only a few words about its philosophy.

For the doctrine from which it grows is exceedingly abstruse, like all forms of Chinese philosophy. There is a very considerable native literature to explain its principles and to guide its professors; but if any one wishes to see to what a howling wilderness of erratic dogmatism the human mind can arrive, when speculation usurps the place of science, and theories are reverenced equally with facts, let him endeavour to fathom even the elementary principles of that abyss of insane vagaries, the science of Feng-Shui. Dr. Eitel, in his pamphlet on the subject, calls Feng-Shui 'the terrestrial sister of astrology.' There is little doubt that it is a fungus

growth upon more intelligent systems of superstition, such as astrology and necromancy, and has grown until it has overshadowed those pseudo-sciences from which it sprung. It is difficult to discuss and attack its dogmas *scriatim*, because so few of them are formally stated, and so few 'Feng-Shui doctors' have clearly-defined views on the subject. We can only wait until Christian truths and the gospel of a sound philosophy shall lay the axe at the foot of this deeply-rooted tree of superstition, and level it with all its branches of folly and fear.

The words *Feng* and *Shui* mean wind and water. *Wind* stands for that which cannot be seen, *water* for that which cannot be grasped. Feng-Shui, therefore, indicates a philosophy which the human mind finds it very difficult to comprehend, but is believed by the Chinese to be no less real on that account; and the duplicate word represents, as we shall presently see, the aggregate of the intangible, occult, ill-defined, but all-powerful spirit influences that affect the fortunes and destinies of mankind.

Feng-Shui is always spoken of in connection with graves or funeral ceremonies. A man speaks of the graves of his relatives or ancestors as their Feng-Shui. A grave in a good position, or a piece of land highly suitable for a grave or cemetery, is called 'good Feng-Shui.' To interfere with a grave is to 'disturb the Feng-Shui.'

And this for the following reasons. The theory involves a belief that the world is crowded with malignant powers and influences, which must be regulated and controlled in order that human beings may live in peace. These pernicious influences arise from the irritation of the spirits of the dead at the

discomfort in which they find themselves, if the bodies of the deceased have not been placed in a suitable position; and their equanimity can only be restored and maintained, and their good-will secured, by attention to certain necessary arrangements of the grave in which their mortal remains are deposited. The Chinese have so poor an opinion of the character of the ghosts of their fathers as to believe they will be visited by them with distresses innumerable for sins of neglect of the dead. The unquiet spirit of the King of Denmark burst his cerements and 'revisited the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous,' because of violence done to him as a living man; the perturbed spirits of the Chinese dead, on the other hand, break the sepulchre in which they were 'quietly inurned' because the position of their 'canonized bones' is not favourable to repose. Should a disembodied spirit find himself cut off from light and air, 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' in a locality which renders him ill at ease, it is supposed he will not scruple to take vengeance on his posterity for their inattention by destroying their fortunes and happiness. Nay, so little conscience have these shadows of their former selves, that they will destroy the moral character as well as the good success of their descendants. Morality, as well as worldly prosperity, is mysteriously affected by the tenants of the grave.

To insure oneself against misfortune, then, the graves of relatives and ancestors must be so placed that their occupants shall not only be perfectly satisfied, but overflowing with good-will towards their friends still in the flesh. To find this happy position is the occult, and sometimes (when the practitioner has gained a reputation for skill) lucrative, profession of the doctor of

Feng-Shui. Every site for a grave is chosen by its rules. The standard regulation is that the grave must be upon a hill-side facing the south, and that there be a sheet of water or a plain between it and the horizon. But this rule is so much affected by other circumstances that the exceptions are numberless. None but the profound student who has the key to all the ugly tricks Dame Nature plays on suffering humanity, can see the way perfectly to baffle her, and win prosperity and ease by the fortunate arrangement of a tomb.

In deciding that a southerly aspect is the most favourable for this purpose, the Chinese mind seems to have been influenced by observation of certain facts in the natural world. The gentle zephyrs of the spring blow softly from the south, bestowing life and beauty on the fields and fruit trees; and from the same direction come the health-giving breezes of summer, subduing the scorching heat of the sun, and carrying on their wings the frequent rain-clouds which distil their fertilizing showers on the thirsty soil. But the cutting winds of autumn, the harbingers of decay and death in the fields, and the source of much suffering and sickness to the scantily-clad and poorly-housed denizens of the Flowery Land, who know nothing of the comforts of a social fire-hearth and well-fitting windows—these wintry blasts blow keenly from the north. Moreover, pestilence does not stalk through the crowded towns and villages if the south wind fans them steadily in summer; but if at that season the wind blows fiercely from the north, it is often the herald of a disastrous typhoon, which scatters ruin and death over large areas of the land. The southerly and northerly directions thus become symbolical of prosperous and adverse

influences, and from this it is but a step to the belief that in the spirit world (which to the Chinese mind is the analogue of the material world) there exist similar currents—that from the north bringing every species of ill-luck, and that from the south prosperity.

Fortunately for the human race, it is possible to counteract the mischievous effects of the malignant forces of Nature, by turning aside the unpropitious currents, and by attracting and directing those that breathe only balm and peace. As the present is not a scientific treatise on this astounding delusion, but a popular view of it as witnessed every day, we will simply say that everything in a landscape sharp and abrupt is believed to be hurtful in its tendencies. Jagged lines, broken ridges, all those features that we might poetically phrase as angry, sullen, frowning rocks, or savage scenery,—these clearly threaten disaster. But gently undulating hills, smiling plateaus, smoothly-flowing streams, and mirror-like ponds,—these are hostages of Nature as to her peaceful intentions. Again, long straight lines are greatly dreaded, especially if they converge upon a grave, lest noxious currents should gather force by the directness of their course, and hurry forwards with increased momentum to the work of destruction. The making of roads and railway lines, therefore, could only be attended with fatal results to myriads. To be prosperously inclined, the landscape must have its rough points rounded off, and its roads gently curved.

Our readers are familiar with the pictures of Chinese pagodas, but probably are not aware that the sole object of most of them, and the sole object of every pagoda in many large districts in China, is to nullify

the destructive forces of bad Feng-Shui, or to collect and concentrate the propitious streams of spirit influence on some particular town, stream, or plain. In the neighbourhood of Canton the greater number of the towers that dot the landscape are narrow monuments, of the same diameter from the top of the wall to the foundation, and with a high, pointed roof. These are shaped like a Chinese camel's-hair brush, and are erected to the memory of some eminent scholar. Such pagodas are believed capable of attracting portions of the propitious currents in such a way as to result in an increase of intelligence in the population. But others have a more general purpose. There is hardly a large town but has one or more lofty pagodas in or near it for its protection, and this is called that particular town's Feng-Shui. Thus, close to Amoy there is an island at the entrance to the river which leads to the great city of Changchow, thirty miles distant, on which is a stumpy and dilapidated tower, called 'the Changchow Feng-Shui.' It is supposed that this unsightly pagoda is able to deflect any mischievous spirit-influences which, but for its presence, might stream up the river and overthrow the reputation and commerce of Changchow. The hopes of the inhabitants depend on the stability of that tower thirty miles off; it is a pity it seems likely soon to crumble to dust. Sometimes the faith of the people is placed in objects even more ungainly. On the shore of the island of Kolongsoo (the residence of Europeans at Amoy) is a mass of rock some twenty-five feet high, called one of the 'anchors' of Amoy. The Amoyese believe that when that rock falls the fortunes of the city will fall with it, and as its base has been much worn by the action of the sea, it is abundantly

propped up by large blocks of stone piled at its foot.

The professors of Feng-Shui are always the parties to decide on the site for a pagoda; and similarly, they will sometimes order a wall to be built as a shield or screen to protect a house or public building from malign influences. Of course such a wall shuts off also those currents that are only beneficent; but the owner of the house must take his chance of that. In front of joss-houses and the residences of mandarins a screen is often raised in this way, and upon it figure quaint diagrams, ferocious-looking beasts, and some written characters which bid defiance and breathe eternal hostility to the invisible enemy. A curious instance of this screen-making occurred in connection with one of the London Mission chapels near Amoy, as we have related more at length in another part of this book. A mob had destroyed the building before it was finished, on the pretext that it would disturb their Feng-Shui. Through the efforts of the British Consul the mandarins were compelled to raise the money to rebuild the chapel; but, to prevent any harm being done to the town by its objectionable presence, a wall, on which were painted dragons and tigers, was put up opposite the chapel door, and so the Feng-Shui of the town was preserved.

It will be readily seen that as Feng-Shui has to be regulated, so it can be most unfortunately disturbed, and bring utter ruin to multitudes who have placed houses or graves in the position where the best harvest of good luck may be reaped. The making of a path or building of a house is not, therefore, a matter in which the workman or his employer alone is concerned. Every one who lives within sight of it, and every spirit whose

bones repose in a grave near it, is intensely interested in the questions where and in what style that house or road is going to be made. It will suggest itself at once to the reader that if we ignorant European outsiders were to live where we choose in China, to build as we like, to make roads and railways, to erect telegraph posts, to quarry stone wherever we saw any to our fancy, to delve recklessly into the bowels of the earth for coal, we should, in the opinion of the Chinese, be like 'a maniac scattering dust' and 'a fury slinging flame.' We should put steeples to our churches and tall chimneys to our factories, and in so doing commit the unpardonable crime of upsetting the serenity of the spirit-world. No vengeance would be too dire to execute upon the rash mortal who could disregard the interests of his fellow-creatures in such a manner. No pastime is more dangerous than that of making innovations called improvements, and the collective wrath of multitudes must fall on the man who should attempt it.

The long and harassing troubles of the Episcopal Church Mission in Foochow a few years ago all arose from the fact that the missionaries wished to build an extra dwelling-house on a hill in the town, and the people maintained that their Feng-Shui would be destroyed. The city was nearly ruined in 1876 by a series of catastrophes, a typhoon, two floods which covered the town to a depth of six feet, in one of which the ancient 'Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages' was partly destroyed, and a conflagration which swept away 2000 houses. The whole of these misfortunes were attributed to the fact that the missionaries had in their minds *the intention to build the house!* The opposition

to the line of telegraph from Foochow to Amoy was placed on the same ground, that the Feng-Shui of the whole route would be deflected and thrown into confusion; and the Chinese triumphed; the posts could not be put up. One of the most striking illustrations of this kind of fear which we have ever seen is in Amoy. The whole neighbourhood is a wilderness of granite rocks. Enormous boulders are scattered in every direction on hill and plain. The 'Valley of the Ten Thousand Rocks' at the side of the town led an English sea-captain to say that 'Amoy must have been the last place created, and all the surplus stones were shot there.' Yet the natives rarely cut these rocks, of which it would be a kindness to relieve the fields and hill-sides, but go by sea to the 'Cutstone Village,' three miles distant, where the Feng-Shui doctors have declared it may be quarried with impunity.

Every resident in China has heard of that short-lived child of civilization, the Shanghai railway, but few know that Feng-Shui, professedly at least, had much to do with its being throttled so soon after its birth. In 1875 an American company completed the purchase of land for constructing a line of railway, nine miles in length, from Shanghai to the small town of Woosung, at the mouth of the river on which Shanghai is situated. This was done in contravention of treaty engagements, as the Chinese pleaded, with some show of justice, but the enterprising capitalists had only the ultimate advantage of China in view. It was believed that in a country so vast, where communication even between places near together is difficult, and is only kept up at a wasteful expenditure of human labour, the formation of a short line of railway might prove to be a means of

exciting wealthy native merchants, if not the ruling classes themselves, to endeavour to extend the blessing of easy and rapid travelling throughout the great centres of population. At first it was proposed to present the whole line and plant to the Chinese Government as a gift, but this intention was not carried out, through fear that too many of the mandarins were hostile to its existence. It was thought there would be a better chance of its survival if the Government paid for it, than if they received it gratis. Accordingly, it was sold to the Chinese at a moderate price; but no sooner did they get the line into their own hands than it was destroyed, and the engines and carriages were shipped over to Formosa (with the professed intention of trying the railway scheme in that island), where they long lay half-buried in the sands of the seashore. Almost the whole opposition to it was laid at the door of Feng-Shui, though there is plenty of evidence that other motives were in the background.

Occasionally, Feng-Shui has played into the hands of foreigners to their profit. We have not before us the exact statement of facts with regard to the following story, but it is approximately correct. Some few years ago a German Mission had a station in the centre of Canton province, and a wealthy miller had built himself a very solid and lofty granary in the same place. The mission church prospered but little, for want of space in their miserable hut, and the merchant's business began to fail directly his warehouse was completed, because its Feng-Shui was bad. The granary was offered for sale at a ridiculously low price, since no one would be so rash as to pay a heavy sum for a building in so

unfortunate a position, and to take it down and rebuild it would cost more than it was worth. But the missionaries purchased it at once, occupied the ground floor for a chapel, the first floor as school-room, the second floor as apartments for preacher and chapel-keepers, and the third floor was reserved as accommodation for missionaries on their occasional visits. It is needless to say the church has prospered greatly since, notwithstanding the bad Feng-Shui.

This superstition has developed a very curious custom in China of disinterring the bones of the dead. In every part of the land, but especially in the Fuh-kien province, jars about twenty inches deep are constantly seen grouped under the shadow of a rock. These jars contain bones which have been dug up from the grave because some calamity has befallen the family of the deceased, and in this way proved the Feng-Shui of the grave to be bad. The jars and their contents (disrespectfully called by foreigners 'potted Chinaman,' but by themselves 'yellow gold') remain above ground often for a long course of years, till the professor of Feng-Shui has decided on an unexceptionable site for re-interring them. In the neighbourhood of Shanghai, Ningpo, and many other places, the first interment of a dead body sometimes does not take place for many years after it is ready for burial.

The body is placed in its strong coffin, which then reposes under a shed till such time as the verdict shall be given in favour of a grave of which beyond a doubt the Feng-Shui will prove good. The number of coffins piled in heaps in the open ground in many parts would seem fabulous if it were known.

It is an interesting, though sad, sight to see the

learned geomancer making his investigations. Walking in country places, especially in those parts that have, through these delusions, become in the course of time vast cemeteries, one may often see a small group of men wandering about—now surveying the ground, now gazing at distant points in the landscape, now intently gathered round some little spot of earth, discussing in earnest tones a very serious problem. Be sure there is a professor of Feng-Shui in their midst. In his hand he carries a mysterious-looking instrument, the centre of which is a small compass, and the wide outer rim, painted with fifteen circles, is crowded with written characters, each one of which is the symbol of the various theories and principles that govern the doctrine and practice of Feng-Shui. It is difficult to gather any data by which to judge of the extent to which these men themselves believe in their miserable delusions, or whether they only make profit out of the follies of the populace who are so anxious to be gulled, and it is equally hard to form any opinion as to the degree in which they act upon the written theories of Feng-Shui in assisting their clients to select a tomb. One thing is certain, viz., that they find it much easier to procure repose for the dust of the poor than of the rich. The latter are often kept waiting for years, while abstruse calculations are made and heavy fees charged for every attempt to solve the weighty and mysterious problem.

Naturally, this distressing superstition is a stock subject with Christian preachers in speaking to the heathen. Sometimes the question is argued on scientific grounds, but more often by reference to the discrepancies between its professions and the facts. We remember

on one occasion hearing the whole subject discussed by a very able preacher before a crowded heathen audience, when he related this story. In Amoy there was a Feng-Shui doctor who gave out that he was the most learned and skilful of all his fraternity. Hearing this, the preacher got into conversation with him, and quietly asked him—

'Have you chosen good Feng-Shui for yourself?'

'Oh yes, the very best; I used all the resources of the art in selecting it.'

To put his clever acquaintance off his guard, the preacher diverted the conversation a little, and then said—

'Is yours a lucrative profession?'

'Alas, no; it is scarcely possible to live by it.'

'You do not look strong; is it because of ill health that you are so poor?'

'No, it is not that, though I am often very weak and ill; it is that people will not pay me.'

'Are your honoured parents living yet?'

'No, they left the world many years ago.'

'How many children have you?'

'Alas! I have buried the only three children I have ever had.'

'Why, herein is a strange affair,' said our friend the preacher. 'You declare that you are the most skilful master of Feng-Shui, that you have chosen the very best Feng-Shui for yourself, and that to have good Feng-Shui secures all manner of good fortune, and yet you cannot get a sufficiency of rice, and you are weak in body, and have neither parent nor child!'

There is no idea in the cranium of a Chinaman more difficult to uproot than this absolute faith of his in the

almightiness of Feng-Shui. Argument apparently fails to loosen his hold in the least. He cannot grasp the elementary principles of a sound theory of natural science, for his prejudices are infinitely stronger than his reason. He listens with the courtesy that is part of his very nature; and 'with a smile that is child-like and bland,' he congratulates his opponent on his skill in argument and his extensive knowledge, but retains his old opinions intact. In nothing does he show himself more conservative. And even when grace has reached his heart, and he joins the Church of Christ, he too often clings to the rags of tradition, and tries to amalgamate and reconcile his superstition with his faith. Among many instances of this, one in particular comes to mind. An elderly man at one of the Fuh-kien country chapels was said to be a firm believer in Feng-Shui, although he had made a profession of Christianity for some years. I asked him before the whole congregation whether it was true or not, and he replied, in a deep sepulchral tone of awful solemnity, which raised a laugh even during the service, that 'there must be a great deal in it; a poor man like him could not be expected to fathom it; it was mysterious and profound.' Their faith in Feng-shui is generally the last superstition to be eradicated from the converts to Christianity.

We are glad to hear that a vigorous effort is just now being made by some of the most enlightened of the prominent men in China to introduce the steam-engine and electric telegraph, and to open up its valuable coal-fields. It is estimated that there is just twenty times as much coal in China as in the whole of Europe. Hitherto they have feared to procure the coal, lest they

should disturb and provoke the spirit of the earth. The spectacle has often been witnessed of children by hundreds grubbing up the roots of grass for fuel, and men deforesting the land and turning it into a barren waste, while the coal comes so near the surface at the distance of a few miles that the farmer meets with signs of it as he drives the plough. But they fear to dig, lest they should alter the conformation of the soil and upset the Feng-shui; while even if they dared face such a peril, Feng-shui has already made the transport of the coal next to impossible by preventing the people from constructing roads suitable for carts.

From the above it will be seen how much what we might call the gospel of natural science is needed in China, to assist in clearing away the tangled undergrowth that hinders the feet of the messengers of the Truth. It must be cut down in time, and the time will probably not be long. China cannot hold out many years against the wave of Western thought beating now upon her shores; and when another railway has been made, and telegraph posts have proved the groundlessness of their dismay, and mining operations tempt the Chinese to risk rousing the wrath of the enemy, it will probably be found that this overbearing tyrant of Feng-Shui, which at present has a stronger rule over the people than idolatry, will topple to his fall long before the gods are flung to the moles and to the bats.

## CHAPTER IX.

### SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

THE Chinese are worthy of their renown for reverence for scholars and learning. Education has, during several millenniums, been regarded as necessary to the culture of the best type of manhood. The words of Solomon, 'That the soul be without knowledge is not good,' would be heartily echoed by half the population of that vast empire. The desire for learning has been transmitted from generation to generation, through all the twenty-four centuries since Confucius. In the sayings of the sage and his disciples we trace evidences that in the old time before them also the people of China held knowledge in high repute. When our forefathers were savages in the woods of Britain the Chinese had a considerable literature, and were eminent among their neighbours for learning. About the year A.D. 600 the practice was begun, says the late Dr. S. W. Williams, of conferring literary degrees upon students, and of admitting officials to civil and military rank by means of public examinations. It is true that education in China is no better to-day than ever it was, that the subjects of study have not been changed, nor the standard advanced; but it is equally true, as Dr. Williams

puts it, that the degree of learning in China in the pre-Christian centuries 'was, so far as we know, altogether superior to what obtained among the Jews, Persians, and Syrians of the same period.' It is no less certain that the sages of China, such as pre-eminently Confucius and his disciple Mencius, have obtained a sway over the intellect and morals of the world such as Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and all the philosophers of Greece and Rome have never reached. It may be that the stability of the empire through four millenniums (although it is a country that has frequently been rent by revolution) is chiefly due to the national and social sentiments which Confucius crystallized into speech.

This further tribute must be paid to Chinese learning, viz., that the national literature, the books held in the highest esteem, are all written in a high ethical strain. The literature which forms the groundwork of the thought and life of the people is morally unimpeachable. It has often been charged against our own classical models that they are unfit to be placed in the hands of young persons. But in China no great classic needs to be expurgated. The books in daily use in schools and colleges do not contain a single phrase that could raise a blush, or needs be passed over. To say the least, this is very remarkable. Their neighbours the Hindoos have a sacred literature which is a sink of licentiousness. Many of the standard books of Rome, Greece, and Persia are very unclean. Our own English classics are, in no small measure, chargeable with loose and immoral suggestions. But the crowning honour of the Chinese race is that the books most reverenced are the purest; that their ethics are both wise and just, if not particularly profound; and that the national ideal of

moral conduct taught by these books, and universally accepted, though too commonly ignored, has always been both reasonable and good. As they are the oldest nation in the world, so they have been beyond compare the most moderate, discriminating, and moral. Their literature has trained them in courtesy, temperance, and reverence for private and public virtue. Falling far short though they do of the Christian standard, it must yet be said that they have many virtues that Christians would do well to practise more circumspectly. Nor is it any wonder that they marvel at our missionaries for trying to teach them righteousness. Judging our people and our faith by what is obvious to themselves, they despise us as a people addicted to quarrelsomeness, drunkenness, and licentiousness. But more of this further on.

In writing the above we have, unfortunately, almost exhausted our opportunities for praising the literature and the educational principles of the Chinese. From this point, discussion of these subjects resolves itself into an indictment, if the standard of comparison for learning is bound to be (which we cannot assert) the same as obtains among ourselves.

Let it be at once understood that the terms *education* and *learning* mean something incomparably higher in the West than they do in the East, a remark equally true of such words as worship, reverence, truth, purity, and filial piety. Christianity has christianized these words. In a heathen country they stand for little more than what is customary, respectable, and ethical. There is in truth no common ground on which we can base a comparison between Western and Chinese learning. If the question is asked, 'Are the Chinese an educated people?' no

answer is sufficient that does not expound what is to be understood by the term *education* in China.

One of the commonest delusions in regard to China is that all the people can read, a remark that is often heard and read in connection with missionary matters. A few years ago a member of the House of Commons, speaking on common school education, said, 'We shall have to go to China to learn how to educate the masses of our own population.' Concerning which all that need be said is that honourable members are not to be looked upon always as models of accuracy or masters of discrimination.

There is no possible method of deciding even approximately what is the number of persons able to read. But during the last few years something like a general agreement has been arrived at among persons who have carefully studied the question. Only a few writers and speakers here and there continue to use the language of exaggeration about it. Moderate and careful statements place the readers in China at something like one-tenth of the estimate of forty years ago. Even so learned a writer as Medhurst says, 'The number of individuals acquainted with letters in China is amazingly great. One half of the male population are able to read, while some "mount the cloudy ladder" of literary fame, and far exceed their companions.' This was, doubtless, the opinion generally held by foreigners in China at the time Dr. Medhurst wrote; and it is true still, if the phrase 'acquainted with letters' might be taken literally. There is scarcely an adult male but can pick out a few characters here and there in a proclamation posted on the wall; but, in the Chinese language, to know a few characters does not assist one in the least

to understand the meaning of others. Multitudes can read the characters, so as to know the names of hundreds of them, without being able to read a book, so as to make out the sense of it. There is also an exceedingly numerous class of men who can read one book, but not another.

It will be understood that, in presenting the following considerations as to the number of readers, the writer is not depreciating in any degree the mental ability of the Chinese. The aggregate number is enormous, and presents a magnificent fund of material for the Bible Society and Religious Tract Society to work upon; but we ought to get rid as soon as possible of the fond delusion that readers of books are numbered not merely by tens of millions, but by hundreds of millions. Suppose the population of the whole empire to be 400,000,000. It has to be remembered, first of all, that of these one half are women; that in the whole of the south there are no girls' schools, and in the north the number of females who can read the simple 'Mandarin dialect,' while large in the aggregate, is small compared with the population. Let us fix on a liberal figure for these ladies, and say there are 10,000,000, so as to throw the balance in favour of the readers. Our number is now 210,000,000, of whom 10,000,000 are females. But half of the males of every country are less than twelve years of age, and since the boy must be a genius who could read even a simple book at sight in less than ten years of study on Chinese methods, we must halve our 200,000,000 of males. From the remaining 100,000,000 of adults, males and youths, we must deduct that large class of men who have never been to school at all,—such as the major part of the fishermen, boatmen, agricultural labourers, unskilled artizans,

chair-bearers, baggage-men, wood-cutters, and beggars (many millions of the last), who form at least one half the total male population, old and young. We are left, on our liberal way of calculating, with 50,000,000 of males to account for; and it is here that the element of uncertainty comes in and the abundant room for difference of opinion. They belong to so many grades of attainment. There is an immense class of men who knew a good deal of the character in their younger days, but who, in a country without newspapers and magazines, and the ordinary kinds of mental stimulus that obtain among ourselves, have grown very rusty in it. It is, let us say, extremely easy to forget the arbitrary and unalphabetical hieroglyphics that form the written medium of the language. Another considerable class consists of those who, through pressure of business, infirmity, and above all, short-sightedness, have for many years lost the art of reading. Is 20,000,000 too high a figure for these men who are too busy, too indolent, or too feeble to read? If not, we have now 30,000,000 of males to deal with. Now, all who know the Chinaman are aware that he is in the habit of saying 'Yes' to the question, 'Do you know the character?' The coolie class will perhaps reply, 'How should such a man as I know anything of it? My father had no cash to spare to send me to school. To me the art is very profound and mysterious.' But great numbers call themselves 'know-the-character-men,' whose learning will not bear investigation. They know the characters they require in their business; it may be a hundred or a thousand. They can often read and write business letters, but they cannot read even a simple book at sight. The same is true of many who

are called the learned. I have seen a 'teacher' in a state of bewilderment at meeting with a few characters he had not seen before. When I expressed to one of these men my surprise that he could not read a pamphlet which I had fairly well understood myself, he replied, 'How should I? I have never seen the book before!' One of the most amusing sights of the kind I ever witnessed was the attempt of a graduate of the first degree to make sense of the third chapter of John. He gave it up at last with an impatient shout, and evidently not because of the doctrine. Place the women readers of the north at 10,000,000 if you will, and the men readers of the whole empire at several tens of millions if you think it safe; the number, though enormous in the aggregate, and presenting so fine a field for the dissemination of religious truth, is still small in comparison with the mass of the population. In the cities there are of course more readers than in country districts, and some provinces are very far in advance of others. Missionaries have sometimes tried to make a careful average estimate. Some years ago the mission doctors at Ningpo examined the literary abilities of every patient who came to their hospital, and decided that in the city itself only about five per cent. of the men could read a little. That percentage would have to be lowered for the villages. In the northerly provinces, where the Mandarin language is read and spoken, the proportion of readers is larger than in the south, where the dialects and languages are so numerous, and the written language coincides so little with the market tongues. The most deplorably ignorant province is Fuh-kien. Intelligent and judicious colporteurs in that province have assured the writer

that only one or two per cent. of the men can read with sufficient intelligence to allow of the hope that, if they receive the Scriptures, their own eyes could convey the meaning to their minds and hearts.

It is not difficult to trace the mistaken notions current in England to their true source. The facts concerning Chinese education are remarkable enough to account for them. Every town and almost every village has its schools. The door to official promotion is in the examination hall. Degrees are conferred upon successful students. So greatly are these degrees coveted that the unsuccessful will try for several tens of years to thread their way through the maze that leads to success. The most notable men of a neighbourhood are not the wealthy, but the learned. The school-masters form a distinct portion of the aristocracy of the land. Monuments and tablets are erected to the memory of celebrated writers. And, beyond all these things, the immense bulk of their literature, however poor may be the quality of it, will explain how a partial and cursory glance at the question of Chinese education has led to an exaggerated estimate of the general culture of the people. Even if a new-comer had never heard of the honour which the Chinese accord to a knowledge of reading and writing, he could not help soon becoming conscious of it. He observes writing in all directions—shop signs, ornamental inscriptions, placards, proclamations. He may perchance happen to stroll through a street almost entirely consisting of book-shops, like the Paternoster Row of Canton. Such a sight impresses him the more because of his ignorance of the fact that not in one village in a thousand is there a book to be bought; nor does he know that it is still

a country without newspapers, except along the coast. Now and again in his walk through the city he hears the loud chatter of a score of lads reading their lessons in school. It may be the time of the provincial examinations for the Civil Service, and the town is thronged with young and middle-aged men, who are ready to enter the vast hall or court where the examinations are held. All these things are most suggestive. But what perhaps impresses most powerfully the untutored observer is the respect which he finds is paid by all to the written character. Small shrines are erected at the corners of many streets, forming furnaces into which the devout throw every scrap of written paper, whether written by hand, printed, or stamped, every piece of a torn book, their old letters, and shreds that contain the price-marks of goods. So sacred a thing is the character reckoned to be that slips of paper are pasted on the walls, calling on the populace to 'reverence lettered paper.' Baskets are carried round to the shops by persons hired for the purpose to collect these odds and ends with writing on them. The benevolent and pious well-to-do people put themselves to the trouble and expense of hiring these collectors of waste-paper, under the belief that the unwary and irreligious multitude would bring upon themselves blindness and disease in this life, and the heaviest penalties of hell in the next, by using lettered paper to kindle fires, or by sweeping it up with the dirt and rubbish of the house or street.[1] Our new arrival

[1] In Foochow, in 1875, an official proclamation was posted on the walls of the city, signed by the literary chief of the local prefectural examinations, calling attention to the prevailing 'disrespect exhibited towards the written character by shopkeepers, who, in shameless disregard of propriety and ancient usage, have the audacity to print words

is informed that these characters are honoured with the names of 'the eyes of the sages,' and that the art of writing is poetically called 'treading in the footsteps of holy men.' And to crown all this array of illustration of the supposed learning of the people, he is told that to pass an examination is to rise several grades in social standing; that such a scholar confers distinction upon the district in which he dwells, as well as upon himself; that a new and resounding title is given to him; and that not respect and influence only, but the path to wealth also in many cases, is open to a man who succeeds in the endeavour to join this literary aristocracy. Who can wonder that such facts, curious and superstitious as many of them are, lead to the conviction that the Chinese are an eminently literary people?

Let us examine this educational system from its foundation.

We enter a boys' school, and find from fifteen to twenty-five lads eight to sixteen years of age seated upon bamboo stools at tiny tables. On each table is a slab of stone, a stick of Indian-ink, and the writing brushes. Some are copying characters in little yellow books; others are reading their lessons. These latter shout their very loudest, instead of speaking in quiet tones. The schoolmaster is satisfied with them so long as they are making a noise. In ringing treble, their faces up-turned and the veins of their necks distended,

upon the papers and wrappers used in the ordinary course of business, the character being thus often torn and soiled with dirt in a way that excites one's strongest indignation;' and, to avoid this criminal act of writing upon their parcels and goods, merchants were exhorted 'to use rings and signs and figures of birds, fish, insects, and flowers on their goods and packages, thus causing many benefits to accrue to public morality.'

these shaven-headed, blue-robed little Celestials repeat the lessons prescribed by the Board of Education a millennuim or two ago, raising such a din that the whole neighbourhood can hear, and the passer-by is advertised of the existence of the school.

On entering the school-room in the morning the boys first bow to the tablets of Confucius and the God of Letters. Then they turn to their teacher and do the same. A stick of incense is then placed in front of the tablets, and the business of the day begins.

The schoolmasters are not a prepossessing race of men, if the writer's experience of them is a safe criterion. A dirtier, greasier, slovenlier set of men are not to be seen. Perhaps the sedentary and uninspiring tasks make them careless in their habits, and lead them to much smoking of tobacco. It has also to be remembered that the schoolmasters generally are the class of 'scholars' who have not succeeded hitherto in obtaining a degree. There are no schools supported by the Government, nor is there anywhere a local tax levied to provide education for those who cannot afford to pay for the instruction of their children. It would be difficult to find a building which had been specially erected as a school-house. A needy 'literate' hires a dwelling with a large room, and gets as many pupils as he can. The school hours are from sunrise to ten in the forenoon, and from eleven to sundown. The boys begin their course of study by reading the names of the characters. This they continue to do for several years, not being taught the meaning of them until they have arrived at an age when they are believed to be capable of understanding such explanations. Their little heads become

mere memory-boxes for certain signs and sounds, but no intelligent ideas at all are connected with them. They also learn by rote certain small primers which are the universal standard readers, called the Four Books of Confucius and the Five Ancient Classics. Throughout their whole course nothing else whatever is taught than reading and writing, and committing to memory these little books known to every Chinaman. Such studies as geography, arithmetic, history, natural science, and foreign languages are not so much as thought of. It would greatly surprise one of these learned teachers to tell him that these subjects were essentials of a liberal education. It is not fair to judge the whole class by such specimens as we have met; but our experience must have been very unfortunate, or else the schoolmasters are a very dull and benighted race. Their incapacity to discriminate upon the plainest subject that is out of the groove of their education is ludicrous almost to the point of irritation. No question is too childish for a schoolmaster to ask, and no absurdity too gross to be believed. Visiting one of these gentry in the house of a wealthy merchant, he leered at me blankly for some five minutes, and then asked, 'Can your ships sail to the moon?' I thought I must have misunderstood him; but he was anxious I should not credit him with too much sense, and pressed the question. The impossibility of a ship sailing in the air had to be explained to him as to a child of three years of age.

Such a schoolmaster earns a very poor living unless he can get twenty pupils who pay regularly and well. In Fuh-kien the fee is half a dollar a month for each pupil,—say, from fourpence to fivepence a week. Taking

the difference in the value of money into account, we might call it about three shillings a week for a boy's education,—a fact which will reveal very clearly how much China needs to adopt our public school system of inexpensive education. In the country districts a fee of less than half a dollar is the rule, but in this case the parents of the pupils are expected to send to the master presents of eatables with some degree of regularity.

The system of education in the colleges does not appear to much better advantage. There is a change only in the names of the books, little or none in the quality of them. Nor is the education of the student in our sense of the term advanced in a degree at all proportionate to the immense labour and perseverance with which these studies are pursued. Among ourselves there are multitudes of men and women who are profound students simply for the love of learning. We call them hard readers, or book-worms, or consumers of the midnight oil. They love to add to their stores of knowledge. The scientist, or philologist, or theologian studies for the sake of doing so, and for love of learning. But it would be hard to find such a person in China. There, literature is pursued almost solely as a means of gain, to secure an honourable position in society, or advancement in office and wealth. Originality of thought is not cultivated, nor desired. To strike out for one self a new path, whether in thought or expression, would be to insure failure. Almost the only mental faculty trained to study is that of memory. A theme is given by the examining board, and an essay must be written upon it conforming closely to the style which has been regarded for ages as the standard. The classics must be quoted liberally and with absolute

precision. The candidate most likely to be 'placed' is the one whose memory recalls most readily classic phrases bearing on the subject given. It scarcely needs be pointed out how ludicrously short such a system falls of what we mean by education. In as far as the ethics of Confucius and his greater pupil Mencius guide the understanding, and afford a basis for sound judgment, these students may be said to be educated. Nor will we forget to credit them with a well-trained memory. But of what expands the mind, and leads it into undiscovered paths, there is almost nothing. Let it be remembered that there are not different kinds or grades of training and examination for those who intend to pursue law, medicine, or a military career. For all there is nothing but these everlasting and wearisome classics. To be able to write a stilted essay and prosy rhymes is considered sufficient proof of fitness to embark in any undertaking. In the highest examinations the history of China has a place; but general history, geography, mathematics, philosophy, sciences, and languages would be thought utterly unworthy of the halls of learning.

To Europeans whose notions of liberal culture cover a considerable range of study which cannot be in itself a means of direct pecuniary profit or a source of fame, it is impossible to fathom the profound ignorance of the average Chinese graduate. If he is asked whether he knows where England, France, Russia, and America are, he replies, 'What advantage would it be? I am not intending to travel.' The same sort of answer is given to the question, Would he like to know a foreign language? 'No, I do not see how I could earn any money by it.' His world is the land of his birth, and

less than that,—it is the narrow circle in which he expects to pass his days.

Yet there are foreigners of talent, and whose position and culture give their opinions a claim to our respect, who sometimes indulge in a laudatory style of criticism of Chinese learning. As we write, there comes to hand a newspaper with the report of a speech by a gentleman with a university degree. He says, 'The Chinese have for many years had a most elaborate system of universities. There are one hundred thousand men who have taken a degree equal to any degree in England. There are smaller university towns at which the degree equivalent to the London B.A. may be taken. A candidate, after passing this examination, may proceed to the capital of his province to compete for the second degree, which may be compared to the English M.A.' There is no need to quote on the other side the statements of some of the most learned English and German scholars, who have pointed out the fatuity of such assertions. The author of the above-quoted words himself suggests that there must be something fatally amiss in the system of graduation by proceeding to add, 'I had a station in one of these higher towns, where every third year four thousand eight hundred men came up for examination. Of these four thousand eight hundred only seventy-five could possibly take the degree, *because the Government granted no more*, so that a successful competitor gains a very high honour.' We may put side by side with that statement the words of Dr. Medhurst, written at a date when such opinions were perfectly excusable: 'Wealth, patronage, friends, or favour are of no avail in procuring advancement; while talent, merit, diligence, and perseverance, even in

the poorest and humblest individual, are almost sure of their appropriate reward. This is their principle, and their practice does not much vary from it. They have a proverb that, "while royalty is hereditary, office is not," and the plan adopted at the public examinations is an illustration of it.' Both in the matter forming the subject of examination, and the manner of conferring degrees, they differ so much from our own universities that it is vain to institute comparisons. Let them have all due honour, and a large measure of it, for the respect in which they hold learning, and the zeal with which they pursue it; but for the credit of European scholarship, and for dread of ridiculous inaccuracy, let reference to these Chinese degrees as equivalents of our B.A., M.A., LL.D., and F.R.S. be for ever avoided.[1]

Mr. G. W. Cooke in his interesting correspondence, published at the time of the last war with China, reported many conversations with the Viceroy Yeh, and among the rest, his statements as to the preparation he had made for his position. He had taken the four degrees. His last distinction was so great that he stood second on the list at the highest examination. From the lengthy dialogue printed in the *Times* at that date, and afterwards published in a volume, we cull a few of the correspondent's queries, and the replies of this distinguished graduate but gigantic murderer, who died of surfeit, dirt, and laziness.

[1] It may be interesting to some to read the names of the four literary degrees. They are *Siu-tsai*, or 'flowering talent,' because of the promise held out of the future success of the scholar; *Ku-jin*, or 'promoted men'; *Tsin-sze*, or 'advanced doctors'; and *Han-lin*, which is rather an office than a degree, for those who attain it are enrolled as members of the Imperial Academy, and receive salaries. (Dr. Williams, *Middle Kingdom.*)

'Your Excellency was judge of Yunnan: did you ever study Chinese law?'—'Never.'

'Did you never read the Chinese code?'—'No.'

'May I believe that a man who understands the Four Books and the Five Classics is thereby, and without any further study, fitted for every public office in China?'—'From the very commencement of the Chinese Empire it has been the custom to depend entirely on the Four Books.'

'Can your Excellency speak or read Mantchu?'—'No.'

'Nor the Cantonese dialect?'—'No.'

'In seeking civil employ, must you not know something of practical matters, such as how to restrain rivers within their channels?'—'No; we are only expected to speak of the true doctrine.'

'Are you not required to be acquainted with natural history, or trade, or relations with foreign countries?'—'No' (emphatically); 'we are only expected to speak of the true doctrine.'

And so on to any length.

With such a system of education it can be no matter of surprise that the graduates in China appear to be the most ignorant, foolish, and impracticable class of the people. Among the coolie and shop-keeping class one meets with most intelligent and thoughtful men; but the aristocracy of 'learning' in general seem incapable of receiving a new idea. From the very beginning of their studies their range of thought has been cramped by the method pursued. Their point of view in regard to the blessings of education differs absolutely from ours. Their idea is that man needs to be kept from going wrong; ours that man needs to be

led into the way of right. Repression, therefore, rather than expansion, is the tendency and result of education. As Papuan mothers put the heads of their babes into a frame to flatten them according to Papuan notions of good looks, so the minds of Chinese students are crushed into a mould which is regarded as the very type and acme of all that is mentally and morally elegant, with the natural result that mediocrity is secured as well as uniformity. Originality is the last gift a master desires for his pupil, and genius means, not native vigour of thought, but an unusual gift for being like everybody else. In the Fa-ti nursery grounds near to Canton there are some very odd-looking shrubs. The gardeners have clipped them to the shape of various figures, such as a mandarin with flowing robes, a stag, a water buffalo, an Englishman with swallow-tail coat, high hat, and walking-stick. Every twig that threatens to grow according to its own nature is ruthlessly snipped off, in order that the whole form of the bush may be contrary to nature. Under such a figure we may illustrate the tendency of Chinese methods of instruction to destroy true culture and to repress the natural expansion of the mind.

The curious plan of conferring degrees must also be adverted to. The ceremonial is most elaborate and stately, worthy of a people who regard the possession of learning with such respect. But the proportion of those who pass the examinations is absurdly small. In the Literary Hall of Canton there are upwards of 10,000 cells for the candidates, and they are filled at every examination; but only two or three hundred are allowed to pass. Of the vast number who present themselves year after year, the larger part have been up before,

many years in succession. A teacher of mine who twice presented himself unsuccessfully while in my employ told me that most of the candidates had been trying to pass as long as he could remember. Cases have been known in which grandfather, father, and son have come up to the hall at the same time, the two elder men having been doggedly pursuing their academical career from their youth. To be 'ploughed' only because the Government refuses to grant more than a certain number of degrees is enough to bring furrows to the most stoical brow. Such unfortunates usually earn their living as schoolmasters, or by doing pettifogging law cases about the courts, or as clerks, doctors, letter-writers, and fortune-tellers.

The difficulty of graduating in the recognized and legitimate way has opened the door to a vast system of official corruption. It is believed that as many degrees are purchased with bribes as are won by talent. Nothing is easier than for a man with sufficient coin to 'purchase to himself a good degree.' To the honour of the Chinaman be it said that the public mind holds such fictitious degrees in supreme contempt; but the fact that the possession of the literary degree gives a touch of refinement to the social standing of the wealthy man, such as he could never win solely by his riches, has made the practice of procuring them by bribery only too common.

He would be a bold prophet who should dare to foretell anything that will happen in China during the next twenty-five years. But great and sweeping changes will certainly come, affecting the whole political and social system. There is abundant reason, from their point of view, for the conservatism of those native

politicians who have resisted the introduction of everything foreign. They dread the steam-engine and the electric telegraph because they fear quick communication. They are perfectly aware of the superiority of Western enlightenment, but they are as alarmed at the prospect of European ideas spreading among the people as ever Roman priest was at his flock reading the Bible. The present system of government must break up. Internal disintegration will not do it, for there is a marvellous cohesiveness of national life in the present ignorant state of the masses. But contact with the West will lead to revolution, sooner or later. The shrewd politicians of China have foreseen that it is inevitable, as every one who knows China can foresee it. They are not as foolish as they sometimes appear to be.

In their modes of school and college training changes must also set in rapidly. Great numbers of Chinese youths are being trained in America and Germany. More still are passing through the colleges presided over by foreigners in Hong-kong, Canton, Shanghai, and Peking. Every year hundreds of men leave these institutions as English scholars. These native gentlemen, who know our language intimately, and a good deal of our literature, are destined to displace the dullards who worked their way into office through the old doors. To be an English-speaker is to have a source of income and to be on the road to power. It is impossible that men whose minds are steeped in Western thought can continue to rule China on the same narrow lines as those which have been orthodox during four millenniums. It needs only that a few prominent positions be held by men who never entered a native examination-hall in order to shake these

ancient seats of learning to their foundation. Foreign ideas have begun to pour into the land, and the torrent will soon become a flood. Daily newspapers edited by natives circulate along the coast by hundreds of thousands, issuing chiefly from Hong-kong and Shanghai. Missionary periodicals, weekly and monthly, pour forth tens of thousands more. Scientific institutions of various kinds are springing up under European management. Arsenals and shipping companies, wholly in the hands of natives, are accomplished facts. The Government are so far aware of the necessity of recognizing this tendency towards European methods that, though they do not try to keep pace with the times, they know the fates will not allow them to be as far in the rear as they could wish. A considerable English literature on every branch of science, as well as many hundreds of theological and religious books, have been translated. The Government have even secured the services of a staff of gentlemen to act as official translators of standard scientific and other works. The broad end of the wedge is rapidly following the thin end. Hindered this process will be by the hatred of the literary class for everything foreign; hampered it must be by the cumbrous written character, so utterly unsuited to express new ideas. But these restraining influences will only tend providentially to prevent the revolution in the national thought from being dangerously rapid. In the end, and before very long, this wonderful people, so shrewd and so anxious to be wise, will prefer that which is true and good, though new and foreign, to that which is meagre and inaccurate, though consecrated by ancestral usage and national approval.

## CHAPTER X.

### A BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

THE monastery of the Bubbling Well on Kushan, or Drum Mountain, six miles south-east of Foochow, stands 1700 feet up the hill-side, and a craggy peak towers yet another 1000 feet above it.

By the kindness of our missionary brethren we were provided with a comfortable boat, in which we rowed and floated with the tide for about five miles to the foot of Kushan. The ascent begins not very far from the landing-place. The road consists almost entirely of stone steps in good repair, each stone being eight feet long. The steps wind round several bluffs. There are a good many trees overhanging the path, but at clear points splendid views are obtained of the great valley of the Min, in the direction of Foochow. Four archways divide the hour's ascent into easy stages, and provide places of rest for the weary climber. Each of these is a rough kind of temple supplied with gods in a poor state of repair. Exposure to the weather tries the constitutions of these depressed-looking and obese deities, whose noses and toes and other protuberances are apt to show unmistakable signs of decay. Sacrilegious Englishmen and Americans have of course

defaced the walls of these alcoves with their names and sketches; but as the Chinese do the same to an unlimited extent, no Chinaman probably has thought it showed much lack of propriety on the part of the foreigner.

While we are resting for a few moments before completing the last part of the ascent, we may say a word or two in regard to these Buddhist monks. Several of them are persons who have run away from their family obligations, so our guide tells us. One has taken the sacred vows to save himself from the last penalty of the law. Most of them, however, have either been devoted by their parents to the monastic life when mere children, or they have been purchased as boys by the fraternity to complete their number. Priests trained in these institutions can claim the gratuitous hospitality of Buddhist monasteries in all parts of the kingdom, provided they present a certificate of membership signed by the abbot of the monastery to which they belong. Most of these places own some land (this one is particularly wealthy), but where the property is not large the monks make up the deficiency in their income by begging of visitors, who go in considerable numbers in fine weather, or they wander in the streets begging at the shop doors. This style of 'making a collection' of course goes by the title of receiving voluntary contributions from the pious; but you have only to watch one of these unwholesome brethren thrusting himself upon the attention of a shopkeeper, and refusing to accede to the polite request that he will leave clear the space he occupies, while he strikes a little globe of brass with a stick, to understand that such a method is voluntaryism with a difference.

Sometimes a company of a score or more will invade a ward of a town, and 'do' it thoroughly for a day, one of the solemn and pious brethren beating a gong at every pace to draw attention to themselves, while a few of their servants follow them to gather up the gifts of rice, oil, and cash which the bountiful feel inclined to bestow. The priests give up all the relationships of social life. That they are celibates does not so much contravene the notions of the Chinese, nor arouse their dislike. But the fact that their vow compels them also to neglect their parents fills the follower of Confucius with disgust. The name by which they are respectfully, though obliquely, referred to, 'Forsaken-the-family' (*chek-ke*), expresses this dislike in moderate terms, and the deeper feeling of contempt thrusts itself into notice in a stronger term, 'Bald-headed asses,' which is almost as common. Though much despised, the superstitious seek their aid frequently in household religious ceremonies. In the monastery they spend much of their time in reciting the sacred books of the Buddhist faith, which, though written in Chinese, are not understood either by priests or people. The sounds of the original Sanscrit as it came from India in the year that the Apostle Paul was travelling in bonds to Rome are represented by Chinese characters, but the meaning of the sounds has been completely lost in the ages that have elapsed since Buddhism was driven out of India to find a refuge further east.

The immediate approach to the monastery is by a wide and well-kept road densely shaded by large trees. To a European, the general appearance of the building from the road, or from the cliffs around it, is not prepossessing. It resembles the granaries, stables, and

sheds of a model farm more than anything else. But its situation in this deep dell, with the sides of the hill rising sheer from its outer walls, the mass of the mountain for a background, and the descending hill in front to the valley nearly 2000 feet below, is one that it would be difficult to match for beauty. Truly these monkish recluses had an eye for the beautiful as well as for their own comfort. About a square acre and a half is covered with buildings, the various shrines and halls being placed compactly along the four sides, while the large temples and the refectory occupy the central space.

The entrance is by a wide wooden archway, on each side of which stand a pair of hideous figures known as 'Buddha's door-keepers.' Opposite the gate, and in the centre of the large square, are two temples, among the handsomest (as Chinese taste goes) and most complete of Buddhist buildings in all China. The smaller temples and shrines opening from the surrounding cloisters are very numerous, and are dedicated to all the more important spirits in the Buddhist Pantheon. Of these the highest place is given to the local deities who shed down prosperity on the city of Foochow.

One may remark, in passing, that either the faculties of the gods are growing rusty, or they have been in a spiteful mood of late, for in the course of the fifteen months before we gazed upon them there had been in Foochow two disastrous floods, in which the loss of life and destruction of property were incalculable, and one of which carried away a large part of that great engineering work, the 'Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages,' which spans the Min; also two extensive conflagrations, destroying several thousand houses; a typhoon, and the

cholera. This list of calamities shows that the governmental arrangements of said local deities need reorganizing very badly. But there they sit, poor things, apparently perfectly satisfied with themselves; and there come the still more pitiable priests and people, who regard the 'images good for nothing, the work of an ancient hand,' as the tutelary deities that defend the million-peopled city from disaster.

Among the various rooms that surround these large halls for worship are kitchens and store-rooms, which are worth seeing, because of the elaborate scale on which it is necessary to prepare rice and vegetables for the daily sustenance of upwards of two hundred vegetarians; a printing-room for the production of Buddhist books, in which with much labour the small number of *one hundred pages a day* are struck off from the rudely-cut wooden blocks; a reception hall 'for distinguished guests'; the abbot's private rooms and reception room, all appropriately dingy and dirty; bath-rooms, very foul, and in almost total darkness, for the compulsory ablution of the monks at least once in five days (and very much some of them seemed to need it); the 'Hall of Law,' where the precepts of Buddha are taught to neophytes; the 'Hall of Contemplation,' to which these worthies retire to think themselves, by the negation of thought, into eternal intellectuality: and the library and 'Hall of the Five Hundred Honourables.'

In the 'Hall of Contemplation' our guide, who goes by the name of 'Attend-guests,' with much dumb-show to call our serious attention to what he was going to do, drew aside a curtain of cloth which had once been blue, and revealed to us a monk on a dais, kneeling on a low stool, and sitting on his heels. 'This,' said

Mr. Attend-guests, 'is a peculiarly holy man;' though I could not help thinking there was a peculiarly facetious expression about our obliging friend's face as he made the remark. The monk was 'contemplating,' and had been in that attitude for three weeks, a little food being handed to him now and then.

There is another shrine that deserves a paragraph to itself. It was one of the most gaudily decorated in the monastery. Under a glass shade was what seemed to be a good-sized section of an elephant's tusk, but we were gravely assured that it was one of Buddha's teeth. We remarked that if Buddha had a tooth as large as that, he himself must have been of gigantic stature; to which the guide replied, 'Great, great, extremely great.' That it is really true that these degenerate Buddhists believe their founder to have been so big, there is no doubt, for they will show you the print of his foot. In Canton I reckoned the foot-print in the granite rock shown me as the mark of Buddha's footstep to be twelve feet long, and proportionably broad. It is difficult to conceive of the state of degradation into which Buddhism has sunk when it lays such emphasis upon the mere physical bigness of the chief prophet of its faith. In many parts of China there are temples and shrines built over the relics of Buddha, and in some cases there is nothing more of him to show than a single hair.

Perhaps the most grotesquely-interesting sight of all is a quantity of live stock. In one corner of the monastery are styes and pens for the preservation, till their happy release from the burden of life, of an astounding number of decrepit beasts—pigs, goats, and fowls being in the majority. These are the offerings

of the faithful, who hope to purchase and secure everlasting happiness, or at least escape from everlasting perdition, by the act of rescuing the animals from the hands of the unhallowed mortals who destroy life and grieve the soul of Buddha. Let no one say he has seen the most ancient of those venerable chickens, the mere aspect of which takes off the edge of appetite, until he has visited Kushan, and looked upon these dishevelled birds whose eyelids have long since grown together, leaving them in darkness, and whose very feet are covered with feathers an inch in length. In this weird menagerie, too, may be seen goats with hair trailing upon the ground, and pigs with their four limbs stretched out at right angles to their body, not through weight of fat by any means, but simply through weight of years. Here the moral philosopher may learn what a gift for torture some men exhibit in what they are pleased to call their mercy. Surely such melancholy mute appeals from dumb animals to a sympathizing spectator are to be seen nowhere else. The kindest hand that could be introduced into these styes would be that of a butcher. It is a temptation to risk one's immortality in a Buddhistic Nirvana for the sake of putting an end to such an accumulation of misery. Death appears no longer a curse, but a blessing, after seeing in the survival of these unhappy quadrupeds and fowls the sorrows and the pains of age.

A similar sight, but without its ghastly features, meets one in the court opposite the central temple. Here are fish-ponds in which are multitudes of fish, and some of them apparently of great size. They look like gigantic perch as they struggle for the biscuit which we throw to them. Puffing and panting, gasping

aloud, like a cow coughing as she chews the cud, they writhe over the surface a slimy, tortuous mass. These fish also are preserved out of devotion to Buddha.

But we must now relate a good story told by one of our number who had been here before. He said that on his former visit he got into an argument with Mr. Attend-guests on the subject of the wickedness of taking animal life. 'But, Tai-kek,' said my friend, 'would you not kill a flea or a mosquito?' 'Neither a flea, nor a mosquito, nor—' and here he mentioned a list of the most prominent parasites upon the human subject in China,—'that,' he added, 'would be to imperil my soul.' Later in the day my friend came upon Tai-kek endeavouring to drown his bedding in the fish-pond by putting brick-bats upon it, and of course doing it with intentions which were self-evident. 'Why, Tai-kek,' said our missionary brother, 'what are you doing there? You said you would not destroy even a flea.' 'Nor am I,' said Tai-kek; 'they can swim; if the fish choose to destroy them, that is their affair!'

Above the roof of one of the shrines is an immense bronze bell, which is struck at regular intervals. In another chapter I have attempted to explain the purpose of the wave of sound that it produces, and to show its relation to the whole theory of Feng-shui. In some occult fashion it is believed to pacify, harmonize, and regulate the spirit-influences that affect the building and its occupants. The vibrations are said to circulate through the veins of surrounding nature, preserving to the monastery peace, health, and general good-luck. The blessings the bell showers out in its mellow tones extend as far as to Foochow. The monks declare that the reverberations never cease, and that

were there even a momentary silence, the threads of the spirit-influences would be severed, and calamity would ensue. On this account, day and night, year in and year out, one of their number must be there to give the stroke,—blows at intervals of about forty seconds being sufficient to make one reverberation mingle with the subsidence of its predecessor.

But monks are lazy mortals, and love not work even though it be not hard. Moreover, being lazy, they are prone to slumber; and even though they fall not asleep, yet may they fall to thinking over-deeply on that strange work-a-day world that lies near 2000 feet below them. Thus, even the zealous and anxious soul hath been known to leave too long an interval between the successive booming of the bell. Consequently, they have invented a method by which they may be saved the effort of drawing the cord that bangs the pendent lump of wood against the outer side of the bell. Some seventy yards or more from the belfry a stream runs down from the hill-side. This is dammed up to form a pool for constant supply. As the water runs over at its outlet it fills a wooden trough, which, when it is nearly full, turns over by the weight of water, and pulls the cord that rings the bell that rules the spirits that bring peace to the otherwise troubled souls of the monks. And so, through gradations as regular as in the story of the House that Jack built, the trickling stream that innocently issues from the hill-side makes its influence felt as far as the city of Foochow.

Outside the monastery walls the walks on hill and in dale, over crag and cliff, through fern-copse and wooded dell, in caves and grottoes, by natural and artificial streams and fountains, are very beautiful. Walking

alone in the brushwood while my friends were at some distance, it was my hap to see at my feet a huge snake, whose coil as it lay in the grass must have measured thirty inches across. It is needless to say I did not remain to observe it more accurately. Mentioning the fact to the monks, we learned that this, like the dilapidated domestic brutes within the monastery, was an importation. A faithful believer residing in the west of the province had purchased its preservation, when about to be killed, for the sum of sixteen dollars, and put himself to the further expense of having it carried across to Kushan. Its weight is 75 lbs., and its teeth are said to be extracted. It is literally the *bête-noire* of the monks, who doubtless regret that the necessity of securing their salvation compels them to allow it to roam about in their beautiful woods. If the buyer of the boa, or whatever it is, expected to attain heavenly bliss through his faith, toil, and expense, he should at least have reflected on the possibility of his sending some one else out of the world more speedily than is kind.

Our main object in visiting Kushan was to see Buddhist worship at its best. At 3.30 p.m. the monks were summoned to prayer by the beating of the hollow trunk of a tree shaped to the likeness of a dragon. This same trunk had suffered considerably through the united efforts of time and the cudgel, and threatened to succumb altogether after a little more flagellation. Less than a hundred members of the fraternity put in an appearance at the sound of the church-going dragon, for if they attend at the service held before daybreak they are excused in the afternoon. All wore the sacred yellow hood over the robe, the abbot being arrayed in a red robe and red shoes. Before entering the great

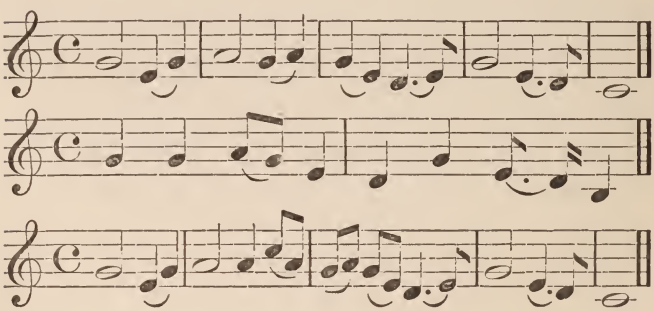
temple each man bowed in silence for a few moments before the shrine of the 'local' deities.

The temple, judged by Western ideas of taste, is tawdry, and the attempt at elaboration is over-done. Three colossal images of the Buddhas (Past, Present, and To Come) occupy the space furthest from the entrance door. A profusion of shrines, rich carving, numberless pendent lanterns of every shape and many sizes; images, candles, flowers, decorate the altars and shrines. The signs of wealth are abundant, but there is no sign of good taste or of the sentiment of worship. Gaudiness and costliness are the two things that seem to have been aimed at.

Of large altars there are two; one in front of the images of Buddha, and the other, much smaller, and near the door, standing between the high altar and the door. This smaller altar was used at the service we witnessed, the other being the altar at which High Mass is performed on festival days. There are no seats for worshippers. Rows of kneeling-stools about ten inches high, and mats to stand upon, are the only pieces of furniture.

The service is about to begin. Amid solemn silence a drum is struck to give the signal. Soft and slow music at once breaks upon the ear. The abbot marches in, dressed in his priestly vestments, attended by little boys as acolytes, who bear in their hands pots of incense, or bells, which they strike at intervals. The music very gradually becomes more rapid, increasing in volume as well as in speed. Now and then the monks turn to face one another, two and two, and as they swing round again to their former position the music declines to its original *piano* and *andante* strains.

At the time of listening to the monks I did not attempt to write down the various chants. My attention was far too much engrossed with the extraordinary spectacle. But on returning to Foochow, a friend who had been to Kushan several times, and who had a trustworthy musical ear, assisted my memory. The following three chants are, I believe, quite accurate; or, if incorrect in any particular, are so approximately correct as to form a sufficient illustration of the nature of the Kushan melodies. The first of them was sung without intermission for about seventeen minutes, just as in the Roman churches the pagan fashion is followed of invoking the popish pantheon at Vespers.



To give any adequate description of the hour's service is impossible. Let the reader try to exercise his imagination, and to conceive the spectacle of a hundred shaven-headed Chinamen in yellow robes, standing in two groups of fifty, separated by the low altar, with closed eyes and clasped hands, chanting monotonously, sometimes rapidly and sometimes slowly; the abbot in a red robe prostrate before the altar, while six acolytes, three on each side of him, are beating time

to the music, one with a drum, a second with a big bell, and a third with a very small bell, giving one blow to every note pronounced by themselves and the congregation, whether slow or rapid; the worshippers now kneeling and now standing, now facing one another and now turning to the high altar,—the whole performance closing with a procession between the kneeling-stools, up and down, and round and round the temple, while they chant the word 'O-me-to' ('Praise to Buddha') precisely one thousand times, telling off the number accurately by means of the rosary in their hands. If you, reader gifted with imagination, can call this scene before your mind, and the surroundings of gorgeous decoration, massive gilt idols, candles burning on the altar, and the heavy smell of incense, you will have an approximate idea of what are the externals of Buddhistic worship in their most complete form in China at the present day.

That which strikes a visitor most is the marvellous resemblance between the whole of it and the Romish mummeries called the Mass. The high altar and smaller shrines; the gaudy colours, lighted candles, and smoking incense; intoned prayers and chants in 'a tongue not understanded of the people'; the shaven celibates, the acolytes and choristers; the officiating priest in embroidered cope; pictures and many images, (one of which, Kwan-im, is surprisingly like the Romish statues of the Virgin carrying the infant Jesus); the constant genuflexions, the tinkling of a bell as the signal for prostration, the sprinkling of holy water the elevation and sacrifice of holy rice; the procession and long-continued ejaculation of 'Praise to Buddha' (resembling the 'Hail, Mary!'), the use of strings of

beads to reckon the repetitions,—all these recall most vividly the services of the Roman Church, and confirm the conviction that Romanism is not so much Christianity degenerated towards paganism, but rather paganism only slightly Christianized. Romanism and Ritualism are only the working out in the forms of worship of the paganism that lies latent in every human heart.

And if we add to the twenty-two resemblances mentioned above some seventeen other points of similarity between Romanism and Buddhism that strike every student of them both, we shall only strengthen that impression. Vows of celibacy in both sexes, nunneries under the patronage of 'Our Lady'; statues of the Goddess of Mercy, the 'Hearer of Cries,' called also the 'Holy Mother,' and the 'Queen of Heaven,' bearing the child in her arms;[1] the taking of a new name on entering the convent; the shaving of the head, corresponding with the tonsure (*denudatio capitis, revelatio mentis*); a special monastic dress, fasting, forbidden meats, masses for the dead, the doctrine of purgatory, the power of the priests to deliver souls from purgatory in consideration of a cash payment, the canonization of saints, the pretended performance of miracles, the worship of relics, and the belief in justification by works,—these various points of ritual and credulity present so many coincidences that practically the resemblance between the two religions is complete.

Is it any wonder that the French missionary Prémare

[1] In a Romish chapel at Foochow there is a large white earthenware statue of Kwan-im used to represent the Virgin and Child. I fancied the priest seemed uncomfortable as we looked at the imposture.

wrote from China to the Pope that 'the devil had mimicked Holy Mother Church in order to scandalize her'? or that Abbé Huc, the slave of his unhappy superstition, says of Buddhism that 'it has an admixture of truth with Holy Church'? Prémare ascribed these lamentable errors to the devil, and so do we; but he thought the devil was mimicking the Romish Church, whereas the case was precisely the opposite.

Service over, we adjourned to the refectory to see the brethren demolish the vast piles of rice and vegetables; and then, amid the dim shadows of the evening and through the melancholy pine forest, we ran down the hill-side, and made our way with some little difficulty along the narrow mud banks between the paddy-fields to our boat.

## CHAPTER XI.

### CREMATION OF A BUDDHIST PRIEST.

At a time when the question of burning instead of burying the dead is being discussed a good deal, it may be interesting to know that it has been the custom of the Chinese Buddhists for many centuries to cremate their priests and monks who have 'gone away,' as they delicately put it.

On the occasion of visiting the Kushan monastery, described in the last chapter, as we were climbing the steep hill we noticed ahead of us a procession of unusual appearance; and learning that the dead body of a priest was about to be cremated, we kept a short distance behind the procession, in order to witness the whole of the ceremony as far as might be possible. The shape of the coffin puzzled us very much, for instead of being long and shallow it was short and deep. We found the explanation of this to be, that the corpse was in a sitting posture in its short box. Four men carried it on their shoulders, as though it were a sedan chair. The whole of the coffin and poles was covered with a beautiful pall, the ground-work of which was scarlet, worked with figuring in blue, silver, and gold. In front walked a man who, at short intervals, scattered on the

ground pieces of paper in imitation of Chinese *cash*. These were round, about two and a half inches in diameter, with a square hole in the centre, and in colour white and yellow, as representing silver and gold. This paper is called 'buy-the-road paper,' and is intended to purchase the right of way from the spirit-world for the spirit of the dead. As the doctrine is one of vanity and lies, it is but natural and appropriate that *false* money should be used to deceive the spirits.

When about a quarter of a mile below the monastery the procession halted upon a level piece of ground, where a path turned off and down to the right. The coffin was put on the ground, and the bearers and priests amused themselves by lolling about, laughing and chatting. Several came forward and engaged in conversation with us. They were kind enough to explain a few details of the funeral whose purpose and meaning had escaped us. One young man was very much interested in a common lead-pencil with metal head, with which I was making notes. He was as pleased as a child when it was presented to him.

Presently the fraternity, to the number of a hundred and ten, sauntered towards us at a leisurely pace. All, of course, were closely shaven, with one exception, and for mourning wore a long robe of lavender colour, with a yellow shawl or hood thrown loosely over the back, passing under the right arm, and fastened with a buckle upon the left shoulder. The yellow hood is worn only at religious services. Some of the number were conspicuously silent, and apparently indifferent to the solemn event at which they were assisting, while a few were as conspicuously reverent, muttering prayers. Bowing low, they saluted one another as they arrived

with the cry 'O-me-to,' which, as we observed, means 'Praise to Buddha,' but in this connection would seem rather to imply 'Peace be with you' (Ping-an), the salutation of Christians in China when they meet or part.

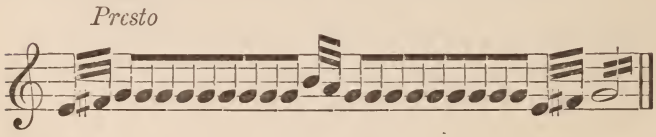
The officiating priest, dressed in a reddish-purple robe like that of the abbot, having arrived, we strolled down in the easy-going manner of the monks, without a procession being formed, to the cremation ground, which was distant only a hundred yards or so. It is in a wild spot. The platform on which we stood had been made by digging at the steep face of the hill and levelling the rocks and earth so dislodged. On one side, in the direction of the monastery, the hill rose abruptly to a height of more than a thousand feet. All around the platform was a fringe of fir trees, while its outer edge looked deep down into a gloomy dell, and one could not help feeling that 1700 feet lower down, though hidden by the trees, there was the valley and the river Min. During the ceremony the wind soughed and wailed through the wood, in harmony with the weird scene of the burning corpse surrounded by the curious-looking monks.

It is a strange sight, never to be forgotten, to see these hundred and ten men, who have bidden farewell to the world and all human relationship, and perched themselves in a cloister like a huge bird's-nest high up among the hills, meet to bid farewell to one of their own brotherhood among these desolate woods. And they are such a varied company. Surely never had monastery representatives of more types of character than we find gathered here. There stands a mild, blue-eyed, handsome youth, with cheerful, intelligent features, who seems quite out of place in such companionship; for next him is a creature more brute

than man, with bull neck, heavy lips, low forehead, and a perpetual scowl—Punch's type of the professional burglar or prize-fighter, Bill Sikes moulded to the life. There again is another youth of intellectual aspect, whose sad face vividly recalls Doré's picture of 'The Neophyte'; and near him a tall man with firm lips and deep-set eyes, betokening a strong will and earnest thought, who, though a graduate of high degree, has fled from his home, and left the shame of his wife behind him, to nurse his bitter sorrow apart from the gaze of the world. At his side a man who has almost completed his century of life, bent down with years, allowed to wear long hair and beard because the monkish habit of being shaved is a burden to him, totters along with feeble steps, looking as though he were a biped brought out of the Buddhist menagerie. For the rest, though of many types, they have for the most part the hard, unreligious, careless, unthinking, and even despairing faces of men who seem to have bidden farewell to every human interest, not for this world only, but also for the next. It is a group of faces strange enough to haunt one's dreams.

The cremation furnace is a narrow brick construction let into the side of the hill, from whence the earth had been dug to form the platform on which we stood. It looked like a very little house with a very large door. For some reason which I could not discover, the coffin was not put into the furnace, but stood about eight feet in front of it. The monks arranged themselves in lines opposite to it. *Cash* paper was again sprinkled round to make all right with the spirit-world, and incense sticks were burned at a small shrine that half faced the furnace. Then the service commenced. The officiating priest took his stand in front of the coffin, and was

supported on each side by acolytes and singers. Bells tinkled, gongs resounded, and a monotonous but sweet chant was sung. The whole company prostrated themselves several times to worship the spirit of the departed man. The pall was then removed, and there was revealed a box like a section of the funnel of a steamship, five feet in height and two in diameter, tarred profusely within and without. The singing and bell-ringing and gong-beating having ceased while the pall was taken away, the solemnity of silence fell on this part of the proceedings. The monks then rose from the ground, where they lay on knees and elbows, closed their eyes, placed their hands as in prayer, with the tips of the fingers touching, and recommenced singing. The words are still Sanscrit, and the singers have no idea what the meaning is, but they believe there is great merit in the use of the sounds. The chant is still a monotone, and very rapid. One note repeated




at an even pace nine times, varied with grace notes at every tenth beat, did not give one a very high opinion of the musical talent of Buddhist priests; but being sung in the open air, and mellowed by the sighing of the wind through the pine trees, it was far from disagreeable. Even the sweetest song, however, will satiate the ear if continued too long, and so we found after this one had been tum-tummed by a hundred monks for more than fifteen minutes.

After that space of time the sexton came forward

with a hatchet and knocked off the round lid of the coffin, and those in a favourable position could see the corpse sitting upright in its narrow tabernacle. A bamboo pole about fifteen feet long was then brought, and a quantity of long thin strips of pine-wood bound round one end, until it looked like a gigantic garden-broom.

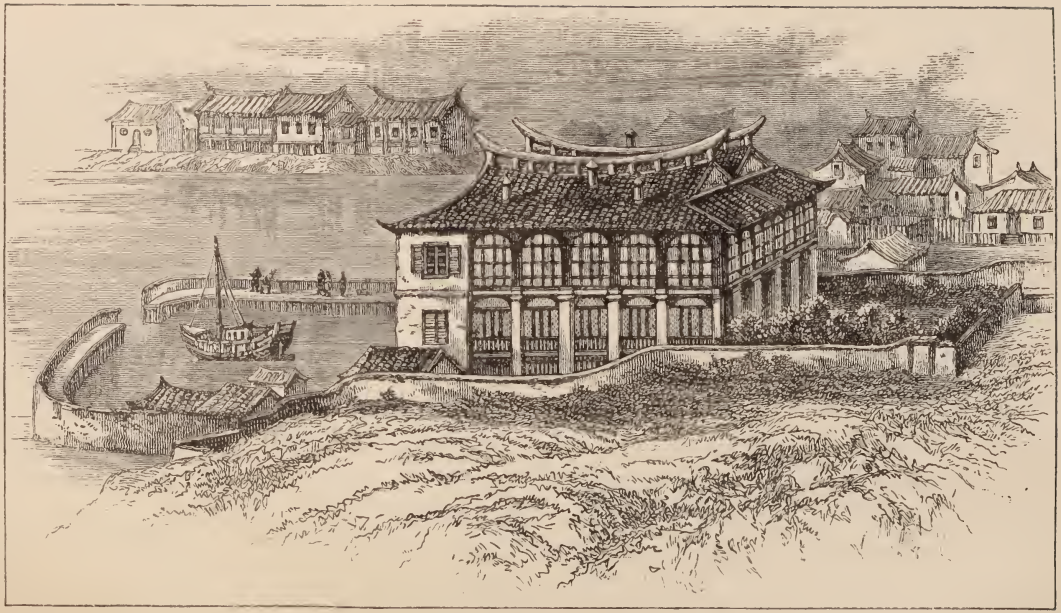
Setting fire to this, the sexton presented the monstrous torch to the priest conducting the service. All again prostrated themselves, and the torch was waved a few times before the coffin and returned to the sexton, who dropped the blazing mass into the coffin and heaped dry pieces of pine-wood upon it. Through a hole near the bottom of the box a strong draught fanned the flames, and in a few moments a great blaze was issuing from it with considerable noise. The coffin must have been of very solid materials, for although the heat was so great that, except when the wind blew the flames and heated air aside, we could not venture close to see how the body was being burned, it was not so consumed as to fall to pieces and expose the charred corpse.

From beginning to end there was nothing whatever that could be called disagreeable about the performance. It is true we saw the blackened body sitting in the flames, but it was because we went to see it. The monks, too, could not resist the feeling of curiosity concerning the fate of the fleshly tabernacle of their late comrade, and a few of them mounted on the hill-side to look down into the flames. But still I think the most sensitive nature would have seen nothing in the whole ceremony of cremation with which to be in any degree offended.

The service occupied about half-an-hour, and the burning ten minutes. At the end of that time the

flames had sunk down, and it was evident they had done their work. Those of the monks who had waited to witness the cremation strolled away in the same leisurely fashion as they came, and joined the rest of the fraternity, who were waiting for them at the junction of the roads. The undertaker, as we should call him, was here paying each monk for the trouble of attending and assisting with his prayers. Each man received the sum of forty cash—twopence of English money. The smallness of the amount may seem to suggest that the whole affair is very inexpensive; but the contrary is usually the fact, the numerous items of expenditure attending cremation often reaching a total outlay of 100,000 cash (say £18 English), which is an immense sum to a Chinaman.

Later in the day we returned to the spot, to see what had happened to the cremated monk. The ashes had been collected, placed in an earthen jar, and carried to a neighbouring shed, where the jar adorned a shelf already heavily laden with monks who had previously been potted in the same way. We visited this receptacle for the ashes of Buddhist devotees, and were amazed to find it a most dilapidated and disreputable hut, about five and a half feet high. The door was held fast by an ingenious combination of chips of wood and broken tiles. As we opened it we had to be careful that it did not fall off its hinges. The interior was as dirty as any Chinaman could desire, and almost absolutely without order or arrangement. I took a fancy to the idea of cremation until I thought of myself as a Kushan monk, stowed away in a twopenny pot, in a broken-down shed unfit to keep pigs in, and without so much as a number to show which was *me!* It spoils my grammar to think of it!



LONDON MISSION HOUSE, AMOY.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE MISSIONARY AT WORK.

MANY good people in England have an idea that the missionary is always preaching. It is as incorrect to suppose he is always preaching as that he disports himself in broadcloth. For, first, he could not do it if he would, and, secondly, he would not do it if he could. He must observe times and seasons quite as much in a heathen land as he would in this country, in order to adapt himself to the hours of leisure of the people; and the heat of the weather through a great part of the year makes it impossible to continue preaching for more than two hours at most in the day. But, by the side of the impossibility of it must be placed the inutility of so much preaching to the heathen by the foreign missionary. Experience has shown that the practical result following from preaching by Europeans is so extremely small that many missionaries feel it to be a duty to expend their energies in some other direction than in preaching to a crowd. An American gentleman in Canton had an audience of several hundred Chinese every day for nineteen years, but he declared he had never heard of one convert from all his preaching in

public. An English gentleman in Canton told the writer that he had preached to a similar audience for twelve years, almost without omitting a day, and he too said he could not point to one convert as the result of such sustained efforts. It is true we may not speak of these labours as wasted. No doubt a foundation has been laid in multitudes of minds for the fair superstructure of a pure Christian faith. One is also almost tempted to add that it was worth while that these devoted brethren should spend their strength and time for so long in order to prove to their juniors and successors the comparative uselessness of such methods of evangelizing. It is not too much to say that it would be better to seek out privately one here and another there, and to instruct them one at a time, to pray with and for them singly, than to address audiences of hundreds of heathen. So well is this now being recognized, that there are many missionaries who scarcely ever preach to the heathen at all. A few here and there who greatly love talking continue to do so, but for the most part the 'messengers of the churches' devote themselves to the building up of the congregations already formed, and leave the aggressive evangelistic work to the native brethren. The work of the missionary in China is to-day rather episcopal and professorial than evangelistic. He may have five, ten, or twenty churches under his episcopal oversight. To visit them in order on the Sabbaths, to look after the evangelists and pastors in charge, to examine the catechumens, to attend to a hundred and one matters of business connected with these young churches, and on each week-day to spend a few hours with the students in training for the ministry, so fills up one's

time as to leave only an occasional hour here and there during the week for literary work, in writing or translating in the native tongue.

A man who loves his work, however, and on whom rests the burden of souls, will not readily let slip an opportunity of talking of Christ to the heathen. The banyan tree in the village often makes a good pulpit as well as a seat, and a dozen people may easily be induced to listen for half-an-hour to the one theme of the missionary. Inside an idol temple an attentive audience can not unfrequently be secured; and it is decidedly exhilarating to preach of the living and true God in the presence of gods of mud and wood. I have often read of missionaries preaching in a market-place, but I never yet saw a suitable opportunity. 'Market-place' may mean in other lands what it does not in China. Standing in the narrow space with one's back to a wall, addressing an excitable crowd of men brimming over with curiosity, their souls steeped in thoughts of worldly gain, and a perfect Babel of cries, shouts, discussion, and beating of gongs and bells drowning one's speech, the congregation in the market-place is seen to be one to be avoided rather than sought. For the foreigner it is peculiarly undesirable. The eyes, not the ears, of his 'hearers' are open. Scarcely a man of them all is listening to a word he says. The hope of the churches is rather in its Nicodemuses, who come at first by night, but afterwards defend Christ openly before the rulers as well as before the common people.

It needs sometimes a great deal of discretion to avoid giving needless offence in speaking of idolatry and superstition. As a rule there are few things the Chinaman enjoys more than to hear fun poked at his

gods. As the preacher pictures the absurdity of idolatry, his audience laugh till they hold their sides and shout, 'It is all true.' 'Then why do you worship them?' 'It is the custom of our ancestral land, teacher.' But it is not always safe to be so plain, and perhaps it is seldom wise to be humorous. Satire may create bitterness towards the preacher, and defeat the end he has in view.

On one occasion I was crossing some hills, and came to a lonely hut by the side of the path. There was a stone seat near the door on which my two Chinese companions and I sat down to rest awhile. Hearing voices I went to the hut door, and saw that it contained only two persons, a man whose head was being shaved, and the barber who was performing the operation. After greeting I went in, and noticed at the end of the room a large heap of parts of idols. Heads, legs, arms. were piled together without any order. The sight struck me as most ludicrous, and I began to say to the barber, whom I took to be the tenant of the house, that he should try how this head would look on that body, or this leg by the side of that leg, and so on. I also asked him whether he had heard the proverb, 'In three generations idol-makers have no posterity.' The barber, a jovial-looking man, joined in the fun till the head of his victim seemed to be endangered. But happening to look the latter in the face, I saw that his eyes were flashing fiercely, his teeth were set, and his hands clenched. In a moment I saw the mistake I had made. I had been speaking to the wrong man. The solitary repairer of idols was not the merry barber, but the morose and passionate man sitting on the box. I did my best to apologize, but he treated me very coldly

when, three days after, I tried to speak to him more soberly on the same theme.

Preaching to the heathen inside a chapel is very different to preaching in the open air. It is necessary to plunge at once *in medias res.* There must be no singing, for the heathen cannot join in it, and do not understand the aim of it; and there must be no prayer, for the heathen have a very gruesome fear of Christian prayers, and will sometimes precipitately leave the building. As a rule, the smaller the audience the more useful the preaching. With a small number it is much easier to converse freely, to ask questions and obtain replies.

A very general method of arranging a daily preaching service is to place a chair upon a small platform a few paces from the door. A gong is then struck to call passers-by to come in. Some missionaries continue the objectionable practice of singing a hymn to attract an audience. Presently two or three very much astonished men come to the door and look round. They are invited to be seated, and informed that the doctrine is about to be spoken. The preaching begins then and there with the conversation with the first comers. Others come in after a time. The congregation is a movable one, and will prove very much so indeed unless the preacher asks a few questions, and creates a discussion. Dearly does the Chinaman love an argument, and perhaps better still does he love to hear one, and to be allowed to thrust in a word now and then without committing himself. A good-humoured, temperate conversation is the best style of preaching to such an audience.

The position of the pulpit and the arrangements of the seats in a Christian chapel are what strike the

attention of a stranger immediately on entering. In many places, as, for instance, the Amoy and Foochow districts, the pulpit-platform stands one-third down from the end of the chapel opposite the door. A screen of wood or bamboo surrounds it on three sides, and is continued from the pulpit to the walls on either hand. The screen thus shuts off one-third of the chapel from the other two-thirds. The smaller space behind the preacher is devoted to the women, the larger space in front is occupied by men only. In Canton a screen six feet high is placed along the middle of the chapel, so that, while the preacher faces all, the sexes are completely separated. In Shanghai, Ningpo, and many northerly places no such arrangement is necessary. The two sexes only occupy different sides of the chapel. The location of the women behind the pulpit is the least satisfactory of all. It is not possible to retain their attention as readily as if they were in view of the preacher, and they think themselves at liberty to be as inattentive as they please because they are not seen by the general congregation. They talk to one another and to their babies to a degree that is perfectly distracting to the minister. Half-a-dozen times in the course of a sermon the writer has been obliged to turn round, and say in various tones of entreaty or command, 'Women, be silent; do not talk, but listen to the doctrine.'

This separation of the sexes in the chapels is very necessary. It is intended to disarm the calumnious reports of the enemy. Methods of preventing the circulation of malicious statements by the heathen vary according to localities. In the north and extreme south the doors are shut at the Lord's Supper, and in many cases at the ordinary services. In the Fuh-kien

province, as a rule, such a plan would be generally dangerous, and always undesirable. All sorts of disgraceful rumours would be set afloat. To obviate this difficulty, some of the chapels have barred windows without glass by the side of the entrance door, so that even when the door is closed against all but communicants it is still possible for the outside public to observe what is going on. It is impossible to be too careful to forestall suspicions. In catechizing a woman in the presence of the whole assembly it is just as well to call up the senior deacon to put the questions and to receive her replies. There is not a creature more fond of a bit of scandal than the Chinaman—except the Chinawoman.

In some respects the behaviour of the native brethren in their own places of worship would strike one accustomed to the staid propriety of our own assemblies as rather too free and easy. It results largely from the fact that most of the chapels have no school-room or extensive waiting-room. The congregations come together from miles around, and spend the day at the chapel. Consequently, if there is no waiting-room attached to the building, the mid-day rice must be eaten in the chapel—no great offence, as some of us think, who believe that the house of prayer was made for man, and not man for the house of prayer.

But at the services the people sometimes behave in the oddest way. In the middle of the sermon a man will rise to his feet most leisurely, stretch out his arms, give a long and loud yawn, and sit down again with a look of quiet satisfaction, and not one of the congregation will so much as smile. Or, another may desire to scratch himself elaborately,—perhaps even to search for the

cause of irritation, and he will do so very obviously. We have seen men get up during service, go to the waiting-room, strike flint and steel, light a pipe, and after an absence of three or four minutes return to their place as though nothing had happened. More curious than all may seem the fact that the writer, being admitted as a guest to a meeting of some eighty church members, found them almost all smoking during the discussions and addresses. When the missionary said, 'Let us kneel down to pray to our Heavenly Father,' they knocked the ashes out of their pipes, and when they rose from prayer many of them immediately re-lit their pipes. This must not be put down to irreverence, but to simplicity. They would see no more harm in yawning than in coughing,—no more disrespect in having a pipe than in drinking a cup of tea within the walls of a church.

So far from their intending to show any lack of respect to the building in which they worship God, they are rather jealous of its honour. A considerable debate took place in the principal Congregational church of Amoy some years ago because rubbish and drainage were carried through the building from a house at the back. It was regarded as a serious affront to the house of God. In the same chapel I once saw a curious thing done. While I was preaching a stranger came in with his queue coiled round his head in coolie fashion. In his amazement at seeing a foreigner talking he strolled half up the aisle. One of the deacons sitting facing the congregation precipitately darted down the aisle, and struck the man's queue off his head. The stranger's astonishment was a sight to see. From the Chinese point of view he had been guilty of great lack

of courtesy; for Chinese manners demand that a coolie shall let his queue down on entering the presence of the idols, or on speaking to his superiors; and in like manner he should have uncoiled it on entering a Christian place of worship.

The number of persons who enter during service with no other object than to look on for a while is something of a distraction to both minister and congregation. The singing of a hymn will bring them in considerable numbers. They remain a few moments and gradually thin off. Some of the more curious make their way almost to the pulpit. The deacons thereupon request them to be seated, or to retire to the back.

Very many of these occasional visitors are interested in Christianity, and they especially need to be dealt with courteously and kindly. As an illustration of this fact, and of the strange interruptions to which a religious service in China is liable, I will relate an incident that occurred at one of our country chapels situated in a very lonely place under a group of banyan trees by the side of an important highway. During sermon a sedan-chair stopped at the door, and a gentleman about fifty-five years of age descended, came to the door of the chapel, walked up to my side, and stood listening for perhaps five minutes or so. Then he began to mutter words of approval, and when I ceased shortly afterwards he said, 'Good, good; may I say a few words?' Whatever he might say, I was sure it could do no one any harm, and might do good, so I told him we should be happy to hear him. He then gave an address of perhaps seven minutes' duration, the burden of which was that we foreigners were in the right; there was no other God except the 'Lord of Heaven,' and no

hope of our souls continuing to live except by the favour of the 'Saving Lord.' He urged the congregation to be faithful in their attachment to the 'Lord of Heaven.' We thanked him for his words, sang a hymn, to which he listened, but when I opened my eyes after the benediction he was gone, and his chair too. We ran to the door, but the chair had turned the corner, and we saw him no more. From certain modes of expression we guessed he was a Cantonese Roman Catholic, but his brief visit made a great impression on the little assembly.

There are doubtless a vast number of persons who are not tabulated and scheduled as Christians who nevertheless, by the grace of God, 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God.' Many too are they who are 'not far from the kingdom of God.' They are met with occasionally by Christian teachers. Their hearts seem to have been strangely prepared, so that they 'receive with meekness the engrafted word.' There came one day to a chapel in a country town a middle-aged man named Tong. He was giving away tracts published by a Buddhist Tract Society. The particular kind that he had in his hand at the moment was a yellow leaflet with fourteen sentences, exhorting men to righteousness of life. From the Christian point of view the only fault of the tract was in what it lacked, not in what it contained. The preacher in charge was Sok-tai, a man who for thirty years has preached the Gospel faithfully in the Amoy region in connection with the London Missionary Society. Said Sok-tai, 'What is this?' 'It tells of the will of Heaven.' 'Why do you give these away?' 'I am heaping up merit.' 'Come and sit down, and drink some tea, and I will

tell you how to win merit in the sight of Heaven.' Sok-tai expounded the Christian faith to him, and the Buddhist Tong accepted the truth as a little child, and was soon baptized.

I met with another similar case, if possible still more striking. At a village about thirty miles from Amoy I had arranged to expound Christian doctrine in a set form every evening for a week. On the Monday morning I had visited some villages round to invite people to come, and in the afternoon was sitting at the door of the chapel, when a man named Chew happened to pass by. I knew the man by sight, and had heard a good deal about him. The neighbours said he never sinned at all. They had been known to object to the teaching of the preacher in charge, who held that all men were sinners, and they instanced Mr. Chew. I called to him, 'Chew, my elder brother, have you leisure?' 'Yes, I have leisure, teacher.' 'Come and sit down, and let us talk.' Wishing to disarm his opposition to Christianity, I began on other topics. We talked of Western countries, the bigness of London, the Crystal Palace, the underground railway, the quantity of coal in China, the phases of the moon, comets and eclipses; in fact, I sought to excite the man's astonishment and awe as much as possible. It was not long before he began to hold up his hands in wonder, and under his breath I heard him mutter, 'Our fathers never told us these things. These foreigners, how learned! Can it be so?' I begged him to come and hear greater things than these at the evening meeting. We were a little company sitting round a table at the door. Chew came and stood on the door-step, and peeped in to see and

listen. On Tuesday we were in the same place, but Chew stood inside. On Wednesday so many people came that we moved to the communion-table. Chew stood in the dark near the door. On Thursday he came further forward, on Friday nearer still, and on Saturday he sat at my right hand. The next day he attended both services, and was baptized within five months afterwards. The neighbours had testified to his faultless life, and the simplicity with which he accepted the faith proved that the preparation of his heart was from the Lord.

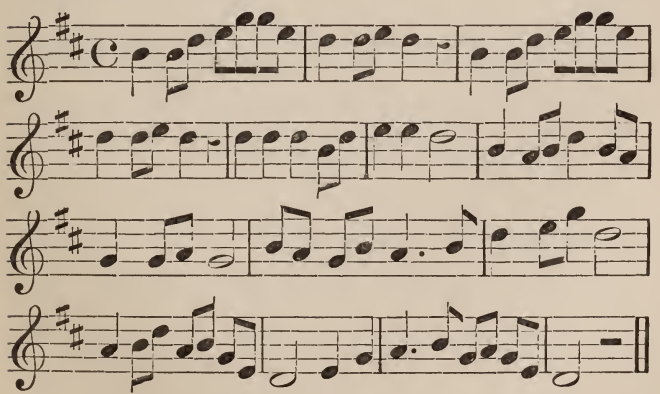
One of the chief difficulties of the Christian missionary in dealing with a people like the Chinese is that they have no consciousness of sin. Their sages have told them that all men have a 'good heart,' and they believe it. They speak of lying, lust, or theft as though these were mere failings or weaknesses, not as offences against a just and holy God. There is no doubt that many of them do not so much as suppose that gross sin stains the soul at all. The 'good heart' remains good notwithstanding any amount of wrong-doing. This lack of the sense of sin renders them quite apathetic in regard to religion. They are willing to belong to any or all faiths. In Fuh-kien, if a man is asked to what faith he belongs, he will commonly reply, 'Ju, To, Hut.' That is, he professes to belong to the three great sects, the Confucian, the Taouist, and the Buddhist. No amount of casuistry could make these creeds agree with one another, but the easy-going, complacent Chinaman takes them over in the lump as the national creeds, and professes loyalty to all. In a similar spirit they readily assent to what the preacher says. A novice at preaching is constantly

delighted with the degree of their approval of the doctrine and his manner of presenting it; but more experience reveals the fact that attention to the customary courtesies and disregard of real personal interest in religious questions inspire nine-tenths of the praises he receives. And in the same spirit, again, not a few have been known to say of Jesus, 'We have no objection to Him you call Jesus. He is your chief Western sage. Every country has its sages. Let us reverence Confucius, and do you reverence Jesus, and let us be brothers.' They go further sometimes, and add, 'We are willing to worship Jesus, if it is worth while. Make an image of Jesus, and put Him by the side of our gods. We will bow down to Him as we do to them. Doubtless He was good.' The sense of sin and the need of atonement do not enter into their conception of religion. The 'good heart' and the 'proprieties' are the sum-total of all that is needed in man. One may add, that in this delusion they are no further astray than certain philosophers and professed admirers of Christ among ourselves, who would resolve all sin into a breach of good taste and good humour.

Referring to the conduct of Divine worship in the Chinese chapels, it is worth while to refer to the hymnology and singing. A very great advance has been made in these matters during the last ten years. Every mission has its own hymn-book, or has united with some sister mission in receiving a book already compiled. Many of these are very elaborate compilations, and not a few have the musical score printed on the same page. Of necessity the earlier hymns are compendiums of theology. Christian doctrine has been taught as much by the hymns as by the Bible. When

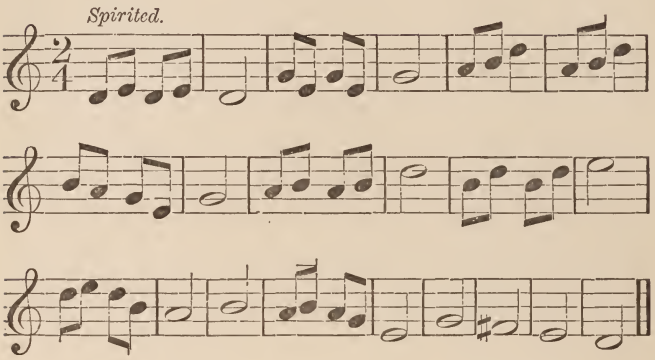
the book is not too large the whole of it is soon committed to memory by the children of Christian schools, and even by the uneducated adult members of the churches. The singing, however, is a grief to the æsthetic ear. It is abundant in volume, but deficient in quality. Chinese music has a character quite its own; but what forces itself most upon the notice of the foreign musician is their avoidance of all *fourths* and *sevenths*, and the singing of another note (generally a repetition of the one before the changed note) instead of a fourth or seventh. In introducing new tunes, therefore, it is desirable that care be taken to select tunes with no fourths or sevenths, or as few as possible. That young persons can be taught to sing in Western fashion is proved by the success attending singing classes in schools. An adaptation of the sol-fa system was used with great success by the late Rev. Dr. Carstairs Douglas, to whose earnest efforts is largely due the fact that the psalmody in Amoy and neighbourhood is said to be incomparably the best in China. Some trouble ought to be taken to introduce as many native tunes, or adaptations of them, as possible. A few collected by the writer became great favourites with his Chinese friends. The use of them is in some cases open to the objection that they are sung in idolatrous worship and in bad plays, but a similar objection was taken to the introduction by the Wesleys of more cheerful tunes than our Puritan ancestors indulged in. The Christian Church in China is going to be Chinese, and not English or American; and the more completely it adapts itself to the native taste and habits, in its organization, its church buildings, and its psalmody, the more will its life and energy be developed.

While upon this subject it may not be uninteresting if I give a few specimens of Chinese tunes. In travelling about the country I made a persistent search for native tunes that might be adapted in some way to the necessities of hymnology. A vast number of melodies may be collected as mere samples of Chinese music, but my aim was only to utilize native airs in Christian worship. Most of them are so rapid and eccentric that it is almost impossible to trace an idea of any kind in them, although considerable practice in listening does eventually reveal a subtle thread of thought running through most of the popular airs. Merely as illustrations of the kind of tunes one hears of an evening, played on violin, guitar, or flageolet, two melodies are here introduced. The first is one which Barrow calls 'Moo-lee-wha,' and reports as 'one of the most popular songs in the whole country.'

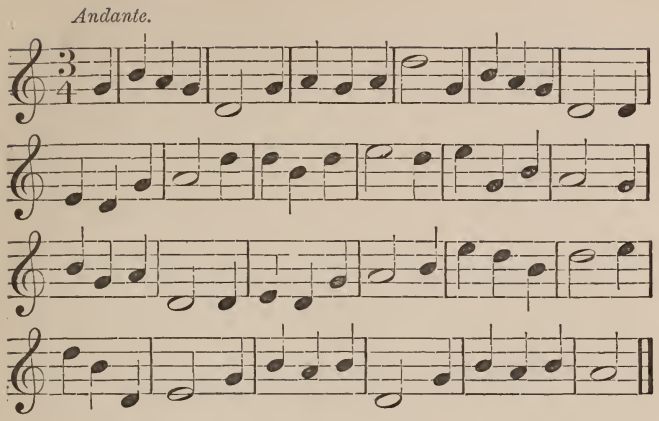


A native preacher who had often assisted me in musical matters brought me the next tune, which he had written in the Chinese adaptation of the sol-fa

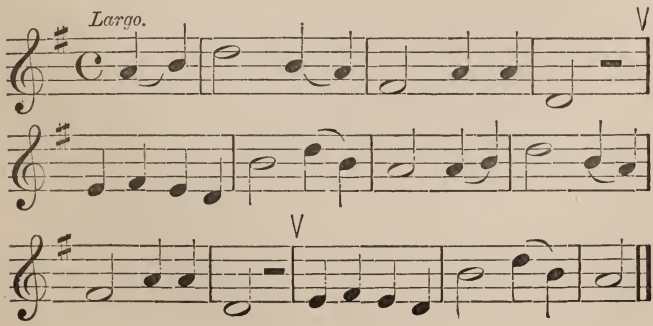
notation. He was at the time resident in Changchow, and said it was the music of one of the best-known songs there.



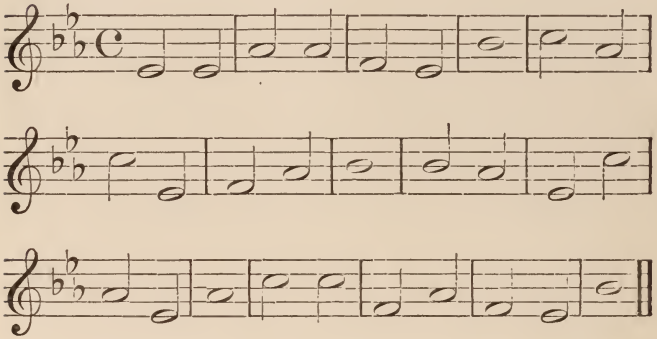

The following melody was the only one I ever heard played by a band. The mission station of Chioh-boe, near Amoy, is up a creek, very muddy and empty at low tide. The mission boat lies on the mud, and must needs have a long plank to form a bridge to shore. Houses of various descriptions are on either bank, and from these the sweet strains of Chinese music are frequently heard. At no other place did I hear music as well performed as in this wretched little town. One Saturday afternoon, as I sat in the boat, a number of instruments began to play in a shed on the bank further from the mission boat. Attracted by the sound, I made my way round a little distance until I reached the shed, and saw four gifted musicians, unwashed, very ragged, sitting on pails turned upside down. One flageolet, two violins, and a guitar were the instruments with which they discoursed as follows:



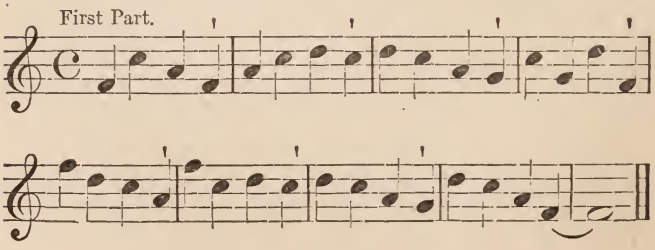

A colporteur at Chinchew sang me the next tune, saying he had learned it from a man who had lived in Formosa, and who, in his turn, had heard it sung by the Pepuhoan, or aboriginal savage race that occupies the eastern side of Formosa. They were reported as singing it very softly and with much feeling. I adapted it to the Amoy hymn, Lán lâng sì-miā$^{n}$ bô tiā$^{n}$-tióh (Our life is all uncertain), and it very soon became an established favourite, and was commonly sung at funerals.

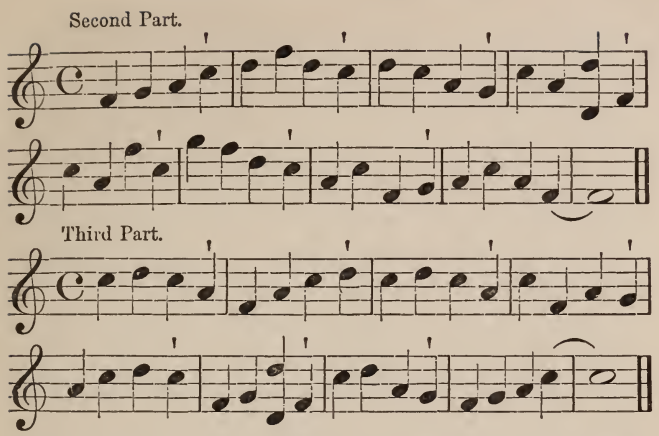


A friend in Canton, an eminent scholar in Chinese, gave me the tune 'Wong-ho,' which follows. It was composed as an illustration of the style of native music, and for use in the Christian chapels. It is a popular sevens, to which the hymn 'Let us with a gladsome mind' is often sung.

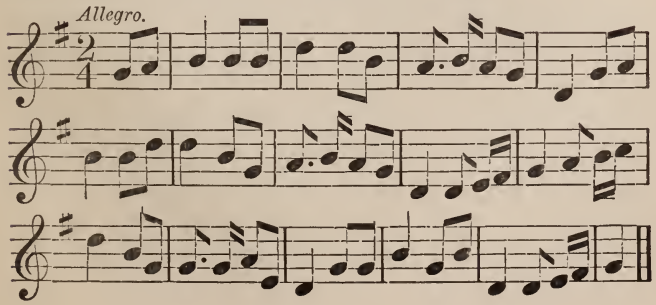


The next tune is one sung all over Fuh-kien to a hymn in praise of ancestors. It is in three parts. At every fourth note there is an indefinable pause of half a beat or so, which I think can best be expressed by a staccato pointing.






As a proof of the necessity of being on one's guard against tunes sung by native Christians, lest they should turn out to be only foreign melodies tortured into a Chinese style, I will give an air that I picked up from a baggage-bearer in the country west of Foochow. This man had been in the habit of frequenting a Christian chapel, and was fond of singing. I heard him often sing the tune as written, and I put it down, thinking it treasure-trove. The man himself assured me it was native and generally familiar, yet it proved to be only an American air that had almost lost its individuality through its Chinese dressing.



The study of Chinese music is exceedingly interesting, and the wonder is that more attention is not given to it. Native tunes would be very popular in Christian services. It is true that many of them immediately suggest songs that are anything but proper; but that was the case at the time that Wesley recovered some of our best English sacred melodies out of the snares of the devil and Christianized them. After a short time they would become familiar in their religious form, and would be a great help in evangelizing. The Christian Church in China is already too foreign in its outward aspects, and anything that could assimilate it with good native sentiment would be an advantage.

There are very few Sunday-schools in connection with the Chinese churches. In the boarding-schools for boys and girls religious instruction is, of course, given on Sundays, but schools conducted like our own Sunday-schools are very rare. There are several reasons for this. Up to the present time it has been difficult to find a sufficient number of intelligent and pious men at leisure from other Christian work to act as teachers; the times of public worship—from nine to ten in the morning, and half-past one to three in the afternoon—make it anything but easy to arrange an hour for the children, especially when the congregation comes from long distances around, and the chapels are so particularly open to the public that a school of children would be very much disturbed. Under these circumstances the pastors lay great stress upon the Sunday afternoon catechizing of the children after public service.

It should be added that another hindrance to school teaching is the fact that (in the Fuh-kien province at least) so few children have mastered more than a few

characters, and hardly any of the men from the country districts can read six consecutive characters. Under these circumstances it is a matter for congratulation that the missionaries in Amoy, Ningpo, Shanghai, and many other places have reduced large portions of the Bible to the Roman letter. These transcriptions are called Romanized versions. The complete New Testament, the Psalms and many portions of the Old Testament, hymn-books, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, catechisms, school-books, and a variety of other publications have long been in use at many of the missionary stations. The aim of the transcribers at first was to help the women to read, and to provide an easy path to knowledge for such of the men as were hopelessly behindhand in education. After many years' experience, however, it is felt by those who have fully tested the value of the Romanized versions that they are extremely useful, not only to the uneducated adults, but to all classes. These books are a most important factor in the mission work. A new missionary fresh from England can, with their assistance, readily master the difficulties of one of the spoken languages in from eight to twelve months, so as to make himself fairly well understood in preaching. The women in the Bible-class of a missionary's wife often read perfectly in six months at the rate of one lesson a week. To test the facility of learning the Roman letter, I taught my table-servant, a man of only average capacity. In thirty-five days he read with more fluency than myself, and of course with greater accuracy; and in a somewhat longer time he learned to write in the same style. The fact that persons who have mastered the enormous difficulty of reading and writing the written language of China

despise in no stinted measure these Romanized versions ought not to deter missionaries from printing the books, nor the native brethren from using them. One soul instructed outweighs a thousand sneers. That it is not a 'respectable' thing to read Chinese in Roman letter, as some good brethren assert, is a very carnal objection. The foolish things of the world do still, as of old, confound the wise; and the weak things, and things that are despised, have still a knack, as in Paul's day, of giving to carnal judgments a shock of surprise by their evident vitality and efficiency.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### OUR CHINESE BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

CALLING upon a well-known missionary who was about to return to his station in China, I asked him how he had got along among the churches in England as a 'missionary deputation.' 'Pretty comfortably,' he said, 'but the churches of this country are so dead; they are not like our Chinese churches.'

The pleasing delusion cherished by the supporters of foreign missions that a missionary comes home to be spiritually refreshed has about as much justification for its existence as that he comes home to rest. As for the latter, by the end of his furlough, if he is an acceptable speaker, he sorely needs the rest which a few weeks' voyage by sea may possibly give him on his return journey. And as for the former, there are few missionaries but would agree that there is more evidence of spiritual vitality among the converts gathered in the mission churches than among the members of churches in England. Much as our brethren abroad may lament that there is no larger measure of self-denial and active zeal in their own churches, comparison with average English congregations leaves the balance of satisfaction on the side of the converts from heathenism.

The quality of the converts made by any evangelistic

agency is a question that deserves to be examined and considered with great care. In the following remarks it should be understood that I speak only of the people of the Fuh-kien province of China. The Chinese nation consists of many races, which have retained their special characteristics, as the result of geographical isolation; or in some cases the same original race, under the influence of climatic and geographical differences, have developed very divergent traits of character. The native of Canton is a foreigner to his brother of Amoy,

REPRESENTATIVE DEACONS.

not only in language, but in disposition; and the Ningpo man is as far removed from a Foochowese as the man of Kent is from the Highlander. It is not therefore to be expected that, when converted to the truth as it is in Christ, all the churches would be of a similar type in simplicity, spirituality, and zeal.

One of the best tests of the earnestness of the church members is their liberality in supporting the ordinances of religion. There are two things that make this a fair test: first, their natural love of money; and secondly, the small sums which they are accustomed to handle.

It is charged upon ourselves, particularly by our French neighbours, that we are 'a nation of shop-keepers,' and that the covetous and perfidious Briton

would sell his chance of heaven for a few pounds more or less. It must be confessed that there is some ground for calling us a money-loving people, though we do not go so far as to worship 'the Almighty Dollar.' But we are nowhere in point of greed of gain when compared with the Chinaman. The love of *cash* is truly a root of all kinds of evil. The endeavour to obtain it absorbs his thought and energy. Nine-tenths of all the conversation that takes place in or out of doors relates more or less directly to the everlasting topic—*cash.* If a long file of men are walking along a narrow path through the fields, they shout to one another their *cash* calculations. If a quarrel is going on in a house, in a shop, in the field, in the market, you know without listening that the subject is *cash.* Surely their dreams must be principally about *cash.*

The *cash* is a bronze coin, worth on an average one-tenth of a penny, and is the only native coinage of China. By means of a square hole in the centre of the coins they are strung into thousands. A stout piece of twine, rather more than a yard long, is knotted in the centre. The coins are then passed on from both ends. When a hundred are on each side of the knot a half-knot is made with the string, and two more hundreds are passed on. This is repeated until the string contains a thousand cash, making a double row of five hundreds. If the cash are good the string is now worth a Mexican dollar of the value of 3*s.* 9*d.*, or thereabout. In Amoy 1120 of these cash are usually reckoned to the dollar.

The struggle for existence is so great in many populous parts of China, that the whole energy of the active brains of a native who knows not God is devoted to the absorbing pursuit of small sums of money. An

agricultural labourer earns from 50 to 80 cash, or from $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $4d.$, a day. A skilled artizan, such as a carpenter, stone-worker, house-painter, &c., secures a daily wage of about 100 cash, or $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ A shop-hand often gets as much as 120 cash, or $5\frac{1}{2}d.$ And daily earnings to the amount of 1*s.* or 1*s.* 3*d.* place a careful man not merely beyond monetary anxieties, but enable him at the same time to cut something of a figure as a well-to-do person.

It is true that these small amounts are worth in China from six to eight times as much as in England; but it is needful to realize that the native brethren are possessed of so little money in order to understand the meaning of their gifts for church purposes. Among the very poor at home we sometimes hear a long dispute about a single penny, but the Chinaman will argue long and angrily about a cash or two. An Amoy missionary employed two men to do some work for him, and paid them 75 cash. He should have given either 74 or 76, so that the sum might divide evenly. One coin remaining over, they did not toss for it, as an Englishman might do, but they woke the echoes with a storm of discussion for an hour. On any market-day such a scene as the following may be witnessed. Two men are chaffering their goods amid the greatest excitement. A score of onlookers regard them with solemn interest. The disputants spring backwards and forwards. Their faces are distorted with passion. With voluble profanity and abuse they consign one another's relatives to perdition, beginning with those most nearly related, and gradually enlarging the range of their antipathies, until they have fairly exhausted themselves and their degraded talents. Suddenly there is a lull; the bargain is struck; the two men are on perfectly good terms;

they were not seeking to do one another any mortal injury, but only observing the custom of the country. And now that calm has followed storm, we discover that this loud dispute was as to whether the price of a large basket of fish or a sack of potatoes shall be reduced by *two* cash or not.

In some parts in which the mission work thrives the most the people are extremely poor, even for China. In the district of Hui-an, near Amoy, the London Missionary Society has eight stations. A considerable proportion of the people are so poor that the writer was frequently assured by preachers in charge and others that they cannot afford to eat the rice they grow in the fields. They sell it to buy other necessaries, and themselves live on sweet potatoes, white cabbage, and little snacks of dried fish. A difficulty in procuring tea also once brought out the fact that the best tea in the district was sold at $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ a lb., and that very little of even that was used, great numbers of the people drinking as a rule nothing but the water in which the sweet potatoes were boiled.

Let such facts as these be remembered when we speak of the support given by the native Christians of China to the churches with which they are united. The sum contributed may not seem to be very large, but the critic must know the low value of money in China, and multiply it probably by eight to get its true value in English money. He must also consider the extreme poverty of many of our Chinese brothers and sisters in Christ, and the money-loving spirit which had to be subdued before such gifts could be laid upon His altar. Paul's reference to 'the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia' (2 Corinthians viii. 1) might not

infrequently be repeated verbatim of the churches of China, 'how that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality.'

Now let us confine our attention to the contributions to the London Missionary Society by the native church at Amoy. The report of 1884 states the gift of the native brethren at dollars 2166, and the membership at 883. We have then these results :—

The contributions of the native church were at the rate of 2 dollars and 45 cents per church member; which sum has an English value of about 19 dollars 60 cents; or roughly, nearly 20 dollars. Twenty dollars may be reckoned as averaging £3 15*s*. The 2 dollars 45 cents, therefore, from a Chinaman is about equal to £3 15*s*. from an English church member.

It need scarcely be added that such an average sum contributed by members of our home churches would save them from all financial embarrassments. There would be little need of Church Aid Societies, Pastors' and Curates' Presentation and Augmentation Funds. There are too many so-called Christians whose gifts to the cause of Christ in the ministry of the Church and its missions is no more than a threepenny or a sixpenny piece now and then, making a total of only two or three shillings a year. If the question of contributions for the support of the Gospel ministry is to be the test of the reality of their religious faith, the Chinese converts may dare to lift up their heads.

It may now be said that a considerable proportion of the pastors and preachers in connection with the missions in Foochow, Amoy, and Formosa are supported wholly or in large measure by the people to whom they

minister. In Amoy, indeed, as in a few other places, the native brethren are beginning to interest themselves in the 'regions beyond.'

A similar argument for the earnestness and genuineness of the faith of the native brethren might be founded on their readiness to speak of Christ to others. Callous as too many are about the souls around them, there is a larger proportion of 'Christian workers' in the average Chinese church than in the average English church. The missionary and the preacher may win their trophies now and again by preaching, and they are constantly building up the faith and kindling the zeal of the church members; but the actual evangelization is largely done by the lay brethren. Many a time, when about to baptize a man, I have asked him to state to the church how he was first brought to trust in Christ for salvation; and instead of replying, 'By the doctrine of the preacher and missionary,' he has turned round to search for some brother in the congregation, and has pointed the finger at him, and said, 'He led me to Christ. He used to come to me months ago, years ago, to sit with me after evening rice. I tried to get rid of him, but he still came and besought me to save my soul. I thank God that brother So-and-so did not let me alone.'

Not a few of the brethren give a large part of their leisure in the country villages to speaking as they can about Christ. Several I have known to be systematic lay-readers, without being asked to do the work. Every evening, when the evening meal was over, they would put a Gospel into their pocket, and, with pipe and tobacco, start out on their evangelistic tour. Very strange preaching they would call it who get their

notion of evangelizing from the proprieties of religious discussion at home. Amid dirt and smells and noise, through clouds of tobacco-smoke, the seed of the Word is dropped into varied soil. The debate sometimes waxes loud and energetic as a quarrel about cash. But the 'foolishness of preaching' still 'saves them that believe.'

The number of preacherless congregations scattered here and there about the land is a testimony to the power of lay agency, while at the same time it presents a strong argument for increased effort in trying to meet the opportunities of winning souls. It may truly be said in some parts that 'the field is white unto harvest,' but, alas! as of old, 'the labourers are few.' The writer has seen districts simply waiting to be possessed by the missionary. Three congregations were waiting for pastors at the same time. To none of them in their entirety, but only to several individuals in two of them, had missionaries or preachers ever preached. In the first there were fifteen persons who met almost every evening for worship, observed the Sabbath, were joined on the Sunday by four professed Christians who had no place of worship in their neighbourhood, had set apart a wood-shed as a chapel, and fitted it up to accommodate about thirty persons. The second congregation was isolated both by its distance from the mission stations and its position among the hills. Twenty-one persons made a profession of the Christian faith, met daily for prayer, observed the Sabbath, and the able-bodied men among them travelled on foot fourteen miles to service when there was anything special going on at the nearest chapel. It seemed sad to leave them to themselves, but the mission had no surplus of either men or money.

The third such congregation was still more interesting. It had been thought desirable to change a place of

Christian assembly a few miles further south. Eleven men who had been baptized at the former chapel objected to the removal of their place of worship, and resolved to remain in their own neighbourhood and to conduct the services themselves. There was also a small bone of contention at the time between them and their pastors on the subject of payments to superstitious objects—one of those questions that call for great forbearance and charity on the part of the missionary, as well as for firmness and definite teaching. No personal communication took place between them and their pastors for four years. At the end of that time I happened to be spending a few weeks in their neighbourhood, and requested their leader to come and see me, that I might hear the other side of the dispute. Brother Tiap came at once. He was a dark-skinned, black-eyed farmer, rather under size. But in that small body it was evident that there burned a fire of energy that needed to be controlled; which, if rightly directed, would be a power for good, but, if brow-beaten and opposed, could assert itself in mischievous forms through very excess of zeal. 'Brother Tiap,' I said, 'why do you not come to worship with us?' 'Why should I come to worship with you?' he said. 'Does it not take two full hours to walk here, and two full hours to walk back? Cannot we worship God in our ancestral village? Why, too, should we neglect our wives and children, our aged parents, and our neighbours? No, we will not worship with you; we will tell of the love of God to our families and friends.' This was said with flashing eyes and fiery gestures, in a loud voice, and with the broadest provincial accent. I resolved to make a friend of a Christian man capable of so much passion. It was quite encouraging to meet

with one who was saying by his conduct, 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up.' He and his friends might have been in the wrong in the first instance, or they might have been justified in their complaint. That was nothing to me. I had as a Christian man simply to ask whether these were believers trying to walk according to the law of Christ, and while not palliating their faults, still not to treat them with anything less than Christian respect and love, and the more so because their knowledge was imperfect and their spiritual culture immature. A long conversation, during which gentleness of treatment toned Tiap down to a reverent and emotional frame of mind, brought out the following facts. The little band of eleven malcontents had been multiplied in the four years to fifty regular worshippers who professed Christianity, and twenty-five who were not quite so decided, but were reckoned as belonging to the Christian community. In the little village of Poo-kee they had set apart a house as a chapel, and service was held there twice and thrice on the Sunday. On the week evenings a number of persons assembled for worship. The village was so changed by the existence of this chapel that it was commonly known as 'Pai Shang-ti sia,' the village where God is worshipped; and superstitious practices had almost ceased in it. Tiap generally conducted the services himself, but being only a very indifferent scholar, he was in the habit of walking on Saturday to Chin-chew, a distance of nine miles each way, in order to learn the characters he could not understand, that he might read the Scripture lessons correctly. The bombastic way in which Tiap began to tell me all this passed off as he proceeded, and he gave to God all the glory of the wonderful work. I could not help saying

at the close of the conversation (in which one or two preachers took part), 'Brother Tiap, go on as you are doing, and the Lord be with you. May you never worship here except as a visitor and a friend!'

I arranged to go and see the brotherhood at Poo-kee two days later. It was a bad road even for China. The chapel was at last pointed out to me on the other side of a gully, and as I stood there the wind wafted across to me the sound of a hymn. It was sung so well that the words were audible.

> 'My heart doth praise indeed,
> Because of God's great grace;
> From ruin He has saved my life;
> Let heart and will adore.'

On entering the house I found just about a hundred persons present. After preaching to them on the new birth, from John iii. 3, we had a conference as to their affairs. I had to confess that we had no preacher to send them, and that, if we had, it would be needful to have a fuller conference than was possible then and there before a preacher could be appointed. The result of our deliberations was that the congregation appointed three of their number (of whom Tiap was one) to be joint preachers in charge. They were to take it in turn to conduct the Sunday services. On the other two Sundays they were to bring some twelve to twenty vigorous young men a distance of seven and a half miles to the nearest district city, where there was a resident pastor of considerable ability. This arrangement continued for several years, until a preacher was appointed to Poo-kee, and the station and its members are now reckoned as belonging to the London Missionary Society.

The importance of such facts as these can hardly be over-estimated when we are trying to test the genuineness

of the faith of converts to Christianity. Many faulty members there are; some, alas! who seem quite impassive in the face of the mass of heathenism around them. But a great part of the real evangelistic work—the work of bringing in those that are out of the way—is done by the church members themselves. Let the missionary lament as he may the coldness and apathy of his flock, in liberality, in readiness to speak for Christ, in endurance of reproach, in faith in prayer, the Chinese Christians bear very favourable comparison with their brethren in England.

The fact that the Chinese are generally very ready speakers ought to be noticed in this connection, for it bears directly upon the question of evangelization by means of native instrumentalities. Their garrulousness may be accounted for on the ground of their having in their various languages almost nothing that can be called grammar. The mysteries of moods, tenses, persons, cases, and genders are happily absent from the simple tongues of China. Consequently it is hardly possible for a native to make a mistake in the turn and shape of a sentence. He has scarcely to think about the form of his sentences at all, but only of the matter.

Besides, every boy is allowed to express his opinions. The saying, 'Little people should be seen, and not heard,' may sometimes pass the lips of the elders, but not often. The children join in the conversation of the older folks as a matter of course and upon equal terms. I remember on one occasion going into a heathen temple where eight or ten old men were smoking their long pipes and discussing some weighty theme. A little fellow seven years of age was among them. He gave his opinion on the subject in dispute as though he had as much right to speak as they, and

yet not with any foolish airs. The old men solemnly turned round to listen to this youngster. No one rebuked him for his impertinence in speaking. The boys are kept in their place by very rigid laws of etiquette, but they are seldom told to be silent and listen to their elders.

The result is that the men express themselves with ease, fluency, and point. If they have anything to say, they simply say it. The shyness, nervousness, dread of murdering the grammar, and horror lest the sentence should not work itself through to an end, that afflicts many English speakers, are almost unknown to the Chinaman. As a rule, too, they have a much finer faculty for illustration than ourselves. It might almost be said that, given a man whose heart the Lord has opened, you have also a man whose lips the Lord has touched. The most learned English missionary, the most gifted and eloquent in his own tongue, cannot hope to speak with half as much power as the least educated Chinaman who has the grace of God in his heart. One needs to be a Chinaman in order to think as a Chinaman, and to use such illustrations and references and phrases as will make public speech effective.

China will never be converted through the lips of the foreigner. At the present rate at which missionaries are sent to that country it would take ages to do so. But there is room to doubt whether it was ever designed by the Head of the Church that it should be done by the presence and money of foreign nations. The church at Jerusalem sent out its small bands of messengers for a few years only. When the Church had taken root in foreign lands the work of the first missionary society at Jerusalem was over. From

that time the Church must live or die according to the vitality inherent in it. If it could not live it would deserve to die.

Most of the missionaries recognize the temporary nature of foreign effort very clearly, and are devoting themselves to the work of training a native ministry. Not thousands of Englishmen or Americans are needed, but thousands and tens of thousands of Chinamen with consecrated lips and hearts. Not so much *scholars* as *men* are needed. If the scholar is tacked on to the man, well and good; better to be a scholar than not; but it is the *man* that is needed,—the brave, true-hearted, consecrated man, who can stand alone without a foreign missionary to look after him, back him up, and push him forward. Every missionary sighs after such men. They are too uncommon over there, as they are in most places. But the professing Christians now number 25,000 persons. It is time to look for China's apostle. He has not yet given signs of his coming. Not one, but many men must be given in answer to the constant and earnest prayers that are offered. When the apostle comes, he will be a Chinaman, and not a foreigner. Will he come out of one of the native theological colleges, now numbering several hundred students? or will he come from some unexpected quarter, as God's ambassadors so often do? We cannot tell; but, may he come soon! and may he shake the nation as did the Baptist in the desert!

THE END.